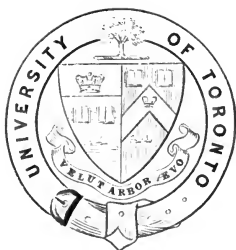


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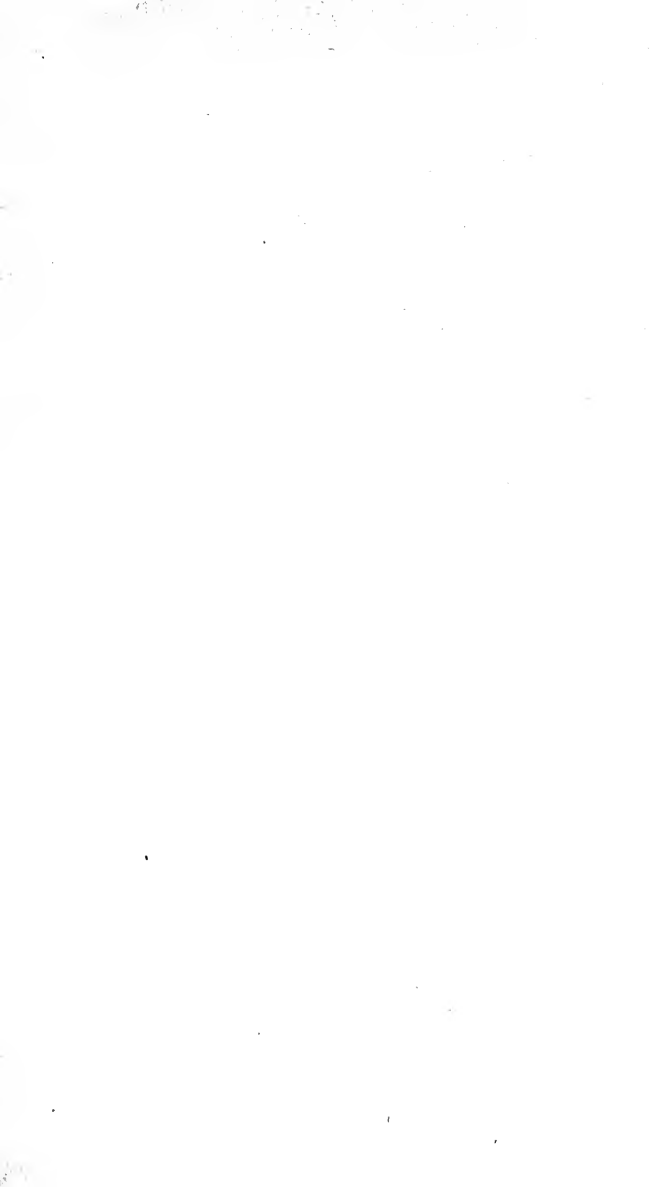
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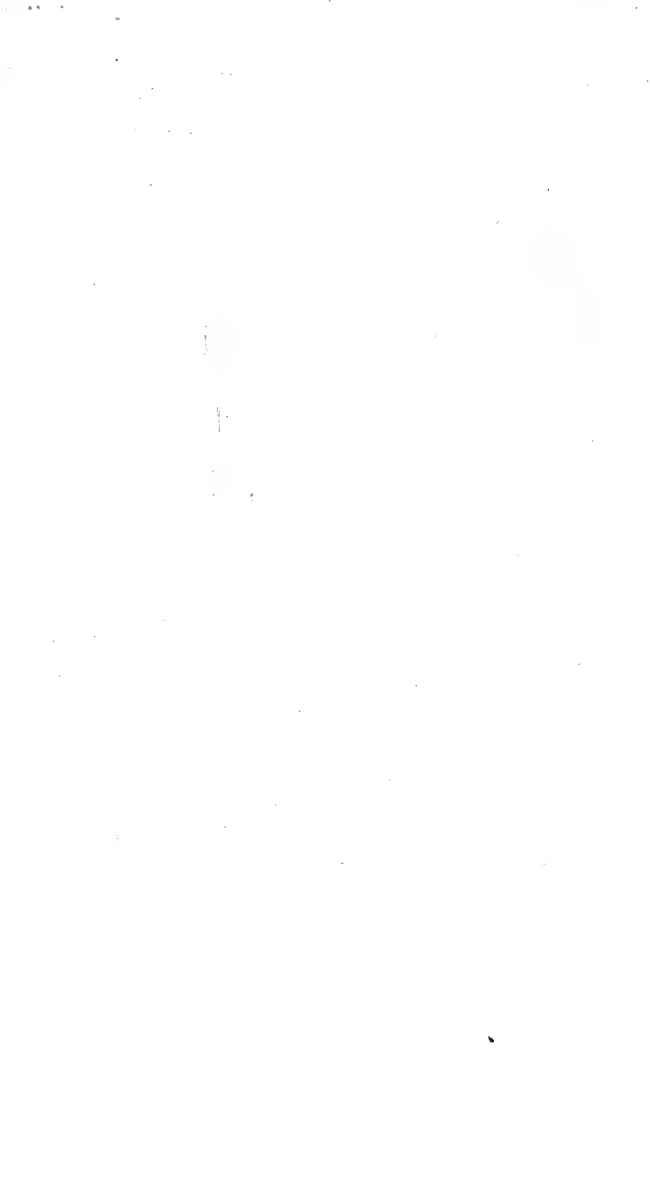


AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

Lehman



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THE
G R E A T C I T I E S

OF THE
MIDDLE AGES;

OR, THE
LANDMARKS OF EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION.

Historical Sketches.

BY
THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY, B.A.,

CHAPLAIN OF CHRIST CHURCH,
AUTHOR OF "GREAT CITIES OF THE ANCIENT WORLD," "HISTORY OF THE
COUNCIL OF TRENT," &c. &c.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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P R E F A C E.

FROM the perusal of the following pages, the reader will perceive that I have restricted myself, with two exceptions, to European cities, and that, even thus, I have been compelled to omit many cities, upon which it would have been easy to have said a great deal by no means devoid of interest. Still, I preferred trying to do moderate justice (as far as my limits would permit) to the cities of Europe, to attempting what must have proved a meagre outline, had I attempted to include even half the cities of the East in my plan; still less so, had I sought to take in the results of mediæval enterprise in lands yet less known.

I believe that the cities I have selected are, on the whole, the best calculated to give a fair general notion of the character of the Middle Ages, and of the people who lived in those ages. I have endeavoured to take some prominent biography, or leading event connected with each city, hoping thereby to relieve the tedium of mere description, without fettering myself with the trammels, or aiming at the pretensions of a regular history.

Another motive for the selection, was the wish to draw parallels between various political conditions of European states, and from thence derive a few practical remarks as to our own social position. Our Eastern sympathies are very limited; and although I hope hereafter to write upon Constantinople, Ispahan, Mecca, or Samarcand, it must be with a different aim, and under different influences.

I have endeavoured, without loading my margin with references, at the same time to supply enough, both to do full justice to the authorities to which I have been indebted, and to supply the reader with the means of extending his information, if such be his desire. But I must beg leave to remind him of the difficulty of writing a small book, where the subject is a great one, and the materials almost boundless. The county histories of England alone, present a mass of mediæval and antiquarian lore, which one lets go with a sigh, lamenting that a little 12mo volume is not gifted with the expansive powers which Peter Schlemil attributes to the pockets of "the Man in Gray." If the book has given me real pleasure in writing it, it has been because I have daily enlarged my acquaintance with books, and through them, with men and things, of the middle ages—matters which we are too apt to look upon as merely obsolete, and as little else than the cast-away rubbish of a generation with which we have no sympathy.

It has been my leading object to encourage a temperate and reasonable admiration for what was really good and great in the thoughts and deeds of our forefathers, but I have little fear of being mistaken for a

mediaeval enthusiast. While I can grieve over the desolation of a noble old church like that of St. Bartholomew, I feel a regret that some mediaeval costume, unheard of for a century or more, and then hanging upon some unrecognized tradition, should be thought an essential to divine worship. My love of Gothic architecture still leaves me some faith as to there being more practical good done in many a brick church of the last century—even with some of the foliaged abominations of the Wren school—than among the most fantastic gurgoyles that Pugin's orthodoxy could have suggested. But while I sincerely believe that there is little danger of the superstitions of the middle ages doing much harm in the present day, I would deprecate the indiscriminate censure which would stigmatize those times as "dark ages," as "ages that knew nothing," and the injustice of those who would, as untruly as uncandidly, deny our present debt of gratitude to them for the elements of that civilization, which we now enjoy in a continually-increasing and ever-fructifying development.

It remains for me to acknowledge the able assistance of my literary friend and coadjutor, KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE,* to whom the reader is indebted for the articles on the Spanish cities. I may also observe that

* I wish to take this opportunity of acknowledging the great use I have made, both during this and former literary undertakings, of the excellent and well-arranged library of Mr. James Darling, in Little Queen Street. The completeness of the ecclesiastical and general history departments, and the civility and intelligence with which the whole concern is managed, deserve substantial acknowledgment and patronage.

among the illustrations, which are from the well-known pencil of Mr. Harvey, two of the views, viz., Upsala and Hamburgh, are from sketches taken on the spot, a few years since, by my uncle, Charles Buckley, Esq.

THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY.

Christ Church.

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THE
GREAT CITIES
OF THE
MIDDLE AGES.

INTRODUCTION.

IN a lately-published historical sketch,¹ I endeavoured briefly to set forth the advantage of taking cities as the leading points of historical research, and to show the necessity of judging of antiquity rather from the greatness attained in these noble sites of ancient civilization, than by the more desultory wanderings through which whole nations have passed, on their way to their final development. Without attempting to show that similar criticism holds equally good of the cities of mediæval times, I shall proceed to point out certain features in the history of the Middle Ages, which may perhaps give the clearest notion of the plan I propose to realize in the following pages.

Varied as are the political conditions under which the cities of the middle ages are presented to our view, they still possess a curious consistency in one respect: I mean in the tendency to struggle for the attainment of a settled form of government—alloyed, it is true, by the disputes arising from interest or faction—but yet pressing onwards to political consummation. Deeds of daring heroism, redolent of the barbarous energies of those, who had sunk into a comparative

¹ See the preface to my "Great Cities of the Ancient World."

oblivion, might convulse the whole frame of empires, and oftentimes set aside the landmarks which a still ruder age had preserved inviolate. Yet they had their conservative, as well as their destructive force. The desolation they produced was destined hereafter to give birth to a new and healthy system of things—to rear corn lands on the erst barren wastes of heath and stubble. The great conquests of the middle ages were oftentimes fraught with many an after-blessing to the territories upon which their fury was wreaked; and, tyrannical as was the character of governments, even the excesses of rulers had a gradual tendency to develope a more wholesome system of constitutional rights, and to lead to that limitation of absolute power—whether vested in individuals, or in select assemblies—which, though even not now fully realized, may be regarded as the safest and most natural scheme of civilized government. In fact, the history of the middle ages furnishes the best illustration of the steps, by which we have gradually reached our present condition, and of the lessons, by which men have more or less profited in their endeavours to attain that conscientious, yet morally subdued condition of political freedom, to which their most inward yearnings are directed.

Another advantage which results from the study of this department of history is its greater affinity to the manners and feelings of modern times. Great as were the vestiges of barbarism which our mediæval ancestors preserved from the practices of their pagan predecessors, they were, at the same time, the means of cherishing all the refinements of life, which have descended to us from the example of Greece and Rome. Even their rudest conquerors had some elements of a civilizing taste blended with the less harmonious features of their rugged dispositions. Learning and the arts were corrupted, but not lost; and if the desolation of a tasteless ignorance levelled the walls of one palace, or, in another quarter, consigned

the writings of ages to the flames, some more enlightened influence was elsewhere busy, and new tastes were developing; or old ones ripening into excellence, simultaneously with the ruin which was, in less happy regions, hurrying mankind back to mental and moral degradation. It is for this reason that the memorials we possess of mediæval art, are so various in their character, so uneven in their respective excellence. Setting aside the long lapse of time over which they are spread, they belong not only to different periods, but to different conditions of society and social prosperity. They are not only monuments of history, but data for the philosophy of history. They teach us principles as well as facts, influences as well as results; and, while presenting the clearest materials for æsthetical studies, are no less useful as indicating the psychological peculiarities of those, to whose ancient condition they bear witness.

This is most remarkably evidenced in the ecclesiastical style of architecture, the grandest specimens of which belong to this epoch of history. In the colossal edifices which, in their countless statues and devices, tell the world's history from its earliest period¹—in the imaginative designs in which some half superstitious, half poetical conception is embodied—we read not only the legends, with which the doubtful chroniclers of ancient times had obscured and overloaded real history, but the sombre, reverential influence of a faith, which sought to satisfy itself with the visible symbolizing of those influences it dared not doubt, but was too feeble to comprehend them while shaded in their own impenetrable mystery. The religion of the middle ages was as deeply imbued with a taste for anthropomorphism as the spurious faith of paganism; and every church, shrine, or chapel, was laden with effigies, thousands of which have survived the contempt which a more subjective system of religion has naturally

¹ *e. g.* Those around the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Chartres. See Didron's *Christian Iconography*, preface.

associated with their very existence. It wants not the zealot fury of an iconoclast to reduce these effigies of man's creation to their real value; but, while we must ever lament the mistake that led men to this comparative idolatry, we must, at the same time, admire the piety which actuated many of those to whose munificence it owes its origin. It is scarcely too much to say, that the architecture and symbolism of the middle ages are the best materials for the history of Romanism. In them we are enabled to trace its gloomy and pervading influence, whether by outward appeals to man's love of the Beautiful, or to his more mysterious fears of a power wielded by a priesthood, who so well knew how to sacrifice the means to the end, and to leave no attempts, justifiable or otherwise, untried, in order to bring all humanity within the tangible influence of a visible church. No one can enter a cathedral, even in our own country, without feeling persuaded how much better our forefathers understood the art of appealing simultaneously to the eye and to the heart; or reflecting how dangerous, and yet how specious, such appeals were. If there was, in the construction of these noble edifices, a sincere desire to do honour to the Creator, there was likewise an aggrandizement of his avowed ministers, which too often made them the objects of a superstitious reverence, while the invisible Author of the world was forgotten, or known only as a part of the belief that lay at the bottom of the grand system of visible symbolism.

Nor is the blending of a romantic chivalry with the stern dogmatism of the then established religion the least interesting feature of these times. It is in the middle ages that we first meet with that better estimation of the female sex, which has since formed so permanent a characteristic of civilized nations. It is in the middle ages that women began to assume the enjoyment and exercise of their nobler privileges and duties—when the dogged and sensual roughness even

of a Trojan affection subsides into the more chastened admiration which ever exalts its object. The poetry of whole countries, especially in the national lay, or ballad—that most historical of fictions—teems with this Christianized and ennobled view of the gentler part of humanity. In the antiquities of German and English literature, and even in that of their more volatile neighbours of France and Italy, we find glowing traces of that approach to civilization, which, in this respect at least, at the present day has well nigh attained its consummation.

Nor can we be insensible to the activity with which the imagination of our ancestors was at work during the middle ages. Despite the stiff and grotesque quaintness, which distinguishes alike the literature and the art of this period, a vein of poetry runs throughout the whole, and genius lurks behind many an eccentricity. But the just estimation of this often concealed excellence is difficult. The level smoothness, which has become the current style of our own language, ill prepares us for the grammatical and dialectic peculiarities of Chaucer or Maundeville, and the very obsolescence of the style hides beauties which the judgment alone can detect. Yet there is a hidden charm that lurks beneath many an unprepossessing countenance, whilst many a fairer palls by its insipidity. Expression, in writing as in the lineaments of the face, is not always readily discernible; and the works of the middle ages, whether in the conception or the detail, continually test our penetration rather than our enthusiasm. To affect a taste for things simply because they are mediæval is an unfortunate humour of the present time; but a temperate admiration, based upon a careful and impartial inspection, is calculated not only to enlarge our objects for legitimate imitation, but, by giving a just view of the character and thoughts of our forefathers, to enable us to attain a like insight into our own.

But I would earnestly guard against being thought

to uphold the assertion so often made, that there was nothing in the tone of the middle ages calculated to retard the natural progress of intellect. To say nothing of religious influences, the very character of the philosophy then pursued was sufficient to hinder real advancement. I have already written on this subject,¹ and shall hereafter have occasion to enter into more detailed discussions in the present work; but it seems advisable to take notice of the question, in as far as it may be regarded as involving a general principle.

An intellectual stand-still is often necessary to the development of a healthy growth hereafter; and, to a great extent, we may look upon the dogmatic conservatism of the middle ages as a main cause of the brilliant reaction which followed. When I speak of this reaction, I do not mean the production of individual genius or excellence—for that must be common to every age—but that collective development of the intellect of a large body of persons, which, however variously exercised, constitutes the real standard of character by which the capabilities of a nation must be measured. Considered in this light, the intellectual character of an epoch must be measured by the number of men who are in advance of the times they live in; and it was in this kind of progress that the middle ages were chiefly deficient. Few were found capable or willing to attempt great intellectual revolutions; and the changes that did take place in philosophy were rather modifications of old theories, than daring attempts to explode ancient errors, and take new views. The various forms of scholastic philosophy, especially in their connection with theology, are sufficiently diversified to admit of an almost endless latitude in opinions upon the same subject; yet it was long before the fundamental errors of that theology were attacked—still longer before anything like intellectual vitality was given to the opposition. The manner and derivation of the pontifical authority might furnish

¹ See my History of the Council of Trent.

matter of ingenious disquisition, but it was long before the pontiff himself was proved to be a personal fallacy.

But this stand-still, how mischievous soever in this respect, had a most beneficial effect in another way. Literary materials were as yet too incomplete to enable the inquiring spirit to pursue its researches with steadiness or safety. The difficulty of obtaining access to those documents, without which no researches could be fairly prosecuted, was enough to terrify the new thinker from a course, which promised a conclusion little likely to reward his efforts. Even at a period when books were becoming comparatively common, we find Ludovico de Vives¹ complaining that it was difficult to get Greek copies of the authors he wanted for his commentary on St. Augustine; and we may well imagine how, in an age when even the existence of the works of numberless authors was unknown, an attempt to carry on investigations of a novel character must have seemed to partake of vanity or Quixotism. It was part of the wisdom of the men of this period that they were content to rest with doubtful convictions, rather than embrace new ones upon insufficient test. The laws of thought could not compensate for the want of knowledge in matters of fact. Historical criticism could not exist, when the "*Historia Miscella*" or the "*Speculum*" of Vincent de Beavais were the only popular means of information. Philosophy was, in like manner, dependent upon corrupted versions of Aristotle; but, in this case, thought could furnish a connection and coherency, that still surprises us in the writings of the mediæval disciples of the Stagirite.

And the writers of the middle ages did certainly make considerable intellectual progress when they forsook Plato for Aristotle. Although the lively imagination of the Athenian philosopher was perhaps more likely to enlist the sympathies of those glowing spirits, which are ever the leaders of their own age, and the

¹ Præf. to Comm. August. de Civit. Dei.

links that connect it with the one following; still, the rejection of Plato in the middle ages, and the preference for the denser reasoning and the more subdued thoughts of Aristotle, was a proof of an earnest and ever-active yearning for a definite knowledge of a few real truths, in preference to a speculative dealing with the invisible world, or with the dreamy abstractions of fanciful cosmogonies. Both writers were wrong, but Aristotle was seldom wrong in method. His laws of thought were better than those of his predecessor; and, in like manner, the dreamy and fantastic effusions of neo-Platonism gave way readily before the strict technology and accurate terminology, to which the revival of the Aristotelian system gave birth.

But in this respect progress and conservatism were singularly blended together in the philosophical history of the middle ages. Plato, though little known in the original tongue, was not wholly set aside. In fact, the absurd attempt to harmonize his writings with those of the Stagirite had been faithfully handed down, and contributed to swell the vast volumes of controversy, that now terrify us by their bulk, and excite strange speculations as to how so much matter or so many words could ever have been transcribed. But Plato had lost his influence in regulating the standard of thought; and, while he was not wholly forgotten, his opponent gained the position which he had possessed in the schools which sprung up in Alexandria. Above all, the growth of heresy from neo-Platonism had been but too obvious; and the tact of the Romish doctors quickly enabled them to perceive the necessity of choosing an accurate and consistent, rather than a poetical and Protean style of reasoning. Imagination stood still, but common sense and sound intellect gained a great step by the change.

With regard to physical knowledge, little progress was made. Even granting that we may exculpate many of the writers of the middle ages from the folly of attempting to elicit matters of fact by dint of

reasoning;¹ we shall find ourselves plunged amidst a heap of incongruous and ill-digested productions, in which the errors of antiquity were reiterated, defended, or commented upon, with a diligence well worthy of a better subject. But reasoning could not draw right conclusions from wrong premises, or supply deficiencies that experience alone could rectify; and the most ingenious disputations, however elaborately drawn out, and supported by all the show of learning which the times could supply, failed to convince or to instruct. Numberless superstitions grew up on this foundation of physiological ignorance, and more than one of the strange impostures with which the minds of the common people were led, were based upon their known deficiencies on this head; and, what was still worse, any attempt to investigate the secrets of nature and science was looked upon with jealousy by those, who found the select monopoly of a little knowledge more to their advantage than the diffusion of a spirit of inquiry amongst all classes. It was as irreligious not to be wrong in some points, as it would now be thought absurd to be ignorant; and the clumsy and narrow system, by which the Church sought to be the arbitrator of matters in which it had no concern, helped not only to debase the minds of the people, but to lower the intellectual standard of the clergy.

But whatever may have been the ignorance of the people of the middle ages, the following words of an excellent writer upon the subject are at once so replete with wit and good sense, that I willingly bring them forward, as presenting a fair exposition of my own thoughts upon the subject:—

“As to the degree of darkness in which these ages were really involved, and as to the mode and degree in which it affected those who lived in them, I must express my belief that it has been a good deal exaggerated. There is no doubt that those, who lived in

¹ See Sir William Hamilton, in *Edinburgh Review*, art. on “Logic.”

what are generally called the 'middle' or 'dark' ages, knew nothing of many things which are familiar to us, and which we deem essential to our comfort, and almost to our existence; but still I doubt whether, even in this point of view, they were so entirely dark as some would have us suppose. I dare say you have observed that, in a certain state of twilight, as soon as you have lighted only a taper in your chamber, it seems quite dark out of doors. Yet, perhaps, you have only just come into the house out of that which, if not broad daylight, was nevertheless such good serviceable twilight as that, while you were in it, you never once thought of darkness, or of losing your way, or not being able to see what you were about; yet, I say, as soon as ever you lighted, were it only a rushlight, in your chamber, all the look-out was darkness. Were you ever so misled as to open the window, and tell the people in the road that they would certainly lose their way, or break their shins—nay, even to condole with triumph over those inevitable consequences of their wandering about in pitch-darkness? I very much doubt it; but if it ever did happen, I feel quite confident that, if from being at a loss for an exordium, or for any other reason, you had been obliged to wait with your head out at window until your eyes had recovered from the glare of your own little candle, you would have seen that there was *some* light abroad—you would have begun to distinguish houses and highways, and sober people going about their business in a way, which showed that they could see enough for common purposes—and you would have held your tongue and drawn in your head, rather pleased that you had not exposed yourself.”¹

In entering upon the following series of brief essays upon a period so fraught with interest in the general history of mankind, I have endeavoured to make choice of such cities as presented the greatest variety of social and political condition, and which, although at dif-

¹ Maitland; the Dark Ages, p. 2, sq.

ferent epochs within the cycle of the middle ages, exhibit the features of improvement or regression which I have already noticed. In this attempt I have not sought to tie myself to the observance of any system of ethnology ; nor have I attempted to give an account of all the cities, which were the means of handing down antiquities, and moulding our manners and habits by example. The few specimens of poetry which I have interspersed in some of the chapters will, beside lightening the tedium of historical discussion, often give a more vivid picture of the imagination and intellectual state of the nation to whose literature they belong, than the most elaborate description could convey.

As in my volume on the Ancient Cities, so in the present one, I have generally preferred taking one culminating point in the history of each city, rather than writing a loose and jejune sketch of the rise, progress, downfall, or present condition. Indeed the limits of the work rendered such a conduct imperative ; whilst the advantage of looking deeply into a few great characters—of analysing their component parts and properties, and tracing their manifold influence upon their own times, and upon the subsequent history of man—will be fairly appreciated by those who have just ideas of the proper limits of an historical essay.

It is a pleasing thought to cheer us in the study of the middle ages, that they do not, like the history of older times, present us with little else save the visible manifestations of the divine wrath, and the sad fulfilment of gloomy prophecies. Even in those countries, in which the worst influences of Romanism have been most forcibly developed, we do not find the utter devastation which once marked the passage of the destroyer—the desert cut by the ruthless flight of the avenging angel of God. Sunk in degradation as are too large a portion of the population of Italy—baleful as is the mass of superstition under which they crouch in hopeless and uncared-for ignorance—Italy is still the garden of the earth ; her churches still throng with

worshippers; and the monuments of the middle ages are not, like those of Thebes or Athens, mere memorials of the dead. Unlike the buildings of higher antiquity, the vestiges of the middle ages guide us to the living world around us, and inspire an active sympathy, of which even the thoughtless must be susceptible.

But even this thought is likewise fraught with a certain sadness. It is not the melancholy which a churchyard, in which the bones of those with whom we once talked and communed lie—it is not a sorrow due to the tenderly-cherished memory of a departed child or friend—but it is a more mysterious feeling which breaks upon our senses when we look into the past history and memorials of these times. Classic antiquity is too unlike our own times and habits to claim our deeper sympathies; but the study of this later period is, as it were, a search into our own selves. We feel as though we were returning once more into the infancy of all around us. Our thoughts seem to change as we muse over those of our forefathers of this period: they are sufficiently like our own to preserve an identity, and yet possess a difference that awakens curious speculations as to the progress we have made in the stream of life. The limits of our earthly calling, and the sad consummation of the life of this world, are never so present to our minds, as when we in imagination claim kindred with the illustrious dead, whose personal history or influences are so closely mingled with the events that have led to our own condition. The continuity of the human race never strikes us so much, as when we behold those of our own time enjoying the emoluments bequeathed by our forefathers, appealing to laws and institutes to which they gave birth, or labouring, with curious and greedy zeal, to claim a physical relationship with the men of the middle ages.

But, manifold as is the interest attendant on this subject, it is one that has been comparatively neglected;

while often an undue preference, and a too great expense of time, have been bestowed upon the history of the classic world. It is a study better calculated to expand our philanthropy than the history of races so far removed from our sympathies, and so much at variance with our modern experience. It presents lessons of religion and morals better adaptable to our own dispositions and conditions, than can be found in the writings even of the sages of Greece and Rome. We have little left of physical heroism, and must, in this respect, fall by a comparison with the giant prowess of classical antiquity; but the middle ages present specimens of a healthier and better-directed energy, which we may fairly hope both to copy and to surpass.

Nor is the study of the literature of the middle ages less fraught with philological advantage. The manner in which our own language and those spoken on the continent have gradually risen out of the barbarized remnants of the classical dialects, can only be felt and appreciated by those, who know how different the French and English languages have been at different stages of their approach to their present condition. Italian, preserving more of the characteristics of its parent stock, has undergone fewer changes; and yet, even in contemporary writers, the difference of style and the modifications of orthography are often remarkable. But in the present book, mere allusion to such matters must suffice. I will, however, remind the student of languages of one matter which is of no little importance, viz., the ease by which a comparison of the older languages of the continent leads us to a knowledge of the progress of our own. Many words, even in the writings of Shakespeare, the meaning of which the generality of Englishmen must seek for in dictionaries or marginal glossaries, are at once recognized and understood by a German reader; and, the earlier the authors, the more marked are the comparative features of antiquity presented by this style. Languages grow less like each other every day; and a language, which,

like our own, is perpetually enlarging its *copia verborum*, and which lays comparatively small restrictions upon the rules of formation and derivation, must continue to change from day to day. That English has attained a perfect state as regards correctness, we have perhaps little reason to doubt; but that its vigour and earnestness have suffered considerable detriment by the progress of alteration, seems equally certain, nay, is admitted by many of our soundest philologists. But we must not expect to be eclectic in dealing with antiquity. If we have got rid of the rude and comfortless customs, which obstructed social life in the middle ages—if we are to have carpets in our drawing-rooms, sip tea and coffee, and devour the contents of the *Times*—we must not expect to retain the best points of the old language. Improvement and reform can never do their work by halves. We must always lose something, whatever may be the gain. If we have progressed in every art and science that can instruct and humanize life, we must be content to forego even the quaint grandeur of the language of our forefathers, and content ourselves with our less energetic, but more polished and adaptable English tongue of the present times.

A word respecting the authorities quoted and employed in the following pages. They will be found as various in character as they are numerous. The most modern and sceptical travellers, and the most believing monkish historians, will meet on the same page; and from these apparently contradictory elements, it is to be hoped that something like a medium of satisfactory results may be elicited. My aim is not to make violent discoveries, nor to astonish the world by the Quixotic criticism which robs us of facts, and gives us nothing instead. I wish rather to be thought to have collected my historical sketches, than to have invented them. However ingenious may be the sport of denying the existence of half a dozen beings upon the ground of some chronological difficulties, and however

clever may be the science of reducing facts to theory, and genealogies to a game at derivations, I confess that I have no desire—even could I hope to rival Niebuhr himself—to be handed down among the list of literary regicides.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE,

THE CITY OF CHARLEMAGNE.

TRADITION assigns the foundation of this most interesting town, under the name of Aquisgranum, to Severus Granius, a Belgian commander of the time of Adrian; and the discovery of various antiquarian relics in modern times, are a satisfactory proof of its Roman origin. But it is to the reign of Charlemagne that we must date the noble prosperity which accrued to this venerable city; indeed, the history of this mighty conqueror is so indissolubly connected with the glories of Aix, and even with the few present remains of its ancient condition, that a notice of his character and influence cannot fail to be interesting.

Although it may be doubted whether the reign of Charlemagne has not been made a kind of common centre for mediæval tradition, and although the scepticism of critics¹ has been fairly awakened by many

¹ The following remarks of a friend deserve attention:—

“It may amuse the reader to know that some fierce ultra-Niebuhrists have imagined that Charlemagne was nothing but a mythical legend, and that the history of his wars and greatness are false, himself being a deity named Karl. It is very probable that many legends have attached themselves to the great Charles, as the latest and most considerable of his name, which applied originally to older and less known individuals; but the number of tales concerning the ‘Grand Monarque’ of the eighth century confer, by their very multitude, a degree of personality on the king himself. It is surely true that, though every event related of the king may in itself be a falsity, yet these numerous falsities in themselves prove that the centre of all of them must exist. It were easy to deny the premises, and say that Karl never existed but in the minds of the monks, who wrote romances upon the idea; but if we contradict every single circumstance,

of the stories associated with this prince's career,—we must bear in mind the uncertainty of mediæval as well as of ancient history, and remember that one of the favourite principles of hero-worship, at all epochs of the world, has been to attribute more deeds of valour, and greater social and political influence to a single monarch or general, than could possibly be concentrated in one individual. I have elsewhere¹ had to bring forward similar examples of this common error, and, if we look at the most recent periods of English history, we shall find that it is too common a mistake to reckon up all that was done during the life of a monarch as so many acts accruing to his own personal still we cannot, by that, nullify his personality. It is easy to apply legends to some personality already invented, and thus destroy the use of history, by causing dissimilar events to arise from similar circumstances; but it is ever difficult to convince a multitude that a certain person exists when he does not. There never is a legend without some centre spot of truth; Romulus must have existed, or the wild and contradictory tales concerning him could never have been invented. So it is with this denial of the personality of the Frank emperor. There is too much circumstantial evidence connected with his name and career to admit of a doubt as to his existence. It is in such a spirit that we must receive the opinions of a Niebuhr. The "Reformer of Ancient History," as he has been called, has shown, and well shown, the discrepancies in the narrative of Livius, but he has shown only the discrepancies of the historian, not the discrepancies of the history. Thus, there is always some ground left on which reform can nullify. I instance this merely as the most celebrated example in existence of this kind of historical research. It is as true of Charlemagne as of Roman History. I said before, the lives of Charlemagne extant are mere romances, which each historian varied at his pleasure, but the existence of the monarch is as certain as that of Bonaparte. D'Exauvillez has well remarked :—"Many have written on Charlemagne, but few have understood him well: it is because, to understand him, it requires more than learning, — it requires faith." Michelet, *Hist. of France*, p. 77 sq. (Smith's translation), takes a most moderate and practical view of the question, well observing: "In reality, the servility and decrepitude of the barbarian world were favourable to the glory of his reign; since, as that world expired, all of remaining life rushed in full tide to France as to the heart."

¹ Ancient Cities: articles "Nineveh" and "Babylon"

glory. A thousand names, more or less great in the moving picture of life, but whose active influence is set forth by no title, may pass into oblivion, while the one man around whom, and for whom, their whole energies have been expended, their whole talents exhausted, bears away the collected fame due to their exertions.

But it is impossible not to regard Charlemagne as one of the great and foremost spirits of the middle ages. Both as a soldier and as a citizen, his character presented marked features of difference from those who had preceded him, and, deeply involved in tradition as the whole of this period must for ever remain, it still presents enough of the nerves and sinews of real history to enable us to form a fair estimate of the effects of the reign of Charlemagne.

The ancient Merovingian dynasty in France, to which I shall hereafter revert, was destined to be overthrown by the compound character of the aristocracy. Clotaire II. had succeeded in uniting the whole monarchy in his own person, and it might have been expected that the troubled scenes through which the first successors of Clovis had passed, would have taught a lesson of quiet not easily forgotten. But, as an excellent French writer has observed, "the victory of this prince had been that of the aristocracy; and the leudes (or vassals), who had enriched themselves at the expense of the throne, had recently secured, from the weakness of their kings, the hereditary possession of those lands which royal magnificence had at first permitted them to retain. As though the treaty of Andelot had been insufficient to guarantee the successive transmission of the seigniorial benefices, Clotaire II. had still farther sanctioned the edict of 614, which had been voted by the representatives of the growing nobility, and consecrated by the assent of the bishops, who began, about this time, to participate in public affairs."¹

But the evils of this compound aristocracy were

¹ Des Michels, *Hist. of the Middle Ages*, ch. ix., p. 80.

increased by a third power, which arose from a quarter which, had the kings of the time possessed more energy, must have been forced to give way before the influence of the throne. The mayors of the palace, who had originally been merely stewards of the royal household, had gradually usurped the whole power of the state, and had procured themselves to be solemnly crowned in Burgundy and Austrasia. Henceforth, the *Rois Fainéans*, or sluggard kings, became proverbial, and when Pepin d'Heristal became mayor in 687, he openly summoned the King of Neustria and his mayor, desiring them to restore the clergy and nobles to their lost possessions. On their refusal to comply with these terms, the Neustrians were besieged, and the victory of Testry, in A.D. 687, placed the whole of Western France in the power of Pepin.

Charles Martel, the next mayor, was not unmindful to secure the advantages thus gained, and the grand defeat of the Saracens, at the battle of Tours, in A.D. 732, consummated a life of glory that was well calculated to pave the way to the aggressive victories of Charlemagne.

The position of this prince in the history of Europe has been well described by one of the most acute thinkers of modern times, and we have no hesitation in bringing forward the views of a writer whose opinions are always welcome, founded as they are upon a chastened view, and a deep knowledge of the subject in question.

“The epoch made by Charlemagne in the history of the world, the illustrious families which pride themselves in him as their progenitor, the very legends of romance, which are full of his fabulous exploits, have cast a lustre around his head, and testify the greatness that has embodied itself in his name. None, indeed, of Charlemagne's wars can be compared with the Saracenic victory of Charles Martel; but *that* was a contest for freedom, *his* for conquest; and fame is more partial to successful aggression than to patriotic resist-

ance. As a scholar, his acquisitions were probably little superior to those of his unrespected sire; and in several points of view the glory of Charlemagne might be extenuated by an analytical dissection. But rejecting a mode of judging equally uncandid and fallacious, we shall find that he possessed in everything that grandeur of conception which distinguishes extraordinary minds. Like Alexander, he seemed born for universal innovation: in a life restlessly active, we see him reforming the coinage, and establishing the legal divisions of money; gathering about him the learned of every country; founding schools and collecting libraries; interfering, but with the tone of a king, in religious controversies; aiming, though prematurely, at the formation of a naval force; attempting, for the sake of commerce, the magnificent enterprise of uniting the Rhine and the Danube; and meditating to mould the discordant codes of Roman and barbarian laws into an uniform system.

“The great qualities of Charlemagne were indeed alloyed by the vices of a barbarian and a conqueror. Nine wives, whom he divorced with very little ceremony, attest the license of his private life, which his temperance and frugality can hardly be said to redeem. Unsparing of blood, though not constitutionally cruel, and wholly indifferent to the means which his ambition prescribed, he beheaded in one day four thousand Saxons: an act of atrocious butchery after which his persecuting edicts, pronouncing the pain of death against those who refused baptism, or even who ate flesh during Lent, seem scarcely worthy of notice. This union of barbarous ferocity with elevated views of national improvement, might suggest the parallel of Peter the Great. But the degrading habits and brute violence of the Muscovite place him at an immense distance from the restorer of the empire.

“A strong sympathy for intellectual excellence was the leading characteristic of Charlemagne, and this undoubtedly biassed him in the chief political error of

his conduct—that of encouraging the power and pretensions of the hierarchy. But, perhaps, his greatest eulogy is written in the disgraces of succeeding times, and the miseries of Europe. He stands alone like a beacon upon a waste, or a rock in the broad ocean. His sceptre was as the bow of Ulysses, which could not be drawn by any weaker hand. In the dark ages of European history, the reign of Charlemagne affords a solitary resting-place between two long periods of turbulence and ignominy, deriving the advantages of contrast both from that of the preceding dynasty, and of a posterity for whom he had formed an empire which they were unworthy and unequal to maintain.”¹

But great as was the taste for, and energetic as were the efforts of Charlemagne on behalf of classical and ecclesiastical literature,² he deserves no less praise for

¹ Hallam's *Middle Ages*, vol. i. p. 154 sq.

² “Eginhardt tells us that Charlemagne, while at supper, heard either some diverting story or a reader. Histories and the deeds of ancient kings were read to him. He delighted, also, in the books of Saint Augustine, and especially in those which he entitled, ‘*De Civitate Dei*.’ I have before referred to the custom, in the case of a person of less distinction; and if it existed among the laity, we shall not wonder to find it among the clergy. As to bishops, it was directed (I do not mean to say, as a new thing) by the second Council of Rheims, in the year 813. The seventeenth canon directs, ‘That bishops and abbots shall not allow low buffooneries to be acted in their presence, but shall have the poor and needy at their table, and that sacred reading shall be heard there.’” Maitland, *Dark Ages*, p. 341. Hegewisch well observes: “We must content ourselves, on the point of the education of Charles, with the mere supposition, that it did not differ from the usual education of noble Franks. The use of weapons, riding, and hunting, were the sole branches of learning in which their young people were practised; instruction in the sciences or arts was never thought of; and the mighty love which Charles showed for them at a riper age, was rather a consequence of his natural genius than of his education.” But here again historians differ: Gaillard represents him as a prince deficient even in the capability of writing, while Hegewisch speaks highly of his knowledge of languages. Some circumstances, however, connected with his childhood, must have had a great influence upon his character, and materially

his attempts to preserve and develop the taste for the national language and poetry of Germany. Eloquently has Schlegel¹ dwelt upon his efforts in this noble and interesting field. "What would we not now give," says this able critic, "to possess those ancient German poems, which we are told he collected, as did once on a time Lycurgus and Pisistratus the rhapsodies of Homer, and which had excited so many wishes and discussions? So important is this subject to the history of the German mind, that I feel myself bound to pause a while, and briefly to attempt to explain what notion we ought to form of the German poems collected by Charlemagne, or at his command, and how far they may have been lost, or how far their influence has extended. The encouragement given to German literature and poetry by this prince is, as it were, a fixed point of view, from whence we may survey and judge of the state of intellectual culture in his age. The fact that he did make a collection of old German lays, and draw up a German grammar, relies upon good authority, and can the less be questioned since his whole family was entirely of Low German origin, and resided for the most part in that country. If the later kings of the first dynasty adopted, with other Roman customs, the corrupt Roman dialect, we have

form some of the mental peculiarities of which his subsequent career was but an exponent and a commentary. Charles was eight years of age when his father, Pepin, was called to the throne of the Franks, and but twelve when Stephanus the Pope anointed Pepin, for the second time, king of France, and created Charles, and his brother Carloman, patricians; and the boy patrician was admitted among the guardians of the Eternal City and of the Papal Chair." For these important authorities and observations I am again indebted to the learning of my friend K. R. H. Mackenzie. In respect to Charlemagne's inability to write, he observes: "I suspect from other circumstances that Gaillard is partly right, and Charles had some nervous affection of the hands." If so, the defect was physical, and is no proof against his educational resources. There are some good remarks in Michelet, p. 78 sqq., which deserve perusal.

¹ Schlegel, Lectures on Modern History.

nevertheless most distinct testimony that at the court of the Carlovingians, not the modern Latin, but the Frank, which did not materially differ from the Anglo-Saxon, predominated. Charlemagne's predilection for Germany is shown by his choice of residences, and by the situation of the principal cities and castles which he founded, as well as from the direction of his conquests."

It would certainly be impossible to exculpate Charlemagne from the charge of unscrupulousness in the means he adopted to arrive at power; but it is equally obvious that the state of the times was of that critical character when the presence of great physical and moral energy, rather than of accurately-defined principles of equity and justice, is in requisition.

Moreover, although this power, almost commensurate with the known limits of the world, was wielded with the same stern resolution by which it had been acquired, we find that the reign of Charlemagne presents the features of a limited monarchy, and of a steady constitutional government, rather than the unbridled sway of a predatory conqueror. The *Champs de Mai*, or old diets, acquired, in the time of Charlemagne, a more popular and more perfectly representative character than they had possessed ever since their restoration by Pepin. Each province possessed one of these diets; but the general laws proceeded solely from those assemblies over which the king presided, and which were attended by a certain number of leaders and prelates from the various kingdoms. As in the so-called general council of Trent, the laws and decrees were previously prepared in private assemblies, to which only confidential members of the nobility and clergy were admitted.

But the minor departments of justice were administered with equal care; and the extension of the magistracy of the lieutenants or deputies, throughout the empire, led to a prompt attention to the rights and liberties of the citizens. These commissioners "visited

their respective legations four times a year, received the complaints of the people, and held *plaids*, in which justice was awarded, and administrative decisions frequently reformed.”¹

Under these royal commissioners were the counts, viscounts, and centenarii. The former administered justice in the quarterly assizes, assisted by a certain number of scabines or jurymen. From their sentence, there was no appeal, except for denial of rights, or manifest violation of the law : as under the early kings, every person was tried by the law of his own tribe, or according to his choice. The ordeal, or *judgment of God*, was the form of procedure chiefly used both in civil and criminal cases ; besides which, compositions and fines were also admitted, and these fines formed part of the public revenue, and were entrusted to the charge of the commissioners.

The military service, which had been at first levied on all the free populace, was afterwards restricted to the proprietors of three manses and twelve serfs. The holder of a single manse, who was unable to furnish his own military equipment and provisions, contributed one-third to the support of a soldier.

Notwithstanding, however, the apparent freedom of many of these enactments, the reign of Charlemagne was little favourable to real liberty. Menzel, who has treated the character of Charlemagne with a moderation of praise and censure which does honour to his judgment, has well remarked that “his greatness consisted solely in his having comprehended and acted up to the spirit of the times, by forcibly producing a union whence sprang up a new spirit, a new life, to which he gave free scope. For the sake of unity, he certainly sacrificed the ancient liberties of the people, which, until his time, had been upheld by the independence of the several petty tribes and states. He gave them unity, but deprived them of freedom ; but Germany

¹ Michels, p. 119.

was not then fitted for the simultaneous enjoyment of these two great advantages."¹

But there is another point of view in which the character of Charlemagne appears in a favourable light, although we cannot deny that superstition may have formed a conspicuous ingredient in his piety—I mean his efforts to elevate the character, and extend the privileges of the clergy. He laboured hard, in company with the most learned and experienced prelates, to ensure the prosperity of the Church, to suppress the still active influence of Paganism, and the more insidious inroads of heresy. The councils of Frankfort and Aix-la-Chapelle—the latter touching the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son, as well as from the Father—were conspicuous instances of the zeal with which Charlemagne entered upon questions of religion, and of the manner in which prince and clergy worked together in defence of the Church.

Charlemagne has been compared with Alfred;² and, in the more pacific features of his reign, it is certainly not difficult to trace a degree of resemblance. But the victories of Alfred were wholly of a defensive, those of Charlemagne chiefly of an aggressive tendency. The one sought to preserve, the other to conquer. Furthermore, the influence of Alfred upon letters and arts was of a more complete and steady character: while Charlemagne succeeded in effecting what was destined to live but a short time after his own death, Alfred laid the foundation of a permanent and ever-progressing civilization, of which the consequences are visibly felt to this day.

The arts, as far as building and decoration were concerned, appear to have attained little excellence in the reign of Charlemagne; and even the mosaics and columns which adorned the basilicon and palace of Aix-la-Chapelle were brought from Ravenna.

¹ Menzel's History of Germany, vol. i. p. 248 (Mrs. Horrock's translation).

² By Schlegel, Lectures on Modern History, p. 67.

Let us now return to the venerable city of Aix,—a city upon which Charlemagne lavished every embellishment that the rude state of the arts could supply—a city which was the last resting-place of this laborious conqueror—and which, even to this day, has its legends and its relics to commemorate the glorious reign of this Nimrod of the middle ages. Sir James Emerson Tennent¹ supplies the following interesting description of its present appearance:—

“On gaining the summit of a long hill, we suddenly looked down upon the turrets and domes of the venerable and imperial city of Charlemagne, on the basin of a deep woody amphitheatre, which rises around it on all sides, covered with waving forests to the very top. No situation could be imagined more charming without anything very picturesque or magnificent. The suburbs extend a long way beyond the old fortifications; and after driving past innumerable villas and pleasant cottages, we passed under a massy square gate, surmounted by a high slated roof, and rattled along a coarse lumpy pavement through streets of dirty and desolate houses, with little appearance of either wealth, comfort, or prosperity, on any side. The most striking edifices are the huge hotels, which seem still to enjoy a pretty fair share of patronage, although Aix, like Spa, has of late years been postponed for the baths of Bohemia and the Rhine; and the majority of the travellers whom we meet in the streets are only on the wing, hastening to, or returning from, a visit to its more distant rivals.”

[The manufacturing capabilities of this city have always been considerable, especially in woollen goods and machinery; and its coal trade is likewise important. But, in our pages, its whole interest is bound up in the history of Charlemagne; and the minster, or church, from which it derives its soubriquet of La Chapelle claims our attention as being—at all events, to some extent—the work of the conqueror whose

¹ Belgium, vol. ii. p. 222, sq.

bones found a place of rest beneath the lofty canopy of its dome."¹ }

"The Dom Kirk," observes Sir Emerson Tennent, "like some relic from the sea encrusted with shells and parasites, is scarcely discernible in the midst of the coatings of modern buildings with which it is shut up and enveloped; a confused agglomeration of styles, Gothic, Saxon, Byzantine, and Moresco. But the central dome, the nucleus of the entire building, and that portion said to have been originally selected to cover in the emperor's tomb, stands still erect and firm—no doubt in consequence of perpetual repairs and restorations. 'A thousand years roll over it in vain,' and it exhibits unquestionably the oldest specimen of Saxon architecture in the world. It had been originally a simple domed octagon, with arched windows in each of its sides, and surrounded within by a gallery, sustained by pillars of porphyry from the palace of the Exarch of Ravenna, which were carried hither by Charlemagne. These are, at least,

¹ M. Nisard argues very eloquently for Aix-la-Chapelle being the birth-place of the great monarch; but as the chroniclers whom he so vehemently and with Gallic ardour calls from the dusty "presses" of the libraries are uniformly silent, it must have been at some less celebrated spot; perhaps, according to the oldest idea, the infant regenerator of Germany saw the light first at Ingelheim. In the great uncertainty as to his birth-place, we can but refer to some of the authors referred to in the margin, and we will ourselves avoid controversy, as it confuses the reader without interesting him. But I must remark, that in a Low German chronicle of the fifteenth century, of which I give the title, there is no mention of this portion of his history. This title will serve as a specimen of the Low German language:—"Van Keyser Karolo. Ut der hyllegen Levent unde Lydent, anders genom et Passionaël, dat mit velen nyen schonen merkliken Historien uppet nye ingesettes, de betheer to den minschen vorborgen, unbekannt und begraven synt gewest unde nu Gode unde synen Hylligen to Lave in dat Licht ut den Latine in dat Dudesk gebracht unde gedroukhet dorch dat Beveel unde Gunst *Steffani Arndes*, Inwaner unde Borger der Keyserliken Stat Lubeck; int Jahr unses Herren. mccccxciv. uss, den Day."

identical : they have survived the ravages of the Normans, and all the subsequent ravages of Germany, till the French, greedy

‘To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time had spared,’

carried them off to Paris; and as only a portion of them were ever returned, they have not yet relieved the white-washed columns by which they were replaced.”

His account of the tomb of Charlemagne, and of the exhumation of his corpse, is still more interesting:—

“The most solemn object in ‘that ancient oratory’ is the huge black flag that closes down the tomb of Charlemagne. It lies under the centre of the gigantic dome, beneath a large golden candelabrum, a gift of the emperor Barbarossa, designed to burn above the grave of the conqueror, which bears the brief but sublime inscription, in large letters sunk in the solid stone—‘CAROLO MAGNO.’ An extraordinary incident is connected with this impressive sepulchre. The emperor, Otto III., two hundred years after the death of Charlemagne, caused the stone to be lifted, and descended into the sepulchre of the buried monarch. He found him, not prostrate in decay, but seated upon a throne of marble, covered with bosses of gold; the crown upon his bony brow—the royal Dalmatic robe around his fleshless shoulders—his right hand resting on the sword which the song of the troubadours has immortalized as the ‘irresistible Joyeuse’—and in his left the sceptre and the orb, the emblems of a dominion which was co-extensive with the globe itself. The pilgrim’s pouch, which he had borne in life as an emblem of humility, was still hanging from his girdle, and on his knees an illuminated manuscript of the Gospels.”¹

The regalia of Charlemagne were removed to Nuremberg, and afterwards to Vienna, where the crown,

¹ Tennent’s *Belgium*, vol. ii. p. 230, sq.

with its rough uncut gems, may still be seen. But the body itself, which was afterwards enclosed in a marble sarcophagus, has long since disappeared, although the marble throne on which it was found seated is still exhibited. There is something gloomily-sublime in this restoration to light of the remains of a hero who had struck terror into the hearts of thousands, and before whose will whole nations had bowed in submission. Even the effigies of the buried giants of Ninevite statuary seem to rise from the earth, like the ghosts of another age, and, with their quaint proportions and grim features, to remind us of a race long since passed away, but who played their part on the stage of this world's history as actively as ourselves. But when we look upon the real remains of a king or general, after they have lain whole centuries in the silent bosom of the earth, and long after the remembrance of many, perhaps of all, of their deeds has passed away, this feeling is heightened with a vivid sense of man's immortality—of the existence of some brighter and better nature, that, albeit for a time lost to us, will once more animate the dead mass, once more plead its cause, and receive the sentence due to its ancient acts at a tribunal where nothing is forgotten.

It remains for us briefly to describe the fortunes of Aix-la-Chapelle since the death of the hero-monarch. Of event there is little, but there is sufficient historical association to render some notice necessary. Changed, indeed, is its whole aspect at the present day. A railway runs over the roads once made by Charlemagne, and the thundering of the engines is heard even as we pause by the tomb of the heroic regenerator of civilization. Anciently, nearly the whole surface occupied by the old parts of the town consisted of the gardens of the emperor's stately palace, and the palace itself; but the beautiful groves and lofty forest trees have gradually disappeared, and houses, at first detached, but from time to time increasing in their proximity to each

other, have gradually formed the dreary but somewhat picturesque streets which at present exist.

We have already noticed the manufactures for which this ancient town has long been famous. But there is one point, which bears so closely upon a social evil, the remedy for which has but lately forced its way into this country, that I willingly mention it: I mean the establishment of public baths. Mineral springs, in this country, have rather been the exclusive privilege of the wealthy and indolent, than the necessary comfort of those who, both from habits and occupation, stand most in need of them. In Aix-la-Chapelle, it is pleasing to find that a public bath for the lower classes, conducted in a manner calculated to ensure cleanliness and propriety, is no novelty. So great is the respect in which the mineral baths¹ are held, that the ceremony of the annual opening of the imperial bath, on the 1st of May, is performed in the presence of the magistrates and leading inhabitants of the place. Circumstances of this kind, however trifling in themselves, have a social value, especially when we consider the amount of indolence and prejudice with which every attempt to benefit the condition of the lower classes has been met, and how slowly, yet it is to be hoped, surely, we are arriving at common-sense notions on the subject.

The plan of my work renders little further historical mention of Aix-la-Chapelle necessary; but we must not part with it without alluding to the diplomatic position it has occupied in more recent times.

Supposing that Aix were really the birth-place of Charlemagne—a prince under whom so many struggling and repugnant powers were consolidated—and considering that, if not his birth-place, it was, at all events, the great scene of his civic and royal glories—we cannot but admire the coincidence which has made

¹ A minute chemical analysis of these waters is given in Rees' Encyclopædia.

it, in later times, "the theatre of diplomacy."¹ The Triple Alliance of the year 1668, in which Spain and France were brought to a compromise more advantageous to the former than creditable to the latter, served to develop the talents of our statesman and philosopher, Sir William Temple, and of the celebrated republican of Holland, De Witt. Like the generality of compromises, however, it proved of little avail in restoring tranquillity, and the interval of peace which followed has been well characterized as a "premium on aggression."² While the decayed condition of Spain rendered almost any terms preferable to war, it was strange that the active and daring Louis should have acceded to proposals which seemed far less advantageous; but the following solution of the difficulty has been proposed:—

"His favourite commanders, Condé and Turenne, are said to have counselled an instant rejection of the peace, as interfering with the aggrandizement of his throne, as well as the interests of his personal fame, destined soon to become the master of Europe; and in turning aside this temptation, so congenial to his heart, he is understood to have listened to his ministers, who recommended that he should be content with the alternative which he had himself suggested.³ But the publication of the works which bear his name, nearly a hundred years afterwards, revealed a reason of which even his cabinet were probably ignorant. Anticipating the death of the young king of Spain, he had secretly concluded with the emperor Leopold what is called the 'Eventual Treaty,' the purpose of which was the partition of that monarchy; and in his arrangements with the German ruler he had already bound

¹ Encycl. Britt. vol. ii. p. 369.

² Encl. Metrop. vol. xii. p. 655.

³ Ibid. p. 790, where see a very important note from Lingard. The terms were, that "Louis was to resign all pretensions to Spain founded on his marriage with the daughter of Philip IV., and to retain what he had already gained by the sword, or to receive, in place of them, Franche-Comte, Cambray, Charleroi, and St. Omers."

himself to follow the very course which the allies thought proper to dictate at Aix-la-Chapelle, as the only security for a general pacification."

The name of Marlborough, himself almost a second Charlemagne as far as military glory was concerned, is connected with Aix-la-Chapelle in a manner that demands some notice. Worn out with the detractions and annoyances which had rewarded his exertions for the renown of England, he obtained leave of absence in 1712, and set out, accompanied by a small retinue, worthy the humble simplicity of a true conqueror, and, to use the words of his elegant biographer, "the neglect of his country was amply compensated by the cordial reception that he experienced on reaching the continent."¹

After a noble reception at Ostend and Antwerp, he proceeded towards Maestricht, and sought to pass *incognito* by taking the most secluded roads. But it was in vain that he thus attempted to avoid the honours all were prepared to shower upon him; and even when he reached the venerable city of Charlemagne, he found persons of all ranks and nations assembled to greet the approach of one whom they looked upon as the preserver of the empire. To use the language of an earlier biographer,² "All ages and sexes both adored and bewailed him; whilst the duke himself showed that the greatness of his suffering was only to be surmounted by the greatness of his courage, and went through the town of Aix-la-Chapelle to the house that was prepared for his reception in such a manner as though he bore at heart the pressure of other people's misfortunes, not the remembrance of his own. The next day his levee was crowded by all persons of rank and distinction in the town, who, though of different interests and nations, were unanimous in their respect for his great merits. In particular, the Duke of Lesdiguières, speaking of him at his return,

¹ Coxe, *Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 327, Wade's edition.

² Quoted *ibid*.

observed to the Abbot de Guilestre, "I can now say that I have seen the man who is equal to the Marshal de Turenne in conduct, to the Prince of Condé in courage, and superior to Marshal de Luxembourg in success."

But this glorious reception was no guarantee even for his personal safety. After a tedious and anxious stay, in which the friendly consolations of Prince Eugene were almost his only solace, he was compelled to return to Maestricht, apprehending that a conspiracy was on foot to seize his person.

Into the subsequent events with which Aix-la-Chapelle is historically concerned, it is not my purpose to enter.¹ But if venerable antiquity, high position in the world of politics and civilization—an importance, be it remembered, never lost, although materially lessened—and if to have been the scene of some of the grandest developments of man's onward progress, can give interest to any city, it is impossible not to feel impressed with admiration for the old city that claims Charlemagne for its hero—almost for its patron-saint.

¹ See, however, a curious tract, entitled, "Observations on the Probable Issue of the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle. London: 1748."

BASLE.

IF local associations, as well as events, can render a city interesting, few cities of the middle ages have a better claim upon our notice than Basle. Forming, as it still does, the approach to the magnificent scenery of Mont Blanc, the Jura, and the St. Bernard, it must ever be an object of pleasing remembrance to the tourist. But few there are who, while entering this portal of approach to the regions of natural romance, are sufficiently mindful of the claims to their notice which the antiquities of this noble city present. Basle is not merely to be considered as the place where we rest on our way to the natural wonders of Switzerland and Italy, but as the venerable town on whose embattled walls scholars like Æneas Sylvius or Erasmus delighted to walk, calmly and undisturbed, and whence the great names of Euler, Buxtorf, and of many other illustrious scholars and reformists, date their origin.

But the great event in the history of Basle is the Council, which, at first summoned by Martin V. at Pavia, was afterwards removed to Sienna, and thence to this city. The pontiff did not live to witness its proceedings, but it was opened by his successor, Eugenius IV., on the 23rd of July 1431, under the superintendence of Cardinal Giuliano Cesarini.

The two great objects proposed by this assembly were the union of the Greek and Latin Churches, and the reformation of the Church universal; not only in its members, but likewise in their head—the pontiff. There was evidently a dangerous reaction pending. “It appeared evident by the very form of the Council,

by its method of proceeding, and by the first decrees that were enacted by its authority, that the assembled fathers were in earnest, and firmly resolved to answer the end and purpose of their meeting.”¹ The pontiff had good reason to dread a reform in which he was himself mixed up, and which might end in an open denial of his claims to authority. Thrice he attempted to dissolve the Council, and stifle the efforts of this conscientious body of men to obtain an increased unity and an improved condition of the Church; but his attempts were defeated. The decrees of the Council of Constance, equally unpopular with Tridentine Catholics, were triumphantly alleged to prove the inferiority of the pontiff to a general assembly of the Church, and Eugenius was compelled to write a letter from Rome, approving of the Council, and confessing its authority.

Unlike the so-called œcumenical Council of Trent, the present assembly was not led and fettered by the Pope’s legates. Even before they were admitted they were compelled to declare, upon oath, that they would submit to the decrees that should be passed therein, and more particularly to those made at the Council of Constance, setting forth the subordination of the pontiffs to a general council, both in authority and jurisdiction. Every law that was calculated to inspire the pontiff with disgust and terror was revived, and the abuses of the Roman court attacked, censured, and reformed with unsparing spirit. And now Eugenius began to perceive that it was high time to bring the Council within his own territory, and to fix some bounds to its dangerous partiality for wholesale reform. Accordingly, on the 7th of May 1437, the fathers having, on account of the Greeks, resolved to hold the Council at Basle, Avignon, or some city in the duchy of Savoy, he gave orders that it should be transferred to Italy. A warm altercation followed; the Council summoned the pontiff to appear before

¹ Mosheim, cent. xv. part ii. ch. ii.

them, and the pontiff declared the Council dissolved, and indicted another to be held at Ferrara. This decree only met with contempt, and on the 28th of September sentence of contumacy was pronounced against the rebellious pontiff.

In the year 1438, Eugenius opened the assembly at Ferrara, and, in the second session, fulminated a sentence of excommunication against the fathers assembled at Basle. But his schismatical proceedings, mixed up as they were with political intrigues, prospered little, and, at the beginning of 1439, the plague breaking out, he transferred the Council to Florence. The assembly at Basle, out of all patience at the arbitrary proceedings of the pontiff, deposed him from the papacy on the 25th of June 1439—a measure which met with little approbation from the princes of Europe. “It may be easily conceived what an impression this step made upon the affronted pontiff. He lost all patience, and devoted, for the second time, to hell and damnation the members of the Council of Basle, by a most solemn and most severe edict, in which also he declared all their acts null, and all their proceedings unlawful.” Nothing daunted by this display of bombast, the fathers deliberately elected Amadeus, Duke of Saxony, pontiff, and thus revived that detestable schism which, while it is sufficient to prove the whole papal scheme a dishonest fallacy, at the same time shows the little power of Roman Catholicism to keep its members together, even when its own consistency and coherency of parts is vitally concerned. Nay, more, the very system of general councils was shown to be fallacious; but the farce was destined hereafter to be repeated, but with somewhat more consideration and good sense, when the Council of Trent was translated to Bologna.

Although the greater part of the Church submitted to the dominion of Eugenius, his opponent was acknowledged as lawful pontiff by many academies, especially by the University of Paris; and the Council of

Basle continued its proceedings, enacting laws, and publishing edicts, until 1443; and although its members then retired home to their respective places at abode, they publicly declared that the Council was not dissolved, but would resume its deliberations of the earliest convenient opportunity. The assembly at Florence closed without having performed any of its proposed undertakings in a satisfactory manner; and this scandalous schism in the pseudo-general council, was terminated by the death of Eugenius, and the retirement of his rival, in 1449, in favour of Nicolas V., a pontiff whose moderate and pacific disposition, and genuine patronage of erudition and genius, made him well worthy of the dignity.

This Council, which had extended from 1431 to 1444, and which was destined to give so much trouble to the assembly which subsequently met at Trent, was held in the chapter-house of the cathedral, except when the persons assembled were so numerous as to be compelled to adjourn to the choir itself. The room still remains unaltered, and the "very cushions, on which so many legates, archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, monks, doctors, ambassadors, and learned lawyers sat, during the often stormy discussions which marked its sittings, still remain."¹ Such is the manner in which the most trivial memorials of man's career, in the disputes and vexations of this life, often outlast his own deeds. The decrees of the Council of Basle are almost obsolete in both churches, and yet their consequences, as involving some of the boldest attacks upon the Romanistic scheme, last to this day; while the room in which those decrees were debated and passed tells of nought save of the death which has, centuries ago, claimed their authors for its own.

I cannot here refrain from mentioning an earlier event connected with the history of this cathedral, which is one of the most striking incidents illustrative

¹ Historical Pictures, vol. i. p. 14.

of the gloomy pageantry of the middle ages; I mean, the solemn yet revolting ceremonies at the funeral of Anne, empress of Germany.

I have not time to enter into the history preceding the union of this amiable and truly queenlike woman with the bold, often cruel, but yet generous and manly Rudolph. Her husband, raised from the dignity of Count of Hapsburg to that of King of the Romans, was fortunate in finding a partner who, while, by a peculiar mixture of worldly perception with a feminine tenderness of disposition, she was enabled to subdue and chasten the stern and rugged disposition of her consort, shone with equal credit as the empress; one who, while alive to the highest influences of religion, was no slave to superstition; and who, in the honourable discharge of every private duty, never forgot that she was a queen—never compromised the dignities to which her husband's good fortune had elevated him.

A better proof of the humanizing effect of female influence can hardly be found than the change which took place in the character of Rudolph. Even in earlier life he had shown strong evidence of a religious humanity, which, howsoever obliterated by political difficulties, and by perpetual struggles against the monks and bishops of his time, proved that the seeds of good in his nature only lacked development, to attain a healthy growth. Meeting, by chance, a priest, on his way to administer the last rites of the Church to a dying sufferer, the generous count gave up his horse to the ecclesiastic, and thus saved him from wading through a river.¹ But he was constantly at variance with the clergy of his time, chiefly on financial subjects; and those who consider the troublesome interference of the Church with civil matters, will perceive at least a reason for many of the cruelties which disgraced the conduct of this dashing and enterprising hero.

It was strange that he, who in earlier youth had

¹ See Schiller's *Graf von Hapsburg*.

joined the expedition of Ottacar, King of Bohemia, against the infidels of Prussia, on behalf of the Teutonic knights, should have been destined to become his bitterest enemy. Elevated to a throne which he well knew how to maintain, he found that Ottacar refused him the homage to which his position justly entitled him. Proceeding with caution, he soon raised an army, took his enemy by surprise, and, uniting no small knowledge of military tactics with a despatch that rendered them doubly effective, he forced the King of Bohemia to a disadvantageous peace, and humiliating homage.¹ But, before a year had elapsed, Ottacar took the field against his conqueror, and, on this occasion, the emperor found himself but incompetently supported. The battle was at its heat—the fortunes of both sides seemed doubtful—when Rudolph was unhorsed, and struck wounded to the ground. Prostrated by the weight of his armour, and defended only by his shield, he arose, and renewed the confidence of his men. The enemy gave way—a frightful carnage ensued—and the king of Bohemia was slain during the general rout, it is believed, by some nobles, upon whose families he had wreaked tyrannical cruelty.

I shall not dwell upon the life of activity which was spent by this able prince, in the restoration and establishment of authority, nor need I animadvert upon the often doubtful acts to which he resorted to quell the resistance of the stubborn. If many an act of cruelty and oppression sully his name, we must, at the same time, remember that such acts were directed against a race of men who, under the pretext of baronial rights,² exercised the calling of freebooters and banditti; and who, while they set every law of government at defiance, exerted the most wanton and arbitrary tyranny upon their weaker neighbours and dependants. Like the

¹ See *Encycl. Metr.*, vol. xi. p. 747, note 11.

² Such a hero was the famous Aimerigot Têtenoire, in the reign of Charles VI. See Mackay's *Popular Delusions*, v. ii. p. 255.

fabled Minos, Rudolph was compelled to remove the depredators, before he could form anything like a settled condition of government. But if family ambition formed any great motive for his spirited and efficient administration, it was doomed to be disappointed. Whether from the known severity of his son's disposition, or from increased jealousy of hereditary succession, the German Diet evaded his attempts to secure the succession to Albert, his only surviving son; and Rudolph, worn out with a hard spent life, and harassed by the expectation of the discord which would follow his death, died at Gemeschem, in the seventy-third year of his age, A.D. 1291, whilst on his way to Spire, to visit the great cemetery of his royal predecessors.

To return to his consort Anne. As with Ninon de l'Enclos, age did little to impair her beauty, and she was still in the bloom of comparative loveliness, when summoned to her final rest. Much is told of her resignation, and calm attention to the adjustment of her temporal affairs, while suffering under her last illness—of the zealous yet unsuperstitious piety with which she forgave all who had ever done her injury, and resigned herself to the will of her Creator. Her most earnest request was to be interred at Basle, where her youngest child, Prince Karl, who died at the early age of seven years, had been interred five years previously. But she made this request with a view of excusing some injuries done by her husband to the bishop of that place; and probably as a means of settling a dispute then pending respecting a claim made by the emperor of an arbitrary character, but too common at that period.

Her last request had a salutary effect upon both parties, and the bishop united with the emperor in giving all possible magnificence to the solemnization of her exequies. All the clergy of his diocese were invited to the ceremony, and, on Thursday the 19th of March 1282, “he issued from the gates of the episcopal palace, at the head of twelve hundred ecclesiastics

(of whom six were abbots), priests, conventual and secular, each bearing a lighted waxen torch, to meet the funeral cavalcade at some distance from the city gates. The imperial corpse was received at the door of the cathedral, with all the state and ceremony peculiar to papal pomp, by three other bishops awaiting its arrival, with a minor host of dignitaries, and from thence (amid the chanting of litanies and the chiming of bells) conveyed into the choir, where the coffin was opened, and the deceased empress was placed upon a magnificent throne, which had been erected on a raised platform, surmounted by a dais or canopy of crimson velvet, fringed with gold. Her ladies, and the distinguished personages who took a prominent part in the procession, dressed in deep mourning, ranged themselves on either side, whilst the four bishops performed a solemn mass before the awe-stricken multitude, assembled in thousands to witness so strange and appalling a sight. Sumptuous robes of rich silk and velvet enveloped the inanimate form of departed majesty. A veil of white silk floated from her head, and a small but elegant crown, of silver gilt, rested on her forehead. A collar of gold, curiously wrought, containing a rich sapphire, and other precious stones, was round her neck; and on the pale fingers of her lifeless hands, crossed over her bosom, glittered many costly gems. When the solemn service for the dead was finished, the body was again committed to the coffin, and entombed, amid the weeping of her attendants, in the choir, close to that of the young prince."

Strange as seemed this gloomy mingling of the dead with the living, it was by no means unusual in those days. Indeed, the "lying in state" of after times can scarcely be considered as less revolting. But a ruder intrusion upon the peace of the dead took place in 1771, when the virtuous but bigoted Maria Theresa removed the bodies of her ancestors from a place which had now become polluted with Protestantism. In company with twelve other royal person-

ages, the body of Anne was, after a period of nearly five hundred years, again exposed to the light of day. Her whole person was found in a perfect state, but changed to a deep black. The crown still glittered on her brow, and the graceful draperies still hung around her lifeless form, but every shade of colour had fled.

During the celebration of the Council already mentioned, Æneas Sylvius, who some years after arrived at pontifical honours under the title of Pius II., wrote a description of Basle, his affection for which city is well set forth by his foundation of its university, one of the earliest acts of his pontificate. Although, in the words of an animated and accomplished female tourist,¹ "more than four centuries have passed away since this accomplished observer, whose abilities were far in advance of his principles, wrote in the purest Latin this description, yet all the great outlines of the picture drawn by his skilful hand remain: the Rhine still rapidly pours a broad deep flood of pale green over its rocky bed; the great square is daily filled with the choicest fruits and vegetables; the picturesque costume of the young maidens is unaltered, and admirably calculated to display that beauty of form and features which he (no mean judge) so enthusiastically lauds. The churches are, indeed, no longer studded with elegant tribunes (such as are now to be seen in Italy) where the patrician ladies sat to hear mass; and the relics, and statues, and holy paintings, have all disappeared, for Basle is eminently Protestant; but the forty-six fountains, supplying ever-gushing streams of the limpid water, suggesting springs cool, deep, and sanative—the well-furnished shops, and general air of wealth pervading the whole aspect of the city—the ramparts, gates, cloisters, and style of architecture, attest the minute accuracy of his details.

¹ See "Historical Pictures of the Middle Ages, in Black and White." 8vo. London, 1846, p. 6, sq.

“The interior arrangements of the houses of the rich citizens and gentils-hommes, he says, yielded in no respects to those of Florence when it was the seat of the refined government of the Medici. He expatiates on the pretty exotic birds, shut up in costly prisons of gilded wire, whose sweet chants beguiled the hours of their fair mistresses, as they sat employing their delicate fingers in all the mysteries of stitchery, or pored over the dreary legends of saints; and the small pendant gardens, tastefully disposed in long baskets under the bay windows, filling the apartments with the odorous perfume of flowers and shrubs. He praises the citizens, for their attention to commerce and business-like habits—and wisely; since all that embellishes life, or that leads to the intercourse of different nations, springs from that source; whilst the beneficial reciprocity of blessings and benefits necessarily leads to amelioration of the heart and manners.”

But Basle has materially decreased in population, chiefly, it is believed, through the jealousy of its citizens in withholding the civic rights from foreigners. Thus, the continual waste of population which takes place in large cities is not compensated by a corresponding influx. Attempts have been made, indeed, to counteract that evil, but too little has been done to be effectual; and Basle has unquestionably suffered by her short-sighted policy and jealous conservatism.

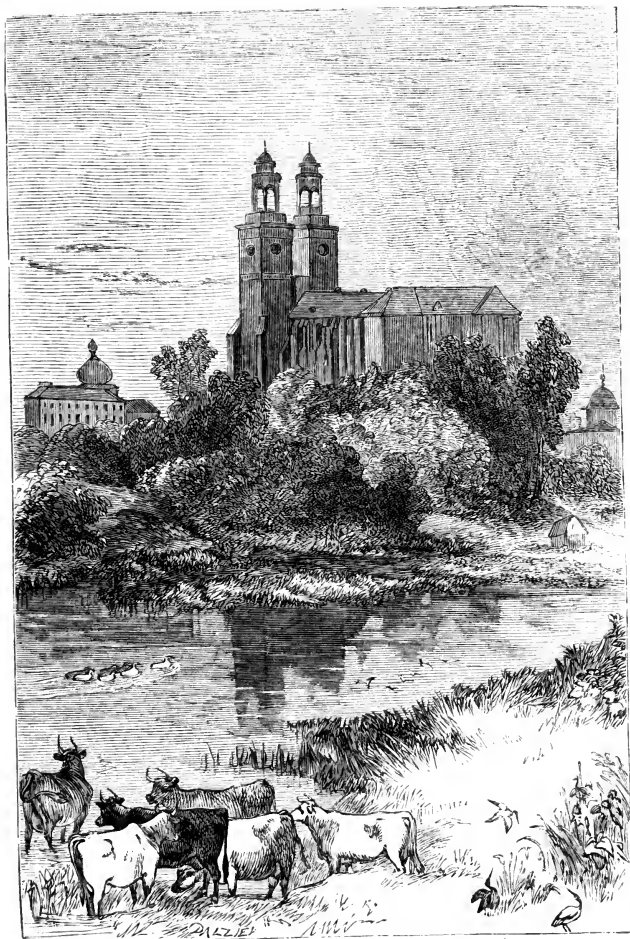
UPSALA AND STOCKHOLM.

THE early history of most nations bears a greater resemblance in its mythical or semi-mythical details, than in its real facts; and hence it is that we always find some great hero, whose very existence is more or less doubtful, forming the nucleus of a mass of romance, which is better calculated to nourish our imagination with fresh fancies, than to ripen our judgment by increased experience.

If Charlemagne, to whom Aix-la-Chapelle owed so much of its glory, was the favourite hero of much of this kind of romance, we have, in connection with the earliest history of Sweden, a much more doubtful, but no less interesting personage presented to our notice, in the warlike Odin, whose exploits blend all that we have heard of Hercules, Amadis de Gaul, and Alexander the Great, into one mass of fable, allegory, and adventure.

The personal existence of Odin has been frequently denied, and, in this respect, he has shared the fate of half the heroes of the ancient and mediæval world. But the more temperate school of historical critics have been unwilling to set hypothesis against the united force of tradition; and have, with reason, preferred believing, where we gain no solution of the difficulty by scepticism.¹

¹ See the whole subject of Odin's personality most ably discussed by Geijer, *Hist. of Sweden*, i. 1, p. 9 (Turner's translation). My learned readers will find some valuable and ingenious remarks in the notes of Stephens on Saxo Grammaticus, *Hist. Danic.* i. p. 49, sq. A conjecture is there proposed, to the effect that the mythical and historical personages have been united to form a third or middle Odin.



UPSALA.



As to the country or the period which gave birth to Odin, accounts are far too inconsistent to be worth detailing here; and Mallet has well observed that "the most profound researches, the most ingenious conjectures about them, discover nothing to us but our own ignorance."¹

The early connection of the Goths and Swedes has been fully proved by Geijer, who observes that "the chief seat of worship was placed among the Swedes, a preference which they owed to Odin, and to the great sacrifices instituted by him in Upsala." The same great historian has shown that the inconsistency of Anglo-Saxon genealogies is so great, as to leave us fair reason for placing the establishment of Odin's power at a period beyond the Christian era. In his opinion, moreover, the Goths, who gave their name to the southern and earlier settled portion of the peninsula, are the most ancient of the Scandinavians; while the kingdom of Sweden was founded further up in the mid region of the land, in a place called Suithiod.² To the north were the fiercer and wilder tribes, the "giants," "mountain wolves," "sons of the rock," "hill-folk," "folk of the caves of the earth," as they are poetically styled. Their leader was the chief of the Finns, and their country embraced the northerly part of the peninsula, Finnmark. Between these two districts ran the hills and woods of Kolmord and Tived, and hence these provinces were anciently known as the lands north and south of the forest. "The annals of our middle age are occupied, in great part, with contests between the Swedes and Goths for the possession of a right to give a king to the whole country. Even at the present day the dialects of the Gothic provinces are distinguished by broader and fuller verbal forms, and a more plentiful use of diphthongs; in Upper Sweden, on the other hand, words and sounds are more

¹ Mallet, p. 79, ed. Blackwell.

² *i. e.*, "Suithiod Sjalf," or Suithiod Proper, for the name has a wider application.

abbreviated, though the latter does not hold without some exceptions. The dialect of the Dalecarlians on the one side, and that of the Scanians or Smalanders on the other, exhibit the two extreme points of variation."¹

Pleasing as would be the narratives of which the early exploits of Odin form the subject, they would occupy too much of our time, and bear too little upon the fortunes of Sweden, to claim a place in this chapter.² It will be more interesting to describe the early approaches made towards a civil government, as such accounts, however embellished by imagination, are still oftentimes a key to the origin of subsequent institutions; and, by showing the genius of a people in their earliest condition, enable us to account for many features in their social condition at a later period. The warmth of imagination that glows in the poetry of the Eddas and Sagas is not extinguished; the native simplicity, which ever draws its language from the heart, shines forth in the writings of Andersen or of Frederika Bremer; and we must feel that Odin is no unnatural character in this "land of poetry."

The spirited and descriptive pages of Geijer seem to place before our eyes the conqueror Odin, seated amidst his council of twelve Drottnar, in the court of Upsala. Religion, in which mercy and murder, freedom and superstition, were strangely blended, formed the great feature of Odin's policy. As, in more ancient times, the great games of Greece served to unite the rival states, and even formed a diplomatic theatre for their dealings with other nations, so were the yearly sacrifices at Upsala the means of public assemblage and constitutional unity. "At the place of their celebration peace was enforced, and mere participation therein imported peace between the rival races. Under the shield of peace the sacrifice with the attendant banquet was prepared; deliberations were held, sen-

¹ Geijer, p. 10.

² See, however, Mallet, p. 79, 395, &c.

tence passed, and traffic conducted; for which reason Ting, the old name of these conventions, means both sacrifice, banquet, diet, assize, and fair.”¹

But Odin, like many other conquerors, seems to have known how to make religion a means of profit as well as aggrandizement. Having taken possession of the land by erecting a temple, and sacrificing after the rites of the Ask, he persuaded the people to pay him a tribute, in order that he might sacrifice in their behalf for a plentiful harvest. And, as we have already observed, it was these sacrifices which gave the Swedes their claims to choose a sovereign for the whole realm.

“The household,” continues Geijer, “no less than the commonwealth, was based upon the worship of the gods, and therefore the particle *ve, vi*, occurring in the name of so many places, means both a dwelling generally and a sanctuary. The father of a family, on the pillars surrounding whose high seat were carved the images of the gods, was called himself, like the prince, Drott, and was priest, judge, and leader for his household.”²

Concubinage was another feature in which the followers of Odin bore considerable resemblance to the early patriarchs, although the dignity of marriage seems to have been upheld; while the system of ratifying a marriage by concluding a bargain or purchase with the father or nearest relative of the bride reminds us of the story of Jacob and Laban. The worship of the gods, as elsewhere, was for the most part united with ceremonies in honour of the dead; and the sacrifices were generally offered at the mounds, or barrows,

¹ Geijer, p. 30, sq. The reader will observe the use of the word “diet,” to denote a council or assembly in later times. The derivation of “assize,” from “assideo,” *to sit at table*, is equally remarkable. On Upsala, as the centre of religious superstitions among the Goths, cf. Hug. Grotius, *Hist. Gotth. Elog.* p. 104, sqq.

² p. 31. So “domus” is used both for a habitation and a temple.

in which their relics were entombed. Here were held the hemp-games, or athletic sports of a lively and martial character.¹ The sacredness of oaths was held so inviolable that after death the perjurer was supposed to wander, side by side with the murderer and the adulterer, "in streams of venom, at the strand of corpses remote from the sun, in the castle which is woven of the spines of snakes," and, to this day, the common people of Sweden believe that no grass will grow above the grave of a perjurer.

But this religion presented strange anomalies. To avenge blood was as sacred a duty on some occasions, as to preserve peace was on others. Endless feuds arose, and their violence was little mitigated by the substitution of pecuniary fines. Moreover, a violent death was considered so pleasing to the gods, that suicide shortened the work of bodily sickness—a fact for which the following account of Odin's death will easily account:—

"After he had finished these glorious achievements," says Mallet, "Odin retired into Sweden; where, perceiving his end to draw near, he would not wait till the consequences of a lingering disease should put a period to that life which he had so often bravely hazarded in the field; but assembling the friends and companions of his fortune, he gave himself nine wounds in the form of a circle with the point of a lance, and many other cuts in his skin with his sword. As he was dying, he declared he was going back to Asgard to take his seat among the other gods at an eternal banquet, where he would receive with great honours all who should expose themselves intrepidly in battle, and die bravely with their sword in their hands. As soon as he had breathed his last, they carried his body to Sigtuna, where, conformably to a custom introduced by him into the north, his body was burnt with much pomp and magnificence."²

¹ Compare the description of the funeral games in honour of Anchises in the 5th *Æneid*.

² Mallet, p. 82.

Hence, when old age had brought on the failings of decrepitude, the tired and feeble patriarch would precipitate himself from the lofty cliff, or kith-rock, and so "fare to Valhalla;" while the warrior who had received a fatal but lingering wound, or who felt himself sickening with some malady that left little likelihood of ultimate restoration to health and vigour, "gashed himself to Odin with the sword."

Little can be said for their estimate of the future world. The Valhalla was a palace of sensual delights, and the best qualification for a seat in its halls was the acquisition of wealth, "*quocunque modo*," in this world. Robbery and piracy were fostered by a scheme of morality which estimated a man's position in the other world by the property he had accumulated in this; retinue was equally desirable; and, as Geijer observes, "there was reason to doubt whether the poor man was considered worthy of a place in the hall of Odin, in case he came not from the field of battle in the bloody train of a great lord."

The constitution, as might be expected, was essentially military in its character, and, as under the Dorian tribes of Greece, the population was considered in the light of a standing army, and each individual in that of a soldier. Hence Sweahär meant the host of the Swedes, whilst Suithiod designated the "army-folk." The great Ting of Upsala was called Allshärjarting, *i. e.*, the assembly of the whole army, part of which marched to war every year, after the celebration of the opening sacrifice. Hence Upland, the chief seat of Odin's followers, and the first Suithiod, was pre-eminently the army district, and contained the three Folklands. "To the same warlike polity appertained the division into Hundreds or Härads, words which have the same meaning; a like arrangement is mentioned by Tacitus among the Germans."¹

For the gratification of those who would contrast

¹ Geijer, p. 32, who gives some interesting illustrations from a comparison of Icelandic manners and polity.

the present state of Swedish social life, with its simple comfort and plain elegance, as described in the pages of its accomplished novelists, I will attempt, following the same great guide, to give some notion of the domestic condition of the ancient inhabitants of Sweden.

“The first teachers of Christianity describe old Sweden as a fruitful territory, with wide-stretching woodlands and waters, rich meadows, abounding in honey and herds of kine, which were often tended by the best-born of the land. . . . Mention is made in ancient records, and sometimes even in the mythic songs, of ploughing both with horses and oxen, of sowing and harvest, of the brewing of beer and mead, and the baking of bread. Malt and butter formed part of the tributes paid to the king at Christmas; to eat raw flesh was held a mark of barbarism. At the sacrificial feasts, to which the peasants brought victuals and beer, when the victims had been slaughtered, the idols, the walls of the temple within and without, and the assembled people, were besprinkled with blood; the boiled flesh and broth were then eaten. Food and drink were blessed with Thor’s hammer sign. The houses, and likewise the temples, were for the most part of wood, surrounded with a palisade or fence. In the dwellings of the principal men there were upper chambers under the roof, corresponding with the sleeping-rooms in the houses of the country people in modern times. In the houses the floor was of earth, covered on solemn occasions with straw; the fire burned in the middle of the room, and the smoke obtained vent through an aperture called the wind-eye in the roof or wall. By the walls stood long benches with tables before them; on the inner side of these the guests sat, and drank to each other across the chamber, the beer being sent over the fire. The king or queen sat on the chair of state in the midmost place of the bench which was turned towards the sun. On the bench over against them

was placed the principal guest ; men and women sat in pairs and drank with one another.”¹

Nor were the ladies deficient in accomplishments. Knitting, weaving, and tapestry-work—the latter often devoted to the adornment of military standards and other warlike accoutrements—were the favourite occupations of the early mothers and daughters of Sweden. Divination and medicine were also practised, and we can fancy a Lady Bountiful, cunning in the manipulation of drugs and simples, even among this rude, semi-Amazonian race. As in the *Iliad*, the bard, the soothsayer, the leech, and the armourer, were held in chief honour, and drew large remuneration and privileges from the exercise of their respective crafts.

Hospitality, and a liberal use of the native or acquired wealth of the country, were amiable features in the dispositions of this race ; but from their habits of piracy, and the debasing influence of a traffic in slaves, cruelty had developed itself out of the natural hardness of the national character. In the latter days of their heathen state, human sacrifices were a favourite prelude to a warlike enterprise, and even their dearest connections fell victims to this horrible and morbid passion for blood. “In that time,” says the appendix to the old law of Gothland, “when men believed in groves and barrows, in holy places and enclosures, they sacrificed their sons and daughters, and their cattle, with meat and drink, to the heathen gods.”

But mark the contrast ! Civilization has done its work, and Odin, the conqueror, the lawgiver, and the hierophant, has found his level—his right place in the archives of those whose cruelty has cancelled the memorials of their better deeds. A thousand years have passed away since Christianity first spoke to the hearts of Sweden ; Odin is not forgotten, but his remembrance is that of an evil spirit—of a troubler of mankind. The miser, gloating over his hoarded

¹ Geijer, p. 33 sq.

wealth, is cursed as "the servant of Odin." Unknown or sudden noises are ascribed to his agency, as to that of Pan. "Of his hunt and his horses there are stories current in several provinces—for example in Upland, in Swaland, so rich in recollections of the heathen time, and also in Scania and Blehing—where it was usual for the peasants, when reaping, to leave a sheaf behind them in the field for Odin's steeds."

And now we must proceed onwards to a period in which history is more clearly marked; namely, the foundation of Stockholm, after the extinction of the old dynasty at Upsala.

About the year 826, when Harald, King of Jutland, had received baptism in Mentz, Anshar, a Frank, who had early entered on the duties of a monastic life, willingly accompanied him to Denmark on the pious errand of conversion. Here he not only preached the gospel, but made great efforts to put down the taste for slavery, and his labours proved highly successful. The Swedes had long manifested an anxious desire to become partakers of the truths and blessings of Christianity; and, at the suggestion of the pious Emperor Ludovico, this indefatigable monk, accompanied by another brother of his own convent named Withmar, set out to extend the good work which had already prospered so well. In company with the merchants with whom he travelled, Anshar was doomed to experience rough handling by pirates, but he was undismayed and unmoved by difficulties. "He passed sometimes through forests, sometimes in a boat over great lakes, which the narratives liken to the sea, until, with his companions, he reached Brica, a haven, or, as it is also called, a staple and village upon the Mälar lake, where rich merchants resided." Here he was well received by King Biörn, and found the statements confirmed which had been the occasion of his coming. Many Christian captives lived in these regions who longed ardently for teachers, and these had

excited a like desire in others who were as yet wholly destitute of the means of salvation.

Despite the episcopal honours which were subsequently conferred upon this excellent and disinterested minister, he persevered in the work he had begun, and re-visited Sweden in the year 853. Here he found a new king, Olof, who had shown some disposition to yield to the desire of the people to adopt one of their former rulers, named Eris, among the national deities. But the spirited and determinate conduct of Anshar prevailed over this attempt to relapse, and he succeeded in founding a Christian church, to the support of which, as well as to finding a supply of religious teachers, he contributed largely as long as he lived. "He inculcated on them the maxim, to ask of no man's goods, but to labour with their own hands for support; and he himself used to twist nets. Though simple and meek of heart, he was a man of lofty courage. His revenues he employed in the support of the indigent, and the ransom of captives; and he was generally surrounded by youth whom he had redeemed from slavery, and was instructing. He brought back with him from Sweden persons who had been thus dragged from their homes into thralldom, and his biographer mentions the emotion with which he restored to a mother the son of whom she had been robbed by Swedish freebooters. . . He regarded his dreams as prophetic, was full of reverence for the miracles of the saints, and was himself, after death, venerated as a saint; but it was said of him while he lived, that 'so good a man had never been seen on earth.'" That his own labours in Sweden were not barren of fruit, is proved by such examples as those of Hesgen and Fridburg; and in all likelihood the sparks kindled by him were never entirely extinguished, although a century and a half elapsed before Sweden received a Christian king, and another period of the same duration passed away in the contest between Paganism and Christianity.

Passing over some years, we come to the joint reign of Eric and Olave, who succeeded to the throne in 935. The latter died soon, and, after various turmoils, the throne passed to Olave, the infant son of Eric, surnamed the Lap-King from his having been an infant in arms when the people came to tender their homage. Under his reign, Christianity, chiefly through the influence of our countryman Sigfrid, was spread more widely than ever through Sweden. But his life was embittered by the continual hostilities waged with Norway. The daring Olave Haraldson, afterwards known as the Saint, had devoted his youth to the piratical expeditions customary in those days. In the course of his career he came to Sweden, and on one occasion, being blockaded by Olave, the Lap-King, in the Mälar Lake, he is reported to have effected his escape by excavating a new channel to the sea. Hans Andersen alludes to this tradition, and to its connection with the foundation of Stockholm, with great spirit and picturesque effect:—

“The clouds drive quickly by,—so, too, the years. Hunter and fisher erect a hut; now they stand again deserted, and the sea-birds build their nests. But what terrifies these numberless hosts? Gulls and wild ducks fly screaming round, the noise of the hammer echoes, and the piles groan under their mighty strokes. Oluf, named the Sea King, commands beams and giant staves to be driven into the ground, and strong iron chains to be slung across the stream. ‘Snared art thou, Oluf Haraldson! snared thy ships and men, who ravaged the kingly town of Sigtuna; never wilt thou escape the close lake Mälar!’ It was the work of a single night, but ’twas the same in which Oluf Haraldson burst a new way through the hard earth by the force of iron and the might of fire! Ere the morning gray began to break on the waves of the Mälar, the Norwegian prince, Oluf, sailed through the opened King’s Sound in the east! Against the mighty stockade, driven into the depths of the holm, bound with

chains, the bulwarks lean. The citizens of the consumed Sigtuna erected here a rampart, and upon such stock as these the new and little town of Stockholm was built.”¹

There certainly seems fair reason for admitting this origin of the town of Stockholm in its earliest stages. Nothing was more natural than the attempt to oppose some permanent barrier to the pirates who ravaged the coast with so much violence. But it is to the powerful Earl Birger, who died on the 21st of October, 1266, that its foundation, as a place of any importance, has been attributed. The power which had been concentrated at Upsala had since been broken up, and, as Christianity had advanced in Sweden, so had the power of the Roman pontiff. His successor, the effeminate Waldemar, soon lost his throne by his guilty excesses, and his brother Magnus succeeded him. He was not, however, allowed to remain in undisputed possession of his honours; for the Uplander party, who had forgotten neither their ancient privilege of nominating or deposing kings, nor their old tastes for sedition, continually took up arms, and Stockholm, in 1280, was the scene of the execution of four chiefs of the Folkunger insurgents. In a subsequent decree this king showed his opinion of the dangerous character of these political cabals, forbidding, under the severest penalties, “all party associations or secret confederacies, especially among the nobility, as a deeply-rooted evil, of which the kingdom had had painful experience. Whosoever, by writing, oath, or in any other mode, should give consent to such an union, his estates should be wasted, and he should be declared to have lost his peace for ever, unless the king’s pardon were interposed.”

If the reign of Magnus was distinguished by considerable strictness and severity, these qualities were developed as much for the protection of the poor as for the safe restraint of the rich. Moreover, an im-

¹ In Sweden, p. 205 sq. Mackenzie’s translation.

provement was rapidly wrought in the social condition of all classes. While the king's prerogative was considerably extended, the immunities and privileges of the clergy were increased and secured, and the secular nobility received from this prince their first charter of exemption from taxation—"a privilege," however, according to Geijer, "originally intended less to increase the power of the nobles than that of the Crown." In other words, exemption from taxation only served to transform them into a feudal nobility, in which their services should be constantly available to the king. From a like policy, Magnus seems to have exempted "all persons serving on horseback, in the service of whosoever they might be," showing an evident design "partly to array in defence of the crown bands of warlike yeomen, who distinguished themselves by more costly and brilliant equipment; and partly to establish service generally as the condition of earning the privilege of nobility. Thus was instituted the tenure of knighthood, by which every man who served on horseback against the enemies of the kingdom, furnished at his own cost, gained exemption from taxation for himself and estate, on conditions which were more exactly defined in the sequel."

Nor could this distribution of dignities, while it exalted the character of general society, fail to have its effect in improving the condition and importance of the large towns. We shall soon have occasion to notice the growth of Stockholm, and we can readily believe that the town which was hereafter to receive the bones of this great and active prince, had received many substantial advantages under his influence.

After the civil war and the hostilities with Denmark had come to an end, Magnus enjoyed a life of tranquillity. His discharge of the duties of religion was exemplary, and in liberality to the Church he has seldom been surpassed. He died, surrounded by his family, December 18th, 1290, and was interred in a place which he had set aside in the Franciscan monas-

tery at Stockholm, expressing a hope that "his memory might not die away with the sound of the bells over his grave."

Thorkel Canuteson, who had been left guardian of his sons, acquitted himself of the task with so much zeal that, in the words of the Rhyme Chronicle, "things stood so well in Sweden, that better days could scarcely come." He carried out the work which had been begun by St. Eric and Birger in Finland, establishing Christianity in the eastern parts of the country, and making most successful crusades against the infidel Carelians, who had spared neither sex, age, nor rank, and who had even martyred their captives by flaying them alive, and tearing out their entrails.

All went on well, till the marshal laid down his guardianship, when Birger, Eric, and Waldemar, entered upon their respective dukedoms. Alas! the sin of the father was destined to be repeated by the children. Instead of resting contented with the territories assigned them by Magnus, "they began to recollect how their father, when himself duke, had dethroned his brother Waldemar, and took counsel thereupon with one another." Birger, to whom the kingdom had been left, had secured the support of the marshal, but his influence gave great offence to the clergy. Riot, violence, and all the horrors of an intestine war, succeeded; and when a reconciliation was at length effected between the rival princes, Thorkel Canuteson was sacrificed to their mad fury and contemptible want of good faith. "He was seized in the presence of the king and the dukes, and exclaimed to Birger, 'For this shame will be your part, lord king, so long as you live.' He was thrown upon a horse's back, his feet being bound under its belly, and so was dragged night and day to Stockholm, where his head fell under the axe of the executioner on the 6th of February, 1306. Duke Waldemar repudiated his wife, the marshal's daughter, under the pretext that they were within the

bounds of spiritual affinity, her father having held the duke at the baptismal font.”¹

Treachery and scoundrelism generally outwit their possessors, and this family of worthies were no exceptions to the truth of the general axiom. I cannot detail the disgraceful acts of falsehood, and breach of honour and hospitality, which ended in the starvation of Eric and Waldemar by their brother's order, and the expulsion of Birger from his dominions. Two years after, his only son and successor, though innocent of his father's misdeeds, was executed at Stockholm, and grief brought the ungrateful Birger to the grave.

Magnus Ericson, the sole and infant survivor of this tragedy, assumed the reins of government in 1333, at the age of eighteen, and two years after declared, “for the honour of God and the Virgin Mary, and for the repose of the souls of his father and uncle, that in future no one born of Christian parents should be, or be called, a slave.”

Peace and happiness seemed to have promised their gifts, but the country was in an uncomfortable state. The extravagant crusades which he was led to undertake, the baleful disturbances caused by an excommunication, drawn upon him by some unpaid loans on the part of the Church, and the horrors of the plague which raged in 1350, threw everything into confusion. A division of empire with his sons was followed by an intestine war. Mismanagement upon mismanagement succeeded, and both the father and his son Eric gave way before the clever and successful usurper, Albert, Duke of Mecklenburg, a son of Euphemia, sister of King Magnus.

However, as if it had been a judgment upon the states, for not continuing the crown in the lawful inheritors, Albert endeavoured, by the most rash and oppressive measures, to render himself absolute in Sweden, without the slightest reference to the feelings of the electors. Inglorious was the compromise by

¹ Geijer, p. 56.

which the Swedes exchanged a male for a female tyrant. The death of Bœce Jonson, the steward of Sweden, had given rise to dissensions between Albert and the nobles, which eventually led to a civil war. The executors of "this powerful thane," as Geijer with reason calls him, coolly undertook to dispose of the Swedish throne, and to unite the three northern kingdoms into one.

Margaret, already Queen of Denmark and Norway, was called to their aid, and the battle of Fálhœping, in West Gothland, fought on 21st of September 1389, decided the fate of Albert. He himself, with his son Eric, and several German princes and knights, were taken prisoners, and the haughty queen, in revenge for some contemptuous expressions in which Albert had indulged at her expense—

"A cap she caused set on his head,
That had full fifteen ells in breadth;
The peak was nineteen good ells long."¹

This outbreak of feminine spite was followed by the imprisonment of Albert, while the Swedish burgesses were treacherously attacked by the German party. A proscription list, including seventy of the principal Swedes, was brought forward, and such of the appointed victims as could be found were brutally tortured with carpenters' saws, and afterwards shut up in an old building and burned alive. This tragedy was another of the horrors of Stockholm, and Andersen has well observed:—

"Scandinavia's queen, Margaret, was no loving mother to her Swedish lands. King Erich,² the Pomeranian, whom some future poet will lead before the judgment seat of all nations, wronged them still more. His name sounded in the curses which the rough cruelty of the viceroys pressed from the hearts of the

¹ Mecklenburg Rhyme Chronicle, quoted by Geijer, p. 61.
Note.

² The grand-nephew of Margaret.

people. The annals of Swedish history tell of the Chain Rock, by the bleak shores of the lake, to which the peasant was ironed, naked, in the frost and cold. They tell how the peasant was hung up in smoke, and often died there. 'It served him right,' said they; 'he could or would not pay.' If the last jade in the stables died, they harnessed him to the plough, and his wife to the hay-waggon. A Danish governor, José Erickson, cruel as Gesler in Switzerland, worked evil and every wrong against the brave Dalecarlians. The bitter cup ran over, and the Dalecarlians refused to obey him, and ordered him not to let himself be seen amongst them. The arrows were sharpened, the steel strengthened, bows brought forth, and Englebrecht Englebrechtson, who lived in the neighbourhood of the Copper Mount, where Fahlun now lies, was chosen their leader. He was a man in the prime of life—a free and noble man; he had served in foreign armies, and was practised in arms and knightly sports. Rebellion against the deputy, he told them, was rebellion against the king; and he begged them to wait until he had travelled the long distance between there and Copenhagen, and had spoken with the king. He started on his journey. The little underset Dalecarlian, with his bright eyes, and his proud forehead, and his hair running down over his shoulders, came into King Erich's audience chamber, and told the people's ills with a clear, loud voice. Promises of milder measures were given, but not kept; and Englebrecht journeyed again to the king, but was refused an audience. Then the Dalecarlians arose under Englebrecht, expelled the bad governors, and destroyed their habitations. The Dalecarlian axe severed the band between King Erich and the Swedish kingdom."¹

I must pass over the reigns of Eric and of Charles Canuteson, which followed, and come to the successful attempt of Christian I., of Oldenburg. Peace and prosperity distinguished the early part of his reign;

¹ In Sweden, p. 207, sqq. Mackenzie's translation.

but the heavy taxation by which all classes were oppressed, soon brought him into unpopularity. In one of the military struggles which ensued, the castle of Stockholm was pillaged by the royal troops, of everything capable of being converted into money. "The king is said to have robbed it of every article of value, from the gilt spire surmounting the tower, to the windows, pots, and kettles; as well as to have broken down walls, dug in the ground, and even dragged the sea, for hidden treasures; so that a contemporary letter indignantly reproaches him with having ransacked for money three elements,—the air, the water, and the earth."

But a reaction soon took place in favour of the banished Charles, and Stockholm became the place of refuge for the conqueror who had so recently appeared as its pillager. The Dalecarlians enticed him into a dense wood, at Haraker's Church, in Westmanland, defeated him with great loss, and compelled him to seek safety in Stockholm. Poverty and disgrace was his lot, while Charles Canuteson regained the throne, for the third time, on the 13th of October 1467.

At his death, he appointed Steno Sturé regent, at the same time advising him never to strive after the title and insignia of royalty. King Christian soon began to attempt the recovery of Sweden, and appeared before Stockholm with a fleet of seventy ships. But Steno Sturé adopted a policy somewhat similar to that of Fabius Maximus; and, by a judicious delay, avoided committing himself to any disadvantageous terms of arrangement, while he was rapidly preparing for the defence of the capital.

On the 11th of October 1471, the memorable battle of the Brunkeberg took place. This was a sandy elevation, then lying without the town, but since levelled and built over. Christian, who had strongly fortified this post, took up his stand with the Danish banner on the eminence, with the entrenchment in the rear, to serve as a defence against an apprehended

sally from the town. A second division was placed below the hill, at the convent of St. Clara; while the third was left stationary at the ships, which were moored by the Capuchin's Holm, then separated by walls from the north suburb, but joined by a bridge of poles on the present occasion. Steno Sturé also divided his troops into three portions, one of which was to make a circuit, and fall upon the Danes at their ships, under the command of Nicolas Sturé.¹ He, however, met with so many obstacles from the marshes and woods, which then broke up the country, that his late arrival had well nigh caused the loss of the battle. Four times did Steno storm the Brunkeberg, which was not won until the general succeeded, by an attack upon the detachment posted near St. Clara's convent, in enticing part of the enemy from their station on the hill. During this attack the wooden entrenchment on the mount was set on fire, having been taken by a successful sally from the town. The arrival of Nicolas decided the victory. Christian, wounded and fatigued, escaped to the ships with difficulty, and many of his followers were drowned, the wooden bridge having been sawn asunder.

"This battle, long celebrated and sung by the Swedish country people, exhibits many characteristic features of old manners. Steno Sturé, with his whole army, heard prayers and made confession in the morning, before going into action. All his men set badges of straw or green boughs in their helmets and caps, to distinguish themselves from those of their countrymen and brethren who fought in the ranks of the foe. As they marched to the attack, they chanted St. George's song as their lay of battle, and to that knightly saint Steno Sturé afterwards dedicated an image, which may still be seen in the high church at Stockholm.

"The battle of Brunkeberg was more important from its consequences than remarkable from the forces en-

¹ He was of a different family from Steno, although of the same name.

gaged. The strength of Steno Sturé's army is stated at about ten thousand men; to which are to be added thirteen hundred well-appointed horsemen of the town of Stockholm. The infantry consisted, for the most part, of peasants, whose chief arms were still the bow and the northern battle-axe, well known since the days of Paganism. In the camp at Nonmalam, King Christian had five thousand men, well equipped, and provided with an artillery which for that day was numerous. Including that part of the army which remained with the ships, and the levies raised by the Swedish lords of Christian's party, his army was probably not very unequal in numbers to the other, and superior in discipline and equipment. On his side many Swedes perished in the battle; among them that Trotte Carlson, whose wooden shield, coated with leather, hung in the cathedral of Upsala until the conflagration of 1702. The survivors among the Swedes, who fought on the king's side, fled to the ships; the Danes wished to sacrifice them to their fury, and throw them in the sea. To the honour of King Christian, be it said, he prevented this useless cruelty, and caused them to be liberated. He himself quitted Sweden never to return; and during the remaining ten years of his life he left it in peace."

The calm which succeeded appears to have been profitable to the advancement of the social and literary condition of Sweden. A seminary had been founded by Earl Birger at Upsala, and in 1438 a regular professorship was established by royal charter; various similar institutions gradually grew up, and, on the 21st September 1477, the University of Upsala was solemnly consecrated, one year before that of Copenhagen, being endowed with the same privileges as had been granted to the University of Paris.

The various negotiations between Denmark and Sweden, which lasted till the death of Christian, were at length concluded by a renewal of the union at the treaty of Calmar in 1483. Christian's son, John, re-

ceived the throne under the following conditions, which, it has been observed by Geijer, mark the highest point of aristocratic power in Sweden, and show the end towards which the efforts of the nobles were directed:—"The king, who was to be guided generally by his council, and was to reside one year in each of his kingdoms alternately, was to conduct the government by good men, natives of the country, not setting over them persons of mean birth. In the distribution of castles and fiefs, he was bound to have regard to the opinion of those members of his council who resided in the district in which the appointment was to be made. The council was to be composed of nobles of the realm, and as many of the clergy as should be found necessary; no new member was to be received without the consent of the rest; and everyone who separated himself from his colleagues, to be expelled with disgrace. The keys of the register and treasury of each kingdom were to be committed to four councillors, bound to give an account, and responsible for their safe custody. The king was precluded from buying any noble's estate, or acquiring hypothecary possession of it; on the other hand, a nobleman might hold Crown estates in pledge, without service or burden; the nobility had full liberty to fortify their houses, and might refuse the king access to them, while they might afford an asylum to those who had incurred the royal displeasure. Lastly, it is laid down that every good man, whether of the clergy or the laity, should be king over his own peasants, excepting in such cases as concerned the rights of the sovereign. 'And though these were hard terms, yet King Hans promised with oath, letter, and seal, that he would hold by them.'"

This passage is especially interesting, if we compare the similar limitation of the king by prerogative obtained by Magna Charta in England. In the present day, when all classes appear to have arrived at better ideas of real and substantial reform, and when the wild theories of the Chartist and the levellers of all distinc-

tions have been forced to yield to the temperate and gradual principles of those who believe that one class may be raised without depressing another; and since the privileges of the upper and middle classes of society are, to a large extent, the best guarantee for the support and improvement of the masses, it is both an important and a pleasing study to view the gradual emancipation of society from the enthralldom of arbitrary and individual government. When we look back to a time when the nobility were under as severe and painful a restraint as the lower classes, we must readily feel, and gratefully acknowledge, the real freedom which has been, almost imperceptibly at the time, but yet in a manner traceable as we look through the pages of history, developed in our own country, and, less perfectly, but with equal prospects of ultimate success, throughout the continental nations.

But the last years of the reign of Steno were less prosperous. Nature and man were alike unkindly in their influence. Drought and failure of the crops, storms, and the plague, on the one hand—fire and sword, and a papal excommunication—united in casting a gloom upon the prospects of Sweden; and Stockholm became the scene of another terrific struggle between the Dalecarlian adherents of Steno and the party desirous of bringing John of Denmark to the throne. A compromise was effected. The Dalecarlian party defeated in Stockholm were, nevertheless, too powerful not to be respected; and it was settled that Steno Sturé should thenceforward be governor over Westmanland and Dalecarlia. And the resignation of that prince seemed so incredible a proceeding, that the council were compelled to despatch letters into all the provinces, with copies of the convention of Calmar, to prove that Sturé had set his name to that act fourteen years before.

On the 25th of November 1497, John was crowned at Stockholm; and he inaugurated his entrance to the throne by a popular concession to vanity, creating a

number of new knights from among the members of the higher classes. "The Rhyme Chronicle asserts that the desire of the Swedish ladies to see their husbands bear the title of lords contributed not a little to open to John the path of the throne; for knights only at that time were called lords, as their wives only were ladies; and this dignity, of which a golden chain round the neck was the badge, could not be conferred by the administrator, though himself a knight, but by the king only."¹

I pass over this troublous and uncertain state of things to the reign of Christian II., whose cruel administration in Norway was extended to Denmark and Sweden at the death of John. Steno II. at first resisted him successfully; but, in a battle fought on the ice of Lake Asunden, in West Gothland, he was wounded, and forced to quit the field. He died in his sledge upon the ice of Lake Mälar, February 3rd, 1520, leaving the country in an unsettled and helpless condition. In vain did his widow, Christina Gyllenstierna, defend Stockholm—in vain did she refuse to acknowledge the convention ratified by the barons in Upsala, by which Christian was acknowledged King of Sweden, provided he governed agreeably to its laws and to the treaty of Calmar; and, at the same time, gave impunity to all who had opposed him.

These promises gradually satisfied or intimidated the mass of the people, and Christina was compelled to surrender Stockholm. Although the most sacred obligations had been entered into by Christian, he was from the first determined to put out of the way all such characters as were likely to prove dangerous. Nevertheless, at the very moment he was plotting their destruction, he "appeared friendly to all, and was very merry and pleasant in his demeanour, caressing some with hypocritical kisses, and others with embraces, clapping his hands, smiling, and displaying on all hands tokens of affection."²

¹ Geijer, p. 75.

² See *ibid.* p. 78, *note*.

Of the vile influences of Popery, which were made subservient in bringing about the massacre of Stockholm ; of the infamous subterfuges by which Christian made the see of Rome an excuse for murdering those who were likely to render his power precarious ; and of the manner in which political persecution was decorated with the title of punishment for heresy, I need say little. Unfortunately, the influence of Rome on such occasions is too uniform, too consistent in its iniquity, to require much notice in individual instances. No respect was paid to age or station : even the sacred calling of the clergy was no protection against the wholesale cruelties to which the bad faith and brutality of Christian gave sanction. “ Olaus Magnus saw ninety-four persons beheaded ; others were hanged or butchered with the keenest torments. During the night, the houses of the killed were plundered, and the women outraged. The assassinations were continued for a second and third day, after public proclamations of peace and security had enticed new victims from their retreat. The corpses lay for three days in the market-place before they were carried out of the town, and burned at Södermalar. Steno Sturé’s body, with that of one of his children, was torn from the grave, and cast upon the funeral pile. Before the massacre had terminated, the king despatched letters to all the provinces, purporting that he had caused Steno Sturé’s chief abettors to be punished as notorious heretics, placed under the ban of the Church, according to the sentence of the bishops, prelates, and wisest men of Sweden ; and that he would hereafter govern the kingdom in peace, after the laws of St. Eric. Meanwhile, the massacre was extended to Finland, and the king’s whole progress from Stockholm continued to be marked by the same cruelties, not even the innocence of childhood being spared. More than six hundred lives had been sacrificed before he quitted the Swedish territory, at the beginning of 1521.”¹ But

¹ Geijer, p. 79.

a better time is now in store for Sweden. A liberator and defender is at hand, and Gustavus Ericson, still fleeing before his pursuers, will presently appear as the saviour of Swedish freedom. But, before we proceed to his story, let us listen to Andersen's sketch of the progress of the town of Stockholm, and contrast its varying condition with its no less strange and changeable history.

"The clouds drive quickly on—so, too, the years. Dost mark how the gables grow—how tower and dome rear themselves? Birger Jarl makes the city into a fortress; the guard stands up on high, with shaft and bow, spying over land and sea over the Brunkeberg sand-downs. Over these, by the hill at the lake of Rörstrand, they are building Saint Clara's Convent, and between it another street is sprouting up; there are several now—soon there is a great city here, a battle-field of party contention, where the sons of Ladelaas unfurl their standard, and deliver the apprentices of German Albrecht alive into the Swedes' hands to a fiery death. Stockholm is the kingdom's heart: the Danes remember it well; the Swedes, too, know it. There is strife and bloody murder. The blood flows under the executioner's hand: Denmark's second Christian, Sweden's hangman, stands upon the scaffold. Roll by, ye Runes! See! on the Brunkeberg sand-hill, where the Swedish citizens and peasants routed the Danish armament, the maypole is being erected: it is Saint John's Eve. Gustaf Wasa enters Stockholm. About the may-pole grow fruit-trees and vegetables, houses and streets: they are lost in flames; they stand there again. The murky fort changes into a palace, and the city stands there with towers and drawbridges—stands there in proud and glorious magnificence. Another city rises on the sandy downs, and another on the rocks to the south. The old walls sink at Gustaf Adolph's will, and the three towns are one—a great and far-stretching city, picturesquely variegated with

old stone houses, wooden booths, and turf-decked huts. The sun shines upon the brazen crowns of the towers; a wood of masts lies safely in the harbour.

"The rouged goddess of Versailles casts beauty-beams above the world. They reach the shore of the Mälar, in the palace of Tessin, where art and science are the guests of King Gustaf III. His statue stands, in bronze, on the shore, before the mighty palace. 'Tis there, in our days: the acacia casts a shadow on the high terraces of the castle, on the wide stairs of which flowers bloom in Dresden vases; gay silk curtains flow half-way down the great glass windows; the floors are polished, shining like looking-glasses; and beneath yon archway, where the rose-trees climb the walls, live eternally in marble the Greek Endymion, Fogelberg's Odin, and Sergel's Cupid and Psyche. These are the guard of honour."

Eric Johanson, the father of our hero, is styled "a merry and facetious lord;" but in his younger days his temper had been uncontrollably violent. In 1490, at an agreement with the town of Stockholm, in the council-chamber, he was compelled to sue for forgiveness for different acts of outrage he had committed, and to engage that, in case of wood being cut in his forests, or fish taken in his waters by any poor peasants, he would not on the instant "place them in irons, or treat them like senseless beasts, but allow them their rights in law."

It is strange that such a sire should have given birth to a youth endued with such strong ideas of personal freedom as the young Gustavus. But even in his childhood he appears, like the romantic hero of Xenophon, to have manifested a disposition that betokened the future king. The year of his birth is somewhat uncertain, but we have authentic information as to his having entered the University of Upsala in 1509. His disposition, however, seems to have been little calculated for scholastic *regime*; and having on one occasion received personal chastisement, he

drew out his little sword, thrust it through the copy of Curtius which had probably cost him his flogging, and quitted the school, never to return.

He soon became a favourite in the house of Sten Sturé, but, happening to be among the hostages demanded by Christian when he pretended that he wished to pay Steno a visit in person, he was treacherously seized, taken on board a Danish ship-of-war, and carried off to Denmark. Here he was placed under the custody of Eric Bauer, his kinsman, then governor of the castle of Kalloe, in North Jutland, and where he endured an honourable, but to him most harassing captivity. "For through all the country men now spoke only of the great military preparations against Sweden, for which new taxes were imposed, and sums of money besides collected by loans or plunder. Even a papal legate was robbed of the amount he had amassed by the sale of indulgences in Sweden. Copenhagen was crowded with French, Scottish, English, and German soldiers. With the winter of 1520 the campaign was to begin; for the paths across the Holwed and the Tiwed, by which alone an army could advance to the interior of the country, were still at that time more dangerous to traverse in summer than in winter; hence the Danes considered that a war against Sweden was best carried on in winter. These preparations formed the common subjects of discourse among those by whom Gustavus was surrounded. At the table of his host, he heard the young warriors vaunt that they would play St. Peter's game with the Swedes, alluding to the papal interdict which served as the pretext of the war; he heard them, while jesting among themselves, cast lots for Swedish lands and Swedish damsels. 'By such contumelies,' it is said, 'was Lord Gustavus Ericson seized with anguish beyond measure, so that neither meat nor drink might savour pleasantly to him, even if he had been better furnished than he was. His sleep was neither quiet nor delectable, for he could

think of nothing else than how he might find opportunity to extricate himself from the unjust captivity in which he was held.'"¹

At length, in the disguise of a peasant, he effected his escape, enduring privations and insults in his journey which remind us of the sufferings of our own Alfred under the like circumstances.² At Arnäs he narrowly escaped destruction, through the treachery of a false friend. But the Dalecarlians were more faithful. "There dwelt two honest men, the brothers Maths and Peter Olofson. But the way was blocked and guarded at every corner by soldiers, at every hedge, at every bridge; therefore it was necessary to conceal Gustaf in the midst of a load of straw that Swean, another faithful adherent, himself conducted through the midst of the watchful sentries. One of them thrust his long spear into the straw, and wounded Gustaf in the leg. The wound was slight, but the blood ran through the straw, and when Swean observed it, he cut his horse in the foot, and it bled, and nobody had a suspicion of the truth."

He had desired to offer his services to Christina Gyllenstierna, but Christian had already laid siege to Stockholm and Camar, the only places he had not yet won. Nor did he succeed uniformly in persuading the peasantry to aid in asserting their own rights, for the Swedes, it is said, "were so dull and blinded, that they became in many ways the helpers of their oppressors and enemies, who gladly saw them slandering, calumniating, deceiving, and ruining one another." Some, with stolid indifference, observed that "King Christian would take care that there should be no scarcity of herrings or salt in the country;" and others even sought the life of him who avowed himself their deliverer.

In the month of September, Gustavus arrived at

¹ Geijer, p. 98.

² See Andersen's "In Sweden," p. 240, sq., Mackenzie's translation.

the Manor of Tarna, in Sudermania, where he found his brother-in-law, Joachim Brahe, preparing to set out for the coronation. In vain he remonstrated, but the sequel proved the truth of his advice, for Joachim never returned. Onward went Gustavus, and at length the chief yeomen of Dalecarlia chose him their lord and chieftain in Dalecarlia. We may pursue his story in the poetic language of Andersen :—

“It was not till one of the holidays that he ventured to come forth, and spoke from a hillock near Mora, with a loud-sounding voice, to the Dalecarlians, who were leaving the church. He adjured them, by the love their ancestors bore to liberty and to their country; he reminded them of their wars under Engelbrecht and the Sturés; he spoke of the fearful scenes enacting in Stockholm, and of Christian’s cruelty to Sturé’s widow and children. The whole assembly was moved. Some wept, others cried aloud that they should seize their arms. Some, however, came forth, and were followed by others, who spoke against Gustaf. They said that Christian’s hand was against the nobles, not against the peasants; and that they might surely believe thus, for Christian, the tyrant of the nobles, was the poor man’s friend. His humane laws for the protection of the then brutishly-treated peasants bore testimony in his favour.

“The men of Mora were undecided in their determination. The greater number advised Gustaf to depart further toward the Norwegian frontier, and sadly he turned him thither, giving up his country for ever.

“Already could he see the Norwegian mountains. Sorely troubled in spirit, he stood still. He was hungered, he was athirst. He heard the bells of the church of Lima: he entered the place and piously knelt in prayer. In prayer, fervid and heart-breaking, he raised his deeply-sorrowing spirit to God, who endued him with courage, eloquence, and might, to speak once more to his countrymen. They heard him, they understood him, but they dared not act.

So he departed, and he came to the village of Sälen, the last before the frontier. Once more, and for the last time, he turned him toward the pine-forests, the ice, and the snow of Dalecarlia. Behold! two figures, with the celerity of steam, came skating over the ice, and the icy snow! They were two good skaters, sent by the people of Mora to find out Gustaf, and to bring him back as their chief.”¹

Superstition, which is wont to invest some of the greatest events of history with an heightened interest, which, however at variance with sound judgment, has no small effect upon the minds of the vulgar, was not wanting to heighten the chivalric attempt of Gustavus with its romantic colouring. When he left the people of Mora, “an old man rose and said, that a fresh north-wind had blown whenever Gustaf had spoken, which was an old token to them, that God would grant them good success.”²

The Dalesmen now swore fidelity, and Gustavus passed on to the Copper Mount, where he arrested Christopher Olson, the tyrannical warder of the mines, possessed himself of the money collected for the crown dues, and of the wares of the Danish traders, and, having thus enriched his men, he soon after tried to prevail upon the Helsingers to join in the enterprise. Although they at first hesitated, eventually every third man among them marched to his assistance at the siege of Stockholm. But here Gustavus had severe disadvantages to encounter. The magistrates of Stockholm, under the influence of the Danish garrison, and the Germans of the town, whose hatred is said to have cost many of the Swedish burgesses their lives, showed at this time great zeal for the cause of King Christian. Gorius Holst and Claus Boye, the former an accomplice, the latter well nigh a victim in the massacre, now vied in ardour for him, as burgomasters of the town, and maintained an active correspondence with the king. So early as the 10th of

¹ In Sweden, p. 250, sq.

² Geijer, p. 102.

February 1521, they wrote to him "that some disturbance had been excited by Gustavus Ericson, which it might be feared would extend to several provinces." Letters of the magistracy of Stockholm, which were sent over the whole kingdom, warned the people to avoid all participation in the revolt. Relief was supplicated from the king; additions were made to the fortifications of the capital; sloops and barks were equipped, in order, as it was said, to deprive "Gustavus Ericson and his company of malefactors of all opportunity of quitting the country," but really, to keep the approaches on the side of the sea open, which were obstructed by the fishers and peasants of the islets, who had begun to take arms for Gustavus. Special admonitory letters were dispatched to Helsingland and Dalecarlia, signed by Gustavus Trollé, his father, Eric Trollé, and Canute Bennetson (Sparre) of Engsoe, styling themselves the council of the realm of Sweden, by which, however, say the chronicles, the royal cause was rather damaged than strengthened. "For, when the Dalesmen and miners heard the letter, they said it was manifest to them that the council at this time was but small and thin, since it consisted of only three men, and these of little weight."¹

But Gustavus was not only gaining forces, but was rapidly improving their discipline and resources. Hitherto, the Dale peasants had had no fire-arms, and their sole weapons were the axe, the bow, and the sling,—the latter of which sometimes threw pieces of heated iron. Gustavus increased the length of the spear, and introduced a more effective kind of arrow, with the view of harassing the cavalry of the enemy. Passing on from his quarters at Hedemora, he marched across the long wood, into Westmanland, and on St. George's day, the 23rd of April, he assembled his army at the church of Romfertuna.

"The number," observes Geijer, "is stated by the chronicles at from fifteen to twenty thousand men; yet

¹ Geijer.

on the correctness of this account little reliance can be placed, even if we do not absolutely class this statement with those which compare the multitude of Dalesmen, in the fight of Brunneback, to the sands of the sea-shore, and the leaves of the forest, and their arrows to the hail of the storm-cloud. The liberation of Sweden by Gustavus Vasa is a history written by the people, and they counted neither themselves nor their foes. The army was now divided under the two generals, Lawrence Olaveson and Lawrence Ericson, who were both practised warriors. Gustavus next issued his declaration of war against Christian, and marched to Westeras. He expected here to be met by the peasants of the western mining district, from Lindesberg and Nora, who had already taken the oath of fidelity to him through his deputies; but, instead of this, he was informed that Peter Ugla, one of those entrusted with the performance of this duty, had allowed himself to be surprised at Köping, and cut to pieces with his whole force. On the other hand, tidings arrived that the peasants on Wermd isle had revolted, slain a band of Christian's men in the church itself, and made themselves masters of two of his ships. The letters conveying the news, and magnifying the advantages gained, Gustavus caused to be read aloud to his followers."

Theodoric Shagheck, who had been the chief instigator of the Stockholm massacre, had contrived, probably through very questionable influence,¹ to gain the position of lieutenant for Christian in Sweden. Exercising his ill-gotten power with barbarous cruelty and violence, he had taken the command of the castle, which Gustavus now attacked. He caused all the fences of the neighbourhood to be broken down, in order to be able to use his cavalry without impedi-

¹ He was a barber by trade, and a relation of Sigbrit, a Dutch huckster, "who, by the beauty of her daughter, had gained an ascendant over the king's mind, which she had tact enough to preserve during his whole reign." Geijer, p. 79.

ment, against the insurgent peasants, who, on the 29th April, approached the town. Both horsemen and foot, with field pieces, marched against them; and Gustavus, who had interdicted his men from engaging in a contest with the enemy, intending to defer the attack till the following day, was still at Balundsas, half a mile from the town, when news reached him that his young soldiers were already at blows with their adversaries, and he hastened to their assistance. The Dalecarlians opposed their long pikes to the onset of the cavalry with such effect, that, more than four hundred horses having perished in the assault, they were driven back on the infantry, who were posted in their rear, and compelled to flee along with them, while Lawrence Ericson pushed into the town by a circuitous road, and possessed himself of the enemy's artillery in the market-place. When the garrison of the castle observed this, they set fire to the houses by shooting their combustibles, and burned the greatest part of the town. The miners and peasants bartered with one another the goods of the traders in the booths, possessed themselves of the stock of wine in the cathedral and the council-house, seated themselves round the vats, and drank and sang. The Danes, reinforced from the castle, rallied anew; and the victory would undoubtedly have been changed into an overthrow, had not Gustavus sent Lawrence Olaveson, with the followers he had kept about him, again into the town, where, after a renewal of the conflict, the foe was put to an utter rout, many cast away their arms, and threw themselves, between fire and sword, into the waters. Gustavus caused all the stores of spirituous liquors to be destroyed, and beat in the wine-casks with his own hand.

This battle acquired greater importance from its influence on popular opinion, than from any real advantage gained at the time. So long as the castle held out, the capture of the town was of small use, and it was obvious that a horde of peasants were not the sort

of army best calculated to maintain a siege. But the news of his victory spread rapidly; and fame, while magnifying the success already achieved, made people revolt to his banner in increased numbers from day to day. We have not leisure to trace the progress of this important diversion in favour of Gustavus; but we may observe, that his forces were now sufficient to allow of division, and that he was thus enabled to lay siege to various places at the same time. Having assembled at Rymningen, at Öresundsbro, two of his companions made an attack upon the Archbishop of Upsala, Gustavus Trollé. His bailiff, despising the foe, spent the day in riot and drunkenness, and at night was awakened by finding the house beset on all sides. The palace was speedily wrapped in flames; the women took refuge in cellars, out of which they made their escape the next day; and the bailiff died of a wound he had received, after rejoining his master the archbishop.

Gustavus made an attempt to enlist the archbishop in the cause of his country; but the other set out immediately for Upsala. He overtook Gustavus near that town; and the other, completely surprised, was forced to make a hasty retreat, narrowly escaping drowning in the ford of Laby.

He then betook himself to the forest of Rymningen, where he raised the peasantry of the adjoining districts, and sent out the young men under his best captains to surprise the archbishop on his return. "The remains of cattle slaughtered on the road betrayed the ambush to the prelate, who drew off in another direction. He was, nevertheless, overtaken and attacked, escaping the spear of Lawrence Olavesson only by bending downwards on his horse, so that the weapon pierced his neighbour, and brought back to Stockholm hardly a sixth part of his army. Gustavus followed close after with his collected force, and encamped under the Brunkeberg. Four gibbets on this eminence, stocked with the corpses of Swedish

inhabitants, attested the character of the government in the capital.

“Thus,” continues our author, “began, at the Midsummer of 1521, the siege of Stockholm, which was to last full two years, amidst difficulties little thought of now-a-days, after the lapse of ages, and the admiration which men so willingly render to exertions in the cause of freedom, have deprived events of their original colours. The path of Gustavus was not in general one of glittering feats, although his life is in itself one grand achievement. What he accomplished was the effect of strong endurance and great sagacity; and though he wanted not for intrepidity, it was of a kind before which the mere warrior must vail his crest. All the remaining movements of the war of liberation consisted in sieges of the various castles and fortresses of the country, undertaken as opportunity offered, with levies of the peasantry whose detachments relieved each other, though sometimes neglecting this duty when pressed by the cares or necessities of their own families. Hence the object of these investments, which was to deprive the besieged of provisions, could only be imperfectly attained; and there were many fortified mansions, of which the proprietors adhered to the Danish party, as that of Wik in Upland, which remained blockaded throughout a whole year. These difficulties were the most formidable where, as at Stockholm, access was open by the sea, of which Severin Norby, with the Danish squadron, was master. The scantiness of the means of attack may be discovered from the circumstance, that sixty German spearmen, whom Clement Rensel, a burgher of Stockholm, himself a narrator of these events, brought from Dantzic in July, for the service of Gustavus, were regarded as a reinforcement of the highest importance. ‘At this time,’ say the chronicles, ‘Lord Gustave enjoyed not much repose or many pleasant days when he kept his people in so many campings and investments; since he bore for them all great anxiety, fear, and

peril, how he might tend them help in their need, so that they might not be surprised through heedlessness and laches. So likewise his pain was not small when he had but little in his money-chest; and it was grievous to give this answer, when the folk cried for stipend. Therefore he stayed not many days in the same place, but travelled day and night between the camps.’”

Gustavus soon after received a tender of the crown from a diet of seventy Swedish barons at Vadstena, which he refused to accept, contenting himself with the title of “administrator to the kingdom.” The oaths of fealty were sworn on the 24th of August, in like manner as had been formerly done in Upland. This declaration of the nobility in favour of the cause was, however, by no means universal; but we find that some of those who were in arms for Christian at the time, subsequently joined the party of Gustavus.

The Gothlanders soon followed this example; and the Danes being driven out of West Gothland and Smaland, the seat of the war was transferred to Finland. Castle after castle, fortress after fortress, fell into the hands of the conqueror, but Stockholm and Calmar held out firmly; and by continued sallies from the town, they succeeded in burning the camp of Gustavus, and compelling him to a temporary retreat. So efficient was the reinforcement with which Severin Norby, the Danish admiral, had relieved the capital.

But the state of things within the walls was very uncertain. The secretary, Gotschalk Ericson, in a letter to Christian, declared “that there were but eighty of the burghers, for the most part Germans, who could be counted on for the king’s service, but of footmen and gunners in the castle there were now 850 men, well furnished with all; the peasants were indeed weary of the war, but were still more fearful of the king’s vengeance, and put faith in no assurance, whence the country could only be reduced to obedience by violent means; that if a sufficient force

were sent, East-Gothland, Södermanland, and Upland, would submit to the king, and his grace could then punish the Dalecarlians and Helsingers, who first stirred up these troubles." The governor of the castle was equally unfavourable in his account. He stated "that his men had forced him to consent to an increase of pay on account of the successes they had gained; that he had driven out or imprisoned such Swedish burghers as were objects of suspicion; that the peasants would rather be hanged on their own hearths than endure the labours of the war any longer."

In the same letter he spoke of Gustavus as a "forest thief and robber;" but our adventurer was speedily destined to prove a very Romulus of thieves. By the end of a month he had again filled three camps around Stockholm with Dalesmen and Norlanders; and when, agreeably to an arrangement with Lubeck, he received, in June, an additional force of ten ships, he was enabled to dismiss the largest portion of the peasant-force. But, as Geijer observes, "the assistance of the Lubeckers was given only by halves, and from selfish motives: they did not forget their profit on the arms; purchased Swedish iron and copper for clippings, with which worthless coins they came well provided; and exacted a dear price for their men, ships, and military stores; refusing even, it is said, to supply Gustavus with two pieces of cannon at a decisive moment, although upon the proffered security of two of the royal castles. This occurred on occasion of a second, and this time unsuccessful, attempt made by Norby to relieve Stockholm, in which he was only saved from ruin by the refusal of the admiral of Lubeck to attack."

It may here be remarked, that, however ready the commonalty are to admire a revolution carried on by other people for their advantage, they are the last to dream of anything like participation in its dangers and privations, if a bare existence is to be got under the ruling power. Gustavus was ill supported; but in

this respect he shared the fate of many other reformers. If we remember the fate of many a popular demagogue in our own country—if we compare the wholesome forgetfulness with which the past lives of agitators have been consigned to oblivion—we shall have no reason to tax the Swedes with any unusual development of selfishness or ingratitude.

But Gustavus had, fortunately for himself, too much genuine self-reliance to be daunted by the paltry and illiberal conduct of those who were best bound to support his exertions in their behalf. Stockholm was invested closer and closer on all sides, and on the 20th of June, 1523, it was forced to yield, having stipulated for the free departure of the garrison with their property and arms, and of every other person who adhered to the cause of Christian. I must give some account of the fate of this prince, which, joined to the horrors of famine, led to the surrender of the garrison.

Christian appears, like the Margites of Homer, to have had too many schemes in his head at once, to allow of his bringing any of them to advantageous maturity. "Such," continues Geijer, "was the number and variety of the designs with which he was generally occupied, and the impetuosity with which he commenced, abandoned, then resumed them, that he soon evoked from these schemes so many weapons which might be turned against himself."

Forcible policy is seldom safe. The throne of England derives more power, at the present time, from the circumstance that it makes no infringements upon popular liberty. Never was so much freedom enjoyed as in the existing state of England; never was there more respect paid to authority. But this was a lesson which Christian had not learned. Violence and revolution were the only means he knew of, either for the acquisition or retention of power. He wished to crush the power of the clergy and nobles, to elevate the peasantry, break up the commercial influence of

the Hanse Towns, annex Holstein, conquer Sweden, and all this by any means whatever. His inconsistencies were as remarkable as his cruelties. He made a papal bull a pretext for his cruelty in Sweden, and yet sought to introduce the Reformation into Denmark; he maintained a correspondence with Luther, and yet, when an investigation into the murders in Stockholm was threatened, he made application to the Pope for the canonization of two saints. He had raised his favourite Didrik Slaghelsee to the Archbishopric of Lund, and then condemned him to the gallows and stake, in the presence of a papal legate, laying on him the blame of the massacre. A year after this, however, he received a letter from the Danish council, setting forth that they, having considered his rigorous and dangerous system of government, felt bound to throw off their allegiance. The crown was offered to the Duke of Holstein, who accepted it, and concluded a league with the Hanse Towns. Mistrusting the fidelity of those who still adhered to his cause, Christian collected twenty ships, in which he embarked with his records, treasure, and family, not forgetting to take with him the wicked Sigbrit, who had been the instigator of so many acts of cruelty and injustice.

It is unnecessary to enter into the subsequent career of Christian, nor need Gustavus delay us long. His successful revolution may be regarded as forming the termination to the mediæval history of Sweden. His administration had this effect pre-eminently in the changes it wrought in the religious feelings of the people, and the condition of the clergy; but it may be doubted whether the alterations were always for the better, and whether Gustavus was not, in some instances, more partial to the revenues of the clergy, than anxious for sound reform.

The first years of his reign were marked with severe exactions, which pressed with especial severity on the Church. With tears he would declare that no one

could be more grieved at these exactions than himself; but that necessity, and not his own will, rendered them imperative.¹ At first they were made under the less offensive names of "aids," "loans," "benevolences;" but in a short space of time tithes were appropriated to public purposes with ceremony, and the king even complained that "from some secret practice of the clergy," the revenues fell short of his expectations. Soldiers were quartered in the convents, and, when dearth and sickness had set in, the priests represented them as the judgment of Heaven upon the heretical oppressor of the Church.

The leaders of the new doctrines, especially the Anabaptists, did not fail to increase the anxieties of the king, who was not destined to keep possession of his honours without some disturbance. But Gustavus, although professing not to seek a new faith, but merely a wholesome reformation of abuses, defended the marriages of the clergy, abolished the Latin mass, against the uselessness of which, and of the monastic order, he publicly discoursed. He challenged the chapter to show the right of the Church to temporal power, and asked whether any ground for its privileges was to be found in Holy Scripture. In fact, as far as the Church was concerned, Gustavus was tolerably unscrupulous in his proceedings. He represented to the nobles (with whom he was seeking to ingratiate himself) that they might be great gainers by the reduction of the conventual estates; and publicly laid claim to the monastery of Gripsholm, as heir of its founder, Steno Sturé the elder, alleging that the consent given to its foundation had been extorted. Soon after, grounding his conduct on the voluntary cession of the monks, he sequestered the convent without waiting for the declaration of the council, and made a compromise with

¹ "The archbishop, no doubt, set down the king's tears to the account of his own eloquence; for to Bishop Brach, Gustavus holds, on the same subject, language which is not at all that of lamentation."—Geijer, p. iii. *note*.

the monks, which they were glad to represent as an act of royal generosity.

It is evident that the reign of the priesthood in Sweden was over. And it is this fact which forms the line of demarcation between its mediæval and modern history already observed. Here, therefore, my sketch of Stockholm fairly ends. Of its gradual rise in arts, manufactures, and influence, it is unnecessary to speak; but a brief sketch of Stockholm, in more recent times, will not be uninteresting.

"After leaving the principal parts of the town," says Kuttner, "you arrive at immense naked rocks of granite; between which, you meet with gardens, wind-mills, tobacco plantations, and wretched huts, all of which belong to the town, and are situated within the enclosure by which it is surrounded. In those parts of the town I have met with situations in which I imagined myself among the Alps—where I saw nothing but a few miserable huts scattered among the wildest and most romantic rocks, which conceal the other parts of the city so completely, that you imagine yourself in an uninhabited country. If, however, you ascend to the summit of one of these rocks, you enjoy the most romantic and, at the same time, the most magnificent views of a splendid metropolis; in a word, you survey, with one look, palaces, churches, islands, lakes, harbours crowded with vessels, intermingled with naked rocks. This it is that renders Stockholm perhaps *unique* in its way. I never beheld, from one point of view, anything so beautiful, so magnificent, and so sublime, nor yet anything so mean, so rude, and so wild, within the circumference of a metropolis."

In describing this town in its present condition, I have no hesitation in employing the words of Madame Ida Pfeiffer, whose works, the result of a struggle against difficulties which would have daunted the courage of many of the hardier sex, have acquired a reputation which their plain-spoken and unpretending character well deserves.

"I remained in Stockholm six days, and made as good use of my time as I could. The town is situated on the shores of the Baltic Sea and the Mälar Lake. These two waters are connected by a short canal, on whose shores the most delightful houses are erected.

"My first visit was to the beautiful church of Ritterholm, which is used more for a cemetery and an armoury than for a place of worship. The vaults serve as burial-places for the kings, and their monuments are erected in the side-chapels. On each side of the nave of the church are placed effigies of armed knights on horseback, whose armour belonged to the former kings of Sweden. The walls and angles of the church are profusely decorated with flags and standards, said to number five thousand. In addition to this, the keys of conquered towns and fortresses hang along the side-walls, and drums are piled upon the floor; trophies taken from different nations with whom Sweden has been at war.

"Besides these curiosities, several coats of armour and garments of Swedish regents are displayed behind glass cases in the side-chapels. Among them, the dress which Charles XII. wore on the day of his death, and his hat perforated by a ball, interested me most. His riding-boots stand on the ground beside it. The modern dress and hat, embroidered with gold, and ornamented with feathers, of the last king, the founder of the new dynasty, is not less interesting—partly, perhaps, from the great contrast.

"The church of St. Nicholas stands on the same side of the canal, and is one of the finest Protestant churches I had seen; it is evident that it was built in Catholic times, and that its former decorations have been allowed to remain. It contains several large and small oil-paintings, some ancient and some modern monuments, and a profusion of gilding. The organ is fine and large; flanking the entrance of the church are beautiful reliefs, hewn in stone; and above it, carved in wood, a statue of the archangel Michael,

larger than life, sitting on horseback on a bridge, in the act of killing the dragon.

“Near the church is situated the royal palace, which needs a more fluent pen than mine to describe it. It would fill a volume were I to enumerate and describe the treasures, curiosities, and beauties of its construction, or its interior arrangement; I can only say that I never saw anything to equal it, except the royal palace of Naples. Such an edifice is the more surprising in the north, and in a country which has never been overstocked with wealth.

“The church of Shifferholm is remarkable only for its position and its temple-like form. It stands on the ledge of a rock facing the royal palace, on the opposite shore of the same indentation of the Baltic. A long bridge of boats leads from the one to the other.

“The church of St. Catherine is large and beautiful. In an outer angle of the church is shown the stone on which one of the brothers Sturre was beheaded. On the Ritterplatz stands the Ritter-house, a very fine palace; also the old royal palace, and several other royal and private mansions; but they are not nearly so numerous nor so fine as in Copenhagen, and the streets and squares also cannot be compared with those of the capital of Denmark.

“The finest prospect is from a hill on one of the suburbs called the Great Mosbecken: it affords a magnificent view of the sea and the lake, of the town and its suburbs, as far as the points of the mountains, and the lovely country-houses which border the shores of lake and sea. The town and its environs are so interspersed with islets and rocks, that these seem to be part of the town; and this gives Stockholm such a curious appearance, that I can compare it to no other city I have seen. Wooded hills and naked rocks prolong the view, and the ridges extend into the far distance, while level fields and lawns take up but a very small proportion of the magnificent scenery.

“On descending from the hill, the traveller should

not fail to go to Södermalm, and to inspect the iron-stores, where iron is heaped up in countless bars. The corn market of Stockholm is insignificant. The principal buildings besides those already enumerated are the bank, the mint, the guard-house, the palace of the crown-prince, the theatre, &c. The latter is interesting, partly because Gustavus III. was shot in it."¹

In mentioning the writings of this accomplished lady, I cannot forbear saying a few words on a subject, the importance of which to literature is as great as its difficulty—I mean the necessity of travelling to foreign countries.

Madame Pfeiffer's account of the pecuniary difficulties under which her "journey round the world" was performed, is really pathetic. Even her apparent indifference to the uncomfortable circumstances that were so well calculated to damp the ardour of a younger mind, heightens our sympathy and regret, while it claims our admiration for her heroism.

"The sum of one hundred pounds, which was granted to her by the Austrian government, forms the whole of her funds. Private resources she has none. It took her twenty years to save money enough to perform her first journey! namely, that to the Holy Land."²

The establishment of travelling fellowships is a feature in our universities which might well set the example to the literary and scientific world at large. How many are there, to whom a continental visit would furnish matter for thoughts and writings which are now lost to the world for want of the experience which travel alone can give! How many are there, whose inquiring spirits would find fresh means of uniting mankind in one common society, and, by setting aside the partialities and prejudices which are ever attendant upon mere hearsay statements, would help

¹ Visit to Iceland, chap. 10, p. 228, sq.

² Part iii. sect. 1, p. 159.

to cement those bonds of social intercourse which no Peace Society can ever hope to compass! It is strange that a Travelling Society should not exist, in which, partly by the subscriptions and free donations of the great and noble, partly by the annual contributions of the members, parties might be enabled to obtain at least a portion of the funds necessary to prosecute their researches on the continent, or in regions far more distant.

Surely amidst the almost morbid cry after emigration—an excitement which is probably doing as much mischief as good—something like an intellectual emigration would not be amiss. It is deplorable to think how many men, most capable of benefiting by travel, are deprived of its advantages through the want of a single hundred pounds. It is equally painful to think how the judicious loan of even half that sum to a writer possessed of quick powers of observation, might fructify in his published works. Instead of cheap reprints or translations of foreign or obsolete works, we should gain fresh impressions, and start at once with the newest information upon every subject. Hosts of conventionalities, tricked out in mouldy respectability, would fall to the ground, and we should gain even by our loss of *mauvaise honte*. It is almost impossible to say how great might be the advantage of such a society, if conducted with fairness and liberality; but the narrative of Madame Pfeiffer ought to stimulate our desire to realize the means of attaining an object, for which there are so many and so powerful motives.

To return from this digression,—the cathedral and theatre are the leading objects of interest, but the latter is pre-eminently the favourite, as being the scene of the death of Gustavus III. Whatever may have been the motives which prompted this murder, it is certain that the assassin is to this day looked upon with much the same morbid admiration with which ruffians of all kinds are regarded by the lower classes in England.

“To such a pitch,” says Dr. Clarke,¹ “have party feelings attained, with regard to this transaction, that the ‘memory of Ankarström’ is sometimes given as a toast, even in Stockholm, and hailed with enthusiasm.” And, in a note, he adds the following curious anecdote:—“After we left the arsenal, viewing a collection of pictures, containing portraits of all the great men of Sweden, one of us said jocularly to a Swede who happened to be present, ‘They are all here, as large as life; but where is the portrait of Ankarström?’ To which he replied, with evident warmth of manner, ‘Ankarström’s portrait is a *cabinet* picture: we keep it locked up in our hearts.’”

There is a strange and painful interest, which attracts us to objects and places connected with crime or its victims. Madame Pfeiffer so naively describes her determination to behold the spot where Gustavus III. was shot, that I cannot refrain from quoting her words:—

“I went to the theatre at six, and anxiously waited half an hour for the commencement of the overture; it was after half-past six, and no signs of the commencement. At last the overture began; I listened to it, saw the curtain rise, looked at the fatal spot, and left after the first air. The door-keeper followed me, took my arm, and wished to give me a return ticket; and when I told him that I did not require one, as I did not intend to return, he said that it had only just commenced, and that I ought to stop, and not have spent all the money for nothing. I was, unfortunately, too little acquainted with the Swedish language to explain the reason of my departure, so I could give him no answer, but went away. I, however, heard him say to some one, ‘I never met with such a woman before: she sat an hour looking at the curtain, and goes away as soon as it rises.’ I looked round, and saw how he shook his head thoughtfully, and pointed with his forefinger

¹ Travels, vol. iv.

to his forehead. I could not refrain from smiling, and enjoyed the scene as much as I should have done the second act of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*."

Upsala, out of which the civilization of Sweden may be said to have grown, has been already mentioned in connection with Stockholm, but some description of its present condition claims a place here, and Madame Pfeiffer is again at hand to help us with her lively pen:—

"First I visited the cathedral. I entered, and stood still with astonishment at the chief portal, on looking up at the high roof, resting on two rows of pillars, and covering the whole church. It is formed in one beautiful straight line, unbroken by a single arch. The church itself is simple. Behind the grand altar a handsome chapel is erected, the ceiling of which is painted azure blue, embossed with golden stars. In this chapel Gustavus I. is interred between his two wives. The monument which covers the grave is large, and made of marble, but clumsy and void of taste. It represents a sarcophagus, on which three bodies, the size of life, are laid; a marble canopy is raised over them. The walls of the chapel are covered with pretty frescoes, representing the most remarkable scenes in the life of this monarch. The most interesting among them are, one in which he enters a peasant's hut, in peasants' attire, at the same moment that his pursuers are eagerly inquiring after him in front of the hut; the other, when he stands on a barrel, also dressed as a peasant, and harangues his people. Two large tablets, in a broad gold frame, contain in Swedish, and not in the Latin language, the explanation of the different pictures, so that every Swede may easily learn the monarch's history.

"Several other monuments are erected in the side-chapels: those of Catharine Magelone, John III., Gustavus Erichson, who was beheaded, and of the two brothers Sturre, who were murdered. The monument of Archbishop Menander, in white marble, is a tasteful

and artistic modern production. The great Linnæus is buried under a simple marble slab in this church; but his monument is in one of the side-chapels, and not over his grave, and consists of a beautiful dark-brown porphyry slab, on which his portrait is sculptured in relief.

“The splendid organ, which reaches nearly to the roof of the church, also deserves special attention. The treasure chamber does not contain great treasures: the blood-stained and dagger-torn garments of the unfortunate brothers Sturre, are kept in a glass case here; and here stands a wooden statue of the heathen god, Thor. This wooden affair seems to have originally been an *Ecce Homo*, which was, perhaps, the ornament of some village church, then carried off by some unbeliever, and made more shapeless than its creator, no proficient in art, had made it. It has a greater resemblance now to a frightful scarecrow than to anything else.

“The churchyard near the church is distinguished for its size and beauty. It is surrounded by a wall of stone, two feet high, surmounted by an iron palisading of equal height, broken by stone pillars. On several sides are steps made into the burying-ground over this partition. In this cemetery, as in the one at Stockholm, one seems to be in a lovely garden, laid out with alleys, arbours, lawns, &c.; but it is more beautiful than the other, because it is older. The graves are half concealed by arbours; many were ornamented with flowers and wreaths, or hedged by rose-bushes. The whole aspect of this cemetery, or rather, of this garden, seems equally adapted for the amusement of the living or the repose of the dead.

“The monuments are in no way distinguished; only two are rather remarkable, for they consist of tremendous pieces of rock, in their natural condition, standing upright on the graves. One of these monuments resembles a mountain: it covers the ashes of a general, and is large enough to cover his whole

army ; his relatives, probably, took the graves of Troy as a specimen for their monument. It is, moreover, inscribed by very peculiar signs, which seemed to me to be Runic characters. The good people have united, in this monument, two characteristics of the ancients of two entirely distinct empires.”¹

The general aspect of the town is extremely picturesque, and the width of the streets, and the large open spaces left for gardens, contribute greatly to health and cleanliness. “An immense and fertile plain, diversified by dark forests, contrasting with the bright green meadows and the yellow stubble-fields, surrounds the town, and in the distance, the silvery Fyris flows towards the sea. Forests close the distant view with their dark shadows.”

So much, then, for the cities of Odin—for the cities where religion and civilization found so early and so romantic a development—and which, in later times, were destined, while opposing so strong a barrier to the papal power, to become a most important centre of learning and the arts of life.

¹ Iceland, p. 239, sq.

JULIN AND WISBY,

THE MERCHANT CITIES OF THE BALTIC.

ALTHOUGH forgotten, as far as their original glory is concerned, these places are still to be numbered among the active centres of early civilization. In describing, however, the former state of these towns, now reduced to a state of insignificance almost negating a belief in their former prosperity, we must make considerable allowance for, we will not say the exaggerations of old chroniclers, but the comparatively humble standard by which, in an earlier period of the commercial world, prosperity and magnificence were estimated. Among the mediæval towns of the north, there was one, now sunk into obscurity, to which all the trade of the Baltic came, and which received the name of the Venice of the North, from its purse-proud and vain inhabitants. This town was Jumne, the present Wollin, situated on the island of the same name; which, now fallen from its commercial greatness, forms a species of Margate for the bath-loving Berliners, where the sea-seeking citizens take a mud-bath in the Baltic, in preference to coming to the coast to Ostend. Such is the fate of the northern Venice!

A late writer on the bathing-place of Misdroy, and chronicler of the glories of ancient Wollin,¹ makes the following observations on the appearance of Wollin, or Julin, in 1070 :—

¹ Raumer's *Die Insel Wollin und das Seebad Misdroy*. Berlin, 1851, p. 22-25. Most of these remarks of Raumer's were first translated and printed in Notes and Queries, vol. iv. p. 172-3, in some papers on the subject, by K. R. H. Mackenzie, by whom they are now exhibited in a more complete form, blended with my own remarks.

“Adam of Bremen, a contemporaneous historian, has left us a curious description of Wollin, as it appeared at the era of its merchant greatness: yet he was himself, most probably, never there, but compiled his account from the narratives of sailors, from whom, he remarks, he heard almost incredible things respecting the magnificence of the town. He describes the famous city as the principal mart of the neighbouring Slavonians and Russians, and also as the largest of all towns at this extremity of Europe, and inhabited by Slavonians, Russians, and several other Pagan nations. Many Germans from Lower Saxony had likewise come to the place, but they were not permitted to appear openly as Christians; though the political interests of a trading town induced the citizens to extend the liberty of residence to all nations, and to tolerate them all. The constant inhabitants of the town, however, particularly those who held the government, were mostly Pagans, but of great hospitality, of liberal and humane customs, and strict justice. The city had become very opulent, by means of the commerce of northern Europe, which they had almost exclusively in their hands, for every comfort and every rarity of the most distant regions was to be found there. The most remarkable thing in Wollin was a *pot of Vulcan*,¹ which the inhabitants call Greek fire. It seems not unlikely that this was a great beacon-fire, which the Wolliners sustained by night on account of navigation, and of which a report was current among the sailors that it was Greek fire. It is, however, also possible, that in the trade with the Levant, proved by the discovery of Arabic (Kufic) coins, real Greek fire was brought to Wollin in pots.

¹ “Olla Vulcam quæ incolæ Græcam vocant ignem de quo etiam meminit Solinus,” adds Adam of Bremen. Solinus mentions oil, or rather, naphtha, from Moesia; and it is not improbable that the Wolliners imported it in pots for their beacons. I am inclined to think with Raumer, however, that veritable Greek fire was employed. Hoffman, in his “Lexicon,” quaintly translates “Græca ignis” by “wild fire.”

"A three-headed idol of a sea-god, or Neptune, stood in Wollin, to denote that the island Wollin was surrounded by three different seas,¹ viz., a green one, the Ostsee; a white one, under which we should probably understand the Dievenow; and one of continual storms, the Stettiner-Haff. The navigation from Wollin to Demmin, a trading place on the Peene, is short, as also to Samland, in Prussia Proper; the journey from Hamburg by land to Wollin, or by sea across Schleswig, might be accomplished in eight days; and forty-three days was the time of sailing from Wollin to Ostragard, in Russia." . . . "So magnificent was ancient Wollin, according to the narration of the seamen; yet it must not be considered as altogether a northern Venice, but as a straggling place, the houses of which were chiefly constructed of wood, and encircled with walls and palisades, in which (in comparison with the then rudeness and poverty of the countries on the Ostsee and Baltic) riches and merchandize were heaped up."

The city of Julin, at the present day, is in a state of utter desolation and ruin, being truly a place where one stone does not stand on the top of another. The modern town of Wollin occupies but an insignificant portion of the extent of the ancient Jumne. The little known, but trustworthy and garrulous Kantzow, a native of Stralsund, who wrote in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, gives an interesting description of Wollin in his time, first pointed out in Notes and Queries,² which I will transfer to these pages³ :—

¹ A different reason is given by Chytræus, as quoted by Stephens, in Saxo Gr. p. 198. "Coluerunt publicæ ex professo Idolum *Triglaff*, Deum Tricipitem; quod primo capite cælum, secundo terram, tertio aquas, istius Dei gubernaculis regis, defendi et conservari dicerent." He continues, however, to express a belief that this image really resulted from a corruption of the doctrine of the Trinity.

² Vol. iv. p. 228-9.

³ The edition I used was that of Meden, *Pomerania*, p. 405, 1841: W. Dietze, Anclam. I have attempted to preserve the quaintness of the old German chronicle.

“Wollin was at one time, as it seemeth from heretofore written histories, a powerful city;¹ and one yet finds, far about the town, foundations and tokens that the city was once very great; but it has since been destroyed, and numbereth now scarce three hundred or four hundred citizens. It hath a parish-church and nunnery, and a ducal government. It lieth on a piece of marsh land called the Werder, situated on the Dievenow.”

Round about the town, for the distance of an English mile from the outskirts of the present city, the foundation of houses and tracks of streets are laid bare during the common operation of agriculture, and two extensive market-places, the sites of which retain their Wendic name of the Salmarks, to the north and south of the insignificant successor of the brilliant Julin, are still existing, and are said to have been far from the end of the old city. Many antiquities have been dug up in various parts of the town, and among them some Wendic and Byzantine coins, obtained from a corner of the market-place near the *Rathhaus* or town-house.

The town is remarkable rather for its connection with a curious legend than for any very great historical events of mediæval history which happened there.

This legend, arising as it does from so slight a foundation as the error of a transcriber, is remarkable no less for its singular origin, than for its remarkable details, with which I shall now present the reader.

Adam of Bremen, a chronicler, who died in 1072, describes the town of Julin as being in his time “a flourishing emporium of commerce,”² as was already stated from Raumer.³ Helmold, the parish priest of

¹ This is corroborated by Saxo Grammaticus, *Hist. Dan.* l. x. p. 182, who calls it “nobilissimus illius provinciæ (i. e. *Slaviæ*) oppidum.”

² Dr. Bell in *Notes and Queries*, vol. ii. p. 282.

³ Adam of Bremen, *De Situ Danæ* ii. c. 2.

Bosan, in Holstein, writing in 1184, repeats the tale; "for," says Dr. Bell, "a place which he calls 'Veneta' [the orthography is Vineta], but always in the past tense." This name is a manifest error, as I myself have seen a MS. of the chronicler, without this error, as I stated in the periodical to which I have referred. However, the matter made a great commotion among the worthy antiquaries of the period, and has ever since. The antiquarians, eagerly seizing this opportunity for showing their wit and acuteness, produced quartos and folios on the question, showing that the Veneti were mentioned by Tacitus—a fact that most people were already acquainted with. But as Vineta could nowhere be found, the aforesaid antiquaries (which would seem to be only another name for squabblers), in this case, naturally differed: some declared that it had been swallowed up in the sea—a supposition which tradition seemed to warrant—and others as hotly contended that the modern town of Wollin, answering to the Julin of Adam, was intended. Such was the position of the contest at the time when Buggenhagen, a Wolliner, discovered a great rock formation in the sea, at the foot of the Streckelberg, on the coast of the island of Usedom. Here was "a consummation" so devoutly wished for by the one party of the antiquarians. Thither the lost city was immediately transported. Kantzow¹ gives the following account of the whole matter, which I translate from this excellent chronicler so amusingly minute, credulous, incredulous, and yet ever trustworthy:—

"Not long after this Schwenotto threw off Christianity, and set himself against his father Harald, king in Denmark, and drove him from the kingdom. So Harald fled to Wollin, in Pomerania. There the Wends, notwithstanding that he was a Christian, and they still of the ancient faith, received him kindly, and, together with the other Wends and Pomeranians,

¹ High German Chronicle, ed. Meden, l. ii. pp. 32-35.

fitted out ships and an armament, and brought him with force back into his kingdom, and fought the whole day with Schweno, so that it was uncertain who had or had not won there. Then the next day they arose and made a smiting,¹ and in the fray Harald was shot by a Dane, and perhaps by his son's command. Then brought the Wollyners him to their ships, and carried him away to their city, that there they might doctor him. But he died of the wound, and was buried there, after he had reigned about fifty years, about the thousandth year after the birth of Christ. So writeth Saxo. But Helmold writes, that he came to Vineta: these help him into his kingdom again, and when he was shot in the skirmish, they brought him back to their town, where he died and was buried. And that I myself believe; for, though Wollyn was a mightie state at that time, still Vineta was much mightier; and it is therefore to be concluded that he fled to Vineta, rather than to Wollyn, and that Vineta was on that account afterwards destroyed; and, as we are come to Vineta, we will say what Helmold writes thereof, which is this:—

“ Vineta has been a powerful city, with a good harbour for the surrounding nations; and after so much has been told of the city which is totally incredible, I will relate this much. It is said to have been as great a city as any which Europe contained at that time, and it was promiscuously inhabited by Greeks, Slavonians, Wends, and other nations. The Saxons, also, upon condition of not openly practising Christianity, were permitted to inhabit with them; for all the citizens were idolators down to the final destruction and fall of the city. Yet in customs, manners, and hospitality, there is not a more worthy nation, nor so worthy a one, to be found. The city was full of all sorts of merchandize, from all countries, and had everything which was curious, luxurious, and necessary; and a King of Denmark destroyed them with a great

¹ I have adopted the Scripture phrase “made a smiting.”

fleet of war. The ruins and recollection of the town remain even to this day, and the island on which it lay is flowed round by three streams, of which one is of a green colour, the other grayish, and the third dashes and rushes by reason of storm and wind. And thus far Helmold, who wrote about four hundred years ago."

And here I must call attention to the fact that Koch (*Revol.*, vol. i. p. 280, as remarked by C. B.¹) positively asserts the identity of Julin and Wollin, and that the place was ruined by Waldemar I. in 1175, according to the continuator of Helmold, Arnold. Helmold died in 1170. The geography of Saxo Grammaticus,² writing at this time, is that of the modern Wollin.

John Buggenhagen, however, as I said, discovered the rock reef of the Streckelberg (now made of use, in the construction of the new harbour of Swinemünde), and the following account given by Kantzow is doubtless correct, and certainly interesting:—

"And it is true," continues this gossiping writer—"it is true that the remains exist at the present day [for Master Kantzow does not perceive what town Helmold is really describing]: for when one desires to go from Wolgast over the Pene, in the country of Usedom, and comes by a village called Damerow, which is by [about] two miles [German; eight English] from Wolgast, so sees one about a long quarter way into the sea (for the ocean has encroached upon the land so much since then), great stones and foundations. So have I with others rowed thither, and have carefully looked at it. But no brickwork is there now; for it is so many hundred years since the destruction of the city, that it is impossible that it can have endured so long in the stormy sea. Yet the great foundation-stones are there still, and lie in a row, as they are usually disposed under a house, one by the other; and, too, in some places, other upon them. Among these stones

¹ Notes and Queries, vol. ii. p. 443.

² *Ibid.* p. 333.

are some so great, in three or four spots, that they reach ell high above the water; so that it is conjectured that their churches or assembly houses stood there. But the other stones, as they still lie in the order in which they lay under the buildings, show also manifestly how the streets went through the length and breadth of the city. And the fishermen of the place told us that still whole paving-stones of the streets lay there, and were¹ covered with mud, so that they could not be seen; yet if one pricked therein with a sharp-pointed pole or lance, they were easily to be perceived. And the stones lay somehow after that manner: and as we rowed backwards and forwards over the foundations, and remarked the fashion of the streets, saw we that the town was built lengthways from east to west.² But the sea deepened the farther we went on, so that we could not perceive the greatness of the city fully."

Such was the fanciful legend reared on the error of a mediæval copyist, which has given so much employment to the antiquarians, and which, when Von Raumer, like another Niebuhr, approaches, falls away into nothing, its pseudo-remains are applied to a more useful purpose, and the legend has "now become a folk tale, and as such, retains its value."³

"The town of Wollin, to which alone this legend was applicable," concludes Von Raumer, "is certainly not destroyed by the sea, nor wholly desert; but if they deserved punishment for their pride in their greatness, they have received it, in that they have entirely fallen from their former glory."

To these observations, chiefly collected by the industry of my friend Mackenzie, I may add a few particulars from two other writers, of whom he has not

¹ I have, in the translation above, adopted my reading of the German Chronicle *übermodert* in the place of *übermoset*. See Notes and Queries, vol. iv. p. 229, n.

² Wollin, however, is almost due north and south.

³ Raumer, p. 25.

taken notice. From Sebastian Munsterus,¹ it would appear that the inhabitants of Julin, when in the zenith of their power and prosperity, made a law expressly forbidding the introduction of any new religion, thereby setting themselves against the possibility of Christianity ever reaching their proud and stubborn hearts. The Danes were the greatest scourge; but they resisted Sweyne with a vigour almost incalculable, and thrice had that king prisoner. About the year 1170, Waldemar I., King of the Danes, fell upon Julin, which had not yet recovered from its former oppressions, and pillaged and burned it, in such wise that it never recovered its ancient glory.

Julin might, perhaps, be brought forward as an example of the Divine wrath, or rather of the Divine will, working out the gradual extirpation of Paganism. It is well known that piracy was the cause which aroused the Danes against the marauding inhabitants of Scania; and Waldemar had come to the throne at a time when his exertions were most needed. But we cannot dismiss the subject of Julin, without a brief notice of the conqueror of Gothland, who, in his vigorous attempts to suppress the piracy of the northern seas, appears in the light of a mediæval Minos.

After a first expedition, which proved unsuccessful from the want of adequate forces, Waldemar subdued the greater part of the isle of Rügen, and succeeded in obtaining great plunder. Joining his forces to those of Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony, he pursued the advantages he had gained; but the evil, hydra-headed as it was, only opened in one direction as fast as it was cut down in another. He saw that, unless he entirely destroyed their stronghold, cut in pieces their gods, and converted them sincerely to Christianity, no peace was to be expected from them."² With this view, he, in 1169, one year before the supposed conquest of Julin, led his forces against Ancona. This city, situated

¹ *Cosmograph.* iii. p. 771.

² *Dunham, History of Denmark*, vol. ii. p. 198.

on a northern promontory of the island, "was defended not by the hand of man only, but by natural defences: precipices on all sides supplying the places of walls, the height of which could not be equalled even by javelins shot from the engines. On three sides it was hedged in by the circumfluent sea; and on the west by a rampart fifty cubits in height; the lower part of earth, the upper composed of wood interlarded with masses of turf. . . . In the midst of the city was a plain, in which was a wooden temple of the utmost elegance, revered not only for the magnificence of its decoration, but likewise for the name of the deity whose image was placed therein. The outer circumference of the temple glittered with the cunning of the graver, displaying various images in a rude and unpolished style of art. . . . Within the temple a colossal image stood, wonderful for its four heads and necks, two of which seemed to look upon its breast, two upon its back. Both in front and at the back, one of the heads seemed to direct its attention to the right, the other to the left. Its beards were represented shaven, and its hair trimmed, so that you would have thought the industry of the artificer had emulated the skill of the hair-cutter of the place. In its right hand it bore a horn decorated with various metals, by pouring wine over which, the priest skilled in its rites was wont to judge of the plenty of the following year. Its left represented a bow, the arms being bent back upon the side. . . . Near it were its bridle and various other insignia, especially a sword of remarkable magnitude, the hilt and scabbard of which were rendered magnificent not only by excellent workmanship, but by an outward plating of silver.

"Once in the year," continues Saxo,¹ "after the fruits had been gathered in, and a great assembly of the whole island was collected together, beasts were sacrificed before the temple, and a solemn banquet was celebrated on the score of religion. The priest, dis-

¹ Hist. Danic. l. xliii. p. 320.

tinguished by his lengthy beard and hair, had, on the previous day, cleansed the temple with great diligence, taking care not to breathe within the sacred precinct, but running to the door as often as he was obliged, to the end that the presence of the deity might not be defiled by mortal breath. On the following day, while the multitude sat watching before the doors, he carefully examined the cup taken from the image, and if any of the liquor which had been given was found wanting, he augured the poverty of the following year. Observing this, he bade them reserve the present fruits for the time to come. If nothing was wanting, he foretold the coming prosperity. He then poured out the wine at the feet of the image as a libation, and filling it anew, he, as it were, drank health, reverencing the image, and invoking all good things, wealth, and victory, to himself, his country, and the citizens. Having ended, he hastily drained the cup, and restored it, refilled, to the right hand of the image."

Space prevents our detailing the whole of this interesting account, but, from the statements of the old Danish historian, it appears certain that, even among the surrounding nations, the image was honoured with gifts of great substantial value, and that the priests were no small gainers by this credulity of the worshippers. Of these there were several regular colleges, like the Roman flamens, of greater or less dignity. "Moreover, Svantiritus (for so the idol was called) possessed a peculiar horse of a white colour, from whose mane or tail it was sacrilege to pluck a hair, and this the priests alone were permitted to tend, or mount, lest the use of a divine animal by others should render it contemptible. It was believed that Svantiritus made use of this animal in battle against the enemies of his sacred rites; for, after having been shut up in his stable at night, he would be often found in the morning scattered all over with sweat and mud, as though he had come home from a military exercise of miles in length." Superstitions about this horse were innumerable.

"The king," continues Saxo,¹ "being no less anxious to overthrow the rites of this city than its fortifications, thought that, by the destruction of this worship, the whole of the profane rites of the place might be brought to an end." Like many other similar temples, this was regarded as a palladium, upon which the whole safety of the island, as well as of Slavonic freedom, depended. But Waldemar, encouraged as well by zeal as by a superstitious faith in certain reputed prodigies, pushed the siege boldly. He would soon have carried it by force, and the flames were already doing the work of destruction, when he was persuaded by Absolom, Bishop of Roskild, and Eskil, Archbishop of Lund (both of whom were in the thick of the conflict), to spare the idolators on condition of giving up the image with all its treasures and money; of liberating the Christian captives without ransom; and receiving all the rites of the true religion after the Danish manner. They were also to devote the lands and estates of the gods to the use of the new priests, and to hold themselves in readiness to follow the king in any expedition in which he might require their services. A yearly tribute was also imposed.

But the soldiers of Waldemar were ill pleased with this compromise, and the torches of sedition threatened to kindle. "Lusting for the plunder and blood of their enemies, they loudly complained of being defrauded of the fruits of a victory close at hand; that they were to come off with no reward for their long toils but blows and wounds, and to take no revenge, according to their own inclination, upon an almost conquered enemy, for so many injuries. . . . They threatened they would desert the king, who had not suffered the city to be taken, and had preferred a paltry sum of money to the great spoils of victory."²

Absolom quietly remonstrated with them, pointing out the difficulty and danger of a long siege, and observing that although the flames which had seized the upper

¹ Hist. Danic. l. xiv. p. 321.

² Saxo, p. 324.

part of the mound had rather been kindled by Divine than human efforts, the lower earthy mass would not yield to them, and that the besieged would meanwhile be able to restore the barriers. He also pointed out the probability, that if safety were refused the Asconians, the remaining cities of the Rügenians would be driven by despair to a more violent resolution, whereas, by moderation, even greater advantages might be gained than by a single victory of pillage and slaughter.

Having received hostages for the performance of the conditions above specified, the invaders entered the town, and proceeded to pay their respects to the temple of Svantiritus, followed by a crowd of his worshippers, who vainly hoped that some fearful miracle would punish his violators. "The idol was so large that they could not at once haul it to the ground lest it should fall on some one, and the Pagans be enabled to boast of its having revenged itself. They broke it in pieces, and the wood was cut up into logs for the fires of the camp. Great was the amazement of the spectators to witness this tameness on the part of so potent a god; and they could only account for it by inferring that Christ was still more powerful. The temple was next burned, and so were three others, all with idols; the numerous garrisons of the island were made to capitulate; the victors returned to Denmark in triumph; and missionaries were sent to instruct the inhabitants in the doctrines and duties of Christianity. At the instance of Bishop Absolom, the island was annexed to the diocese of Roskild. This was a glorious, and it was an enduring conquest; a fierce people were converted into harmonized subjects, and piracy lost its great support."¹

Julin, then commonly known as Jomsburg,² became the prey of the same conqueror in the following year;

¹ Dunham, l. c. p. 200.

² Stephens on Saxo, p. 199, D. The old pirates of Jin were called *Jomsvikinger*; nothing more, in fact, than *Jom's* or *Jumne's* *vi-kings* or *sea-kings*.

but Waldemar found that these victories were by no means conclusive in suppressing an evil which was maintained by so many confederates. He therefore was compelled to yield to some rather disadvantageous proposals of the Duke of Saxony, and to content himself with the precarious support that prince was willing to afford.

The two prelates already mentioned contributed largely to the glories of Waldemar's reign. Under their influence the Church gained a regularity in its organization which made it a lasting and powerful opponent to paganism. But Bishop Absolon was the great character of this reign. His eloquence, which displayed itself as well in rebuking his royal master¹ when needful as in repressing sedition,² his daring valour,³ his skill in swimming,⁴ and other athletic exercises, rendered him admirably qualified for the important civil and military duties with which he was entrusted; while his piety, zeal, and undaunted courage, were tempered with a humility that made him well fitted for the higher offices of religion. So attached was he to his own flock, that it was only by the influence of the Pope that he was persuaded to accept the primacy vacated by Eskil, being permitted at the same time to retain his see of Roskild. Henceforth he was everything—chief minister of state, general, admiral, judge, bishop, archbishop, and legate. Reckless alike of personal safety or comfort, he would dwell in a rude hut on some exposed part of the coast, in order to keep a look-out for pirates. "Neither the wintry storms, nor the extreme cold, could prevent him from cruising off the coast in search of the enemy. He was even known to leave the altar when danger approached, and to wield his sword with an arm which few lay nobles could equal."⁵

But he was a good clergyman, and a liberal patron of letters. Saxo⁶ attributes the writing of his own in-

¹ Saxo Gramm. xiv. p. 284, 318. ² Ibid. p. 324. ³ Ibid. p. 326.

⁴ Ibid. p. 345. ⁵ Dunham, p. 204.

⁶ Præfat. p. 1.

valuable history to his suggestion and encouragement, and Sweyn Aggesen was by him prompted to a like undertaking. Nor must we omit to state that the city of Copenhagen, of which our limits do not admit a description, owes its origin to his policy. In 1168 it was a mere fishing village, but the bishop fortified it as a barrier against the pirates, and it gradually increased in population, and was endowed with municipal privileges.

But there was one mischief in the mixture of ecclesiastical and temporal power in one man, viz., the use made of the sword to enforce the demands of the Church. Wars and riots were the frequent result of the oppressions with which tithes were exacted, and the archbishop was at length compelled to content himself with quieter measures.

Into the diplomatic relations of the reign of Walde-
mar with foreign powers we need not enter, but we cannot part with the memory of this good king without quoting the following summary of his laws, and of the measures which tended to harmonize the rough state of society :—

“The different codes emanated from his authority. The law of Scania, which was founded on the ancient customs of the inhabitants, was also amplified by new provisions, rendered necessary by an improved state of society. Such as were essentially Pagan were rejected; others, Pagan in their origin; were easily made applicable to Christian times. This code was published in two parts—the ecclesiastical and the civil: the former in 1162, the latter in the following year. 2. The Zealand law or code was also founded on the unwritten observances of the inhabitants, which observances were altered, modified, entailed, or amplified, according to the actual necessities of the period. They were published in 1171, and were divided into two portions—the civil and the ecclesiastical. These codes, with the addition of the Jutland law, which was added by Waldemar II., form the basis of the present

law of Denmark. From the reign of this able monarch, the rights of all classes in the community were more clearly defined. But those of the agricultural class were not improved by the change of circumstances. Prior to Waldemar's reign, even the peasants attended the provincial king in arms. They exercised the right of suffrage, which they had derived from their Pagan ancestors, with as much freedom as the noble. But when feudality made such progress in the kingdom—when compelled to exchange their allodial for vassalitic lands, and to march at the bidding of their temporal or ecclesiastical chief—they lost their noble independence. Yet from evil comes good. Many of them had been unruly subjects: if unable to carry anything by clamour, they had used their arms with better effect, and through their numerical superiority, they had too often prevailed on the calm wisdom of the old chiefs. Now they were no longer allowed to appear in arms, and the change was a blessing."¹

Saxo dwells, with quaint pathos, upon the pious yet fearless manner in which the last moments of this good king were spent, and upon the care with which, even before he knew that his disease was fatal, he received the rites of the Eucharist. He expired at a village in Zealand, in the forty-eighth year of his age, leaving a sorrowing people, and a memory which has been handed down, with undiminished honours, to the present time.

Our notice of Wisby must be brief; but as it in a manner rose on the ruins of Julin,² in the opinion of some, and by its excellent maritime laws in a manner formed the rationale of the navigation of the middle ages, even if its influence upon the whole of the European code at a subsequent period was not considerable,³ it cannot be forgotten in these pages.

"The most ancient maritime law of recent times,"

¹ Dunham, p. 207.

² See Marten, *Dict. Geograph. et Critiq. Art. Wisby*.

³ Penny Cyclopædia, *Art. Gotland*, vol. ii. p. 317.

says Kurucke,¹ "is that settled upon by the merchants and seamen at Wisby. For this was a most celebrated emporium, to which the destruction of the Vandalic city Vineta gave greatness. . . . The order of Teutonic knights of the cross² held this city, with the whole island, either by purchase, or as a pledge,³ from A.D. 1398 till 1408, when the island was restored on payment of a ransom of ten or twelve thousand crowns.⁴

Olaus Magnus, the noble antiquarian, eulogizes the legal constitutions of Wisby, observing that they are better calculated to remove litigations respecting the flowing waters, than the decisions of others respecting *terra firma*.⁵ In terms no less favourable, Grotius⁶ declares that the maritime laws of the ancient Gothlanders contain so much that is equitable and prudent, that all those who dwell near the ocean use them, not as a peculiar and private law, but as the law of nations.

The antiquity of the laws has been questioned, but all doubt is set at rest, especially if we bear

¹ The best authority on the maritime laws of the Hanse Towns seems to be Rein. Kurucke, *Jus Maritimum Hanseaticum*, 4to, Hamb. 1667. Great attention is paid in this work to the comparison of the laws of Wisby. His account of Wisby, p. 77, sqq. is both learned and interesting. The reader should also compare Molloy, *De Jure Marit.* 8vo, London, 1676. Nor must I forget a most terse and useful little book, entitled "*Brevis Introductio in Notitiam Legum Nauticarum*," Lubeck, MDCCXIII. I need scarcely remind my readers of the still earlier popularity and influence of the maritime laws of Rhodes, a subject simply discussed in ch. ii. of that volume. Wisby is treated of in ch. v. p. 35 sqq. The author is, however, considerably indebted to Kurucke, whose opinions he echoes everywhere. He furnishes a complete list of editions of these laws, which have been frequently translated into Latin from the old Saxon dialect, in which they were at first written.

² Teutonicus ordo Crucigerorum.

³ So writes Olaus Magnus, vol. ii. p. 24.

⁴ Chytræus, vol. i. p. 315.

⁵ "*Citius lites adimit, pro fluidis aquis, quam aliorum decisio in terra firma*," vol. ii. p. 24.

⁶ *Proleg. ad Process.* p. 64.

in mind what Kurucke¹ has earnestly inculcated, viz., that we could not expect to find a printed draft of these laws in an age when printing was unknown, and that the age of Wisby, considered as a popular assemblage for mutual protection, dates earlier than its fortification. He candidly, however, confesses that the laws, as we now have them, have probably undergone many changes and additions, as well as that the Wisbyans were quite as likely to borrow from their predecessors as their successors from them.

It is a curious coincidence in the history of Wisby, that a Valdemar should likewise have proved its most fatal enemy. Notwithstanding the alliance between Valdemar and Magnus, the former made a descent first upon Osland, and then upon Gothland. The inhabitants, puffed up with a wealth emulating that of the lost Julin, despised the idea of yielding to kingly power. Thousands fell before his victorious arms, and he at length approached the town of Wisby. The inhabitants, like those of Julin, offered to capitulate; but Valdemar, ill disposed to imitate the leniency of his namesake, threw down a portion of the walls, and pillaged the city of so great an amount of treasure that his ships were literally filled with the spoils. One of them, laden with the gold and silver vessels and other ornaments of the cathedral, was shipwrecked on the isle of Carlsen. Before his departure, according to Pontanus, he made an alliance with the inhabitants, confirming them in their privileges; but it is probable that this relates to another voyage which he made thither. "Among other immunities, he granted them the same freedom of trade in his ports as the subjects of Denmark, suffering them likewise to coin money, a privilege which had been denied them by their natural sovereigns."²

The merchants of the other maritime towns were, however, ill disposed to bear this affront quietly. He

¹ Proleg. ad Process. p. 79.

² Modern Universal History. vol. xxxii. p. 271.

seized all the Danish ships in their ports, confiscated the effects of the Danish merchants, and then declared open war against the confederate kings. Aided by the King of Norway, the Dukes of Mechlenburg, and Holstein, and several other princes, they put to sea, attacked, and pillaged Kaffna. While, however, engaged in an attack upon Helsinborg, they were attacked by Valdemar, and forced to raise the siege. Peace was at length concluded, and it seems reasonable to believe that it was then that the treaty with Wisby was concluded, and not at the time of its capture.

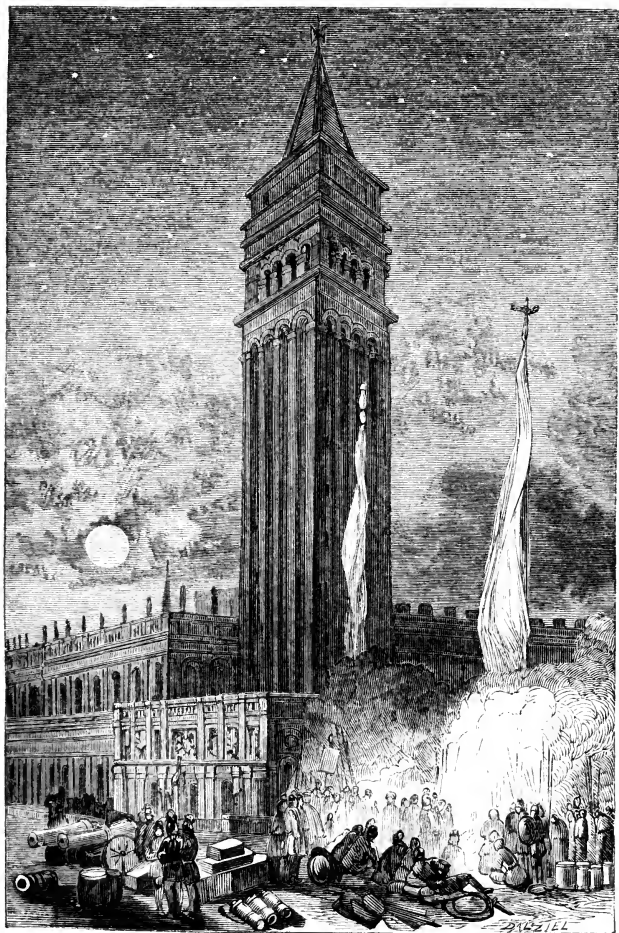
Few particulars of interest belong to the subsequent history of Wisby. As the capital of Gothland, it still maintains a respectable but not great position. Its population averages about 4,000 persons, and it possesses a handsome cathedral. But it is as the commercial lawgiver of the middle ages that Wisby must ever be remembered.

VENICE.

"Yet what so gay as Venice? Every gale
 Breathed heavenly music! and who flocked not t
 To celebrate her nuptials with the sea?
 To wear the mask, and mingle in the crowd
 With Greek, Armenian, Persian—night and day
 (There, and there only, did the hours stand still)
 Pursuing through her thousand labyrinths
 The enchantress Pleasure; realizing dreams
 The earliest, happiest—for a tale to catch
 Credulous ears, and hold young hearts in chains,
 Had only to begin, 'There lived in Venice—'
 What though a strange, mysterious power was there,
 Moving throughout, subtle, invisible,
 And universal as the air they breathed—
 A power that never slumbered, never pardoned;
 All eye, all ear, nowhere, and everywhere;
 Entering the closet and the sanctuary;
 No place of refuge for the Doge himself;
 Most present when least thought of; nothing dropped
 In secret, when the heart was on the lips,
 Nothing in feverish sleep, but instantly
 Observed and judged; a power, that if but glanced at
 In casual converse, be it where it might,
 The speaker lowered at once his eyes, his voice,
 And pointed upward to the God in heaven—
 What though that power was there? he who lived thus
 Pursuing Pleasure, lived as if 'twere not;
 But let him in the midnight air indulge
 A word, a thought, against the laws of Venice,
 And in that hour he vanished from the earth!"¹

It is a bad thing not to be a poet, and yet to be obliged
 to write on Italy! So pre-eminently is that land the
 property of the bard, that, rich though she be in the
 early history of all that sobered the judgment as well as
 inspired the soul, we are almost inclined to look upon
 Italy as the land of the imaginative and the picturesque,

¹ Rogers' Italy, p. 87.



VENICE—THE CAMPANILE.



and to forget, in the magical glamour of her beauty and softness, the stern philosophy, the deep commercial enterprise, and the clever traffic, which made her capable of scheming well, and which built up the solid grandeur upon which so much that was beautiful was hereafter to be engrafted.

It will be of little use to attempt a dilution, in these essays, of the "voluminous" (we can never forget a joke of Sheridan's) pages of Gibbon, and trace the way in which, so to speak, ancient Rome became modern Italy. Our object here is to give a brief view of the rise and social position of Venice in the middle ages, first passing over the ephemeral glory of Amalfi, her predecessor in greatness, in a few words.

The republics of Campania were, in the ninth century, the only powers, with the exception of the Greek empire, that possessed any fleets commanding the Mediterranean. Amalfi enjoyed a newly-recovered liberty, and a share of these maritime resources sufficient to secure to it the whole commerce of the East. Nor were its citizens less distinguished for their proficiency in the arts of life. "They have left to our time three legacies that entitle their memory to veneration. It was a citizen of Amalfi, Flavio Gisla, or Givia, who invented the mariner's compass, or introduced it into the west; it was in Amalfi that the copy of the Pandects was found, which revived throughout Europe the study and practice of the laws of Justinian; and it was, lastly, the maritime code of Amalfi which served as a commentary on the rights of nations, and as the foundation of the subsequent jurisprudence of commerce and of the ocean."¹

But the glories of Amalfi were transient, and it is to the rising state of Venice that we must now turn. Existing, as did this republic, even before the proper commencement of mediæval history, it enjoyed a geographical position every way conducive to its preservation. A variety of streams, descending from the southern

¹ Procter's Italy, ph. ii. p. 13.

declivities of the Alps, empty themselves into the sea near the head of the Adriatic, along an extent of about ninety miles. Along this length of coast there was, at about twenty to thirty miles' distance from the shore, a parallel line of several slips of land, with a narrow opening between them; the great basin which intervenes being filled up by the gravelly and slimy deposits of the Alpine rivers, and studded with hundreds of little isles seldom covered by more than two or three feet of water, except where the rivers, breaking through as they struggled to reach the sea, have ploughed out deep intersections, forming natural canals. "The great shoals are termed the Lagunes of Venice; and, on the interior islets which rise from their surface, was the seat of the republic. Inaccessible from the continent by shallows, over which only the light gondola can skim, the islets are of difficult and dangerous approach from the sea; for nothing but the experience of native pilots can guide a vessel through the narrow openings of the exterior land, and amongst the perplexing intricacies of the channels. But, improved by the aid of art, these canals are capable of admitting the largest friendly vessels to the wharfs of Venice; and are equally advantageous to the inhabitants for commerce and defence."¹

How fraught with romance is the very name of Rialto!² How many a tale of love and crime could that ancient bridge relate! How manifold, even before the days of Shakespeare, were the associations which the merchant and the lover, the gay patrician dame

¹ Procter, p. 13.

² Merchant of Venice, Act iii., sc. 1:—

Solan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why yet it lives there unchecked. Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas,—the Goodwins, I think they call the place; etc.

Again:—

Shylock. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so snug upon the mart.

and the midnight assassin, could alike bring to mind, as they gazed at its ponderous arch. It was on the little isle bearing this name that, in the year 421, a little town first arose, which was hereafter to be known as Venice.

Desultory was the formation of the population, yet with no small amount of refinement in its ingredients. Wealthy and educated people (as far as the times went) hurried away from their cruel conquerors, the Huns; and Rome, herself once an asylum for fugitives, saw thousands of her inhabitants flocking to the islets of the Adriatic for protection. The population, rapidly increasing, supported itself by the making of salt and other manufactures, as well as by the commerce which their ships enabled them to prosecute. "Beyond the reach of the barbarians, who had no vessels—forgotten by the Romans, and their successors the Astrogths—they maintained their independence under the administration of tribunes, named by an assembly of the people in each of the separate isles."¹

But although the hatred of a common enemy formed a strong band of union, jealousies between the tribunes of the different isles, and their respective inhabitants, soon arose. Difficulties, arising from the piratical attacks of the Sclavonians of the opposite coast of Dalmatia, rendered a firm and consistent union doubly necessary, and it was obvious that the arbitrary assertion of the independence of each isle must eventually maim the power of the whole confederation, if not lead to its gradual enslavement. Accordingly the citizens of the different islands assembled at Heraclea in A. D. 697, and elected a governor of maritime Venetia, under the title of Dogè. His office was for life, and was at first unrestrained by any avowed limitations, being, however, kept in actual check by the general assemblies. Paolo Luca Anafesto was the first who enjoyed this dignity, and he not only succeeded in defeating the Sclavonians, and bringing the Lombards to acknow-

¹ Sismondi's *Italian Republics*, p. 25, in *Lardner's Cyclopædia*.

ledge the independence of the republic, but augmented the wealth and resources of Venice.

The reigns of his successors were less prosperous. Internal discontent, the result of mal-administration, was diverted by the sudden appearance of Pepin, whose father, Charlemagne, had overthrown the dynasty of the Lombards. He took advantage of the disordered state of the republic, entered the Lagune, and, having burned several towns, succeeded in seizing on Malamocco, then the capital town of the confederation. Angelo Participazio was the hero to whom it was indebted for its preservation. He cheered the spirits of his beleaguered companions, and persuaded them to remove their wealth to Rialto, in the centre of the Lagune. The enemy's fleet, attempting to pursue them, was entangled in the shoals, and forced to retire to Ravenna with equal loss and disgrace.

Venice was now rising rapidly, and, twenty years after the settlement at Rialto, it was dignified by the relics of St. Mark, transported thither from Alexandria. Few patron saints enjoy a greater popularity, whether socially or locally exemplified. His lion was emblazoned on the standard of the republic, and stamped on the current coins; while his name was identified with the pride, power, and glory, of all Venice.

A long series of civil wars and commotions, varied by the occasional murder of a Doge, fills up the period which elapsed during the ninth and the first two-thirds of the tenth centuries. Nor were the pirates idle, as the following story, which has formed a theme for many a poet, bears witness:—

“According to an ancient custom, the nuptials of the nobles and principal citizens of Venice were always celebrated on the same day of the year, and in the same church (A.D. 944). The eve of the Purification was consecrated to this public festival, and the State annually increased the general joy of the occasion by endowing twelve maidens with marriage portions. In the morning gondolas, elegantly ornamented, assem-

bled from all quarters of the city at the episcopal church of Olivolo. The affianced pairs disembarked amidst the sounds of music; their relations and friends, in their most splendid habiliments, swelled their retinue; the rich presents made to the brides, their jewels and ornaments, were proudly borne for display; and the body of the people, unarmed and thoughtless of danger, followed the glad procession. The Istrian pirates, acquainted with the existence of this annual festival, had the boldness to prepare an ambush for the nuptial train in the city itself. They secretly arrived overnight at an uninhabited islet, near the church of Olivolo, and lay hidden behind it with their barks until the procession had entered the church, when, darting from their concealment, they rushed into the sacred edifice, through all its doors, tore the shrieking brides from the arms of their defenceless lovers, possessed themselves of the jewels which had been displayed in the festal pomp, and immediately put to sea with their fair captives and their booty. But a deadly revenge overtook them. The Doge, Pietro' Candiano III., had been present at the ceremony: he shared in the fury and indignation of the affianced youths. They flew to arms, and throwing themselves under his conduct into their vessels, came up with the spoilers in the lagunes of Caorlo. A frightful massacre ensued; not a life among the pirates was spared, and the victors returned in triumph with their brides to the church of Olivolo. A procession of the maidens of Venice revived, for many centuries, the recollection of this deliverance on the eve of the Purification. But the Doge was not satisfied with the punishment which he had inflicted on the Istriots. He entered vigorously upon the resolution of clearing the Adriatic of all the pirates who infested it; he conquered part of Dalmatia; and he transmitted to his successors, with the ducal crown, the duty of consummating his design."¹

¹ Procter's Italy, p. 15.

Political history might be not inaptly defined as "the art of being governed as you please;" and, if we look closely into the history of any state or city, we shall find that its chief ingredient consists of struggles, more or less active, against encroachments on the part of ruling authorities. There is a curious inconsistency in human nature, which, while it confesses the necessity of some government, is still unwilling to acknowledge the power to which it must submit.

Such was the case with Venice. Albeit the prince of republics, it was for some time under the sway of an influence almost monarchical, if not despotic. The power given to the Doge was one which, if it did not possess the name, enjoyed every other advantage contingent to royalty. As a judge, from whose sentence there was no appeal—as generalissimo of the forces of the State—his power was almost boundless; and these honours, sufficiently antagonistic to any notion of republican liberty, often became hereditary. But this could not last long.

"About the commencement of the eleventh century, all classes perceived that the power of the Doge was inconsistent with liberty; nobles and citizens joined in placing restrictions to it. The first of these limitations appears to have been an association with him of a council of two individuals noted for wisdom, without whose concurrence he should undertake nothing; and, when decisions of more than ordinary importance were to be taken, that he should be compelled to deliberate with such of the principal citizens as he might consider able to advise him. These counsellors were called *pregadi*, or the invited. But these limitations time proved to be insufficient. The popular assemblies, to which all were indiscriminately admitted, and with which alone lay the decision of affairs that were truly national, were too tumultuous, and too seldom convoked, to exercise much influence over the executive. It was resolved to make these assemblies representative, by delegating to a certain number, called the grand

council, the duty of watching over the government, and of defending the rights of all. The new members were 480, or eighty from each of the six great divisions of the city, whose election was annual. As this council was invested with such ample powers, since its sittings would be permanent, and it would not only exercise a conjoint authority with the Doge but control him, this limitation of time was exceedingly judicious; had the council been perpetual, it would soon have reduced prince and people to slavery. But—and to this oversight was owing the peculiarly aristocratic nature of the Venetian government—these members were always the most important and noble of the citizens, and were elected not by the people, but by twelve tribunes, two chosen from each quarter of the city. Another innovation, and one still more fatal, was subsequently introduced, that even these twelve electors should cease to be returned by the inhabitants; that they should be nominated by the grand council. By this extraordinary measure the people ceased to have a virtual share in the representation. Even this did not satisfy the council, which, under the pretext of limiting the possible abuse of their trust by the electors, soon contended that the nominations of the 480 members were only designations; and that the confirmation or rejection of the future members should rest with the council prior to its dissolution. As the twelve tribunes would inevitably be the creatures of the council, a considerable number of the former members would be re-elected; and this number would be still augmented by the privilege of exception, and of substituting themselves for the members thus excepted. The result was such as might have been infallibly predicted: in a century the grand council was hereditary in the chief families of the republic. But it was far from being satisfied with these monstrous usurpations; and its next step was to change the constitution of the ducal council of the *pregadi*. Instead of leaving the choice and convocation of the

members to the Doge, the grand council in 1229 decreed that they should be sixty in number, that they should be nominated by itself and from its own body, and that their powers should be subordinate to its own. Even now the grand council professed to dread the possible ambition of the Doge, the nomination of whom it had usurped from the assembly of the people. To avert this improbable, perhaps impossible, result, two new tribunals were constituted. The first, which consisted of five members, always assembled before the election of a new Doge, to make such alterations in, or additions to, the oaths to be taken by the next chief of the republic, as might be framed by the grand council. But authority will sometimes disregard even the solemn obligation of an oath, and, in the complicated course of public affairs, cases would sometimes occur, the decision of which, though virtually, could not be specifically, involved in the terms of the obligation. Hence, the second tribunal, which consisted of three members, was held on the death of each Doge, to compare his conduct with his oaths, to receive the complaints of the people, to approve or to censure his administration, to declare his memory glorious or infamous, and in the latter case to fine his heirs more or less heavily, according to the nature of the charges substantiated against him.

“From the course of Venetian history we learn that both tribunals exercised their functions with jealous rigour. How the former, that of the five correctors of the ducal oath, proceeded, may be seen in the famous collection of ‘Ducal Obligations’, which consists of above one hundred chapters, and which appears to derive its origin from the middle of the thirteenth century. At his inauguration the Doge promised to execute the laws of the State, and the decrees of the councils; not to correspond with foreign powers, nor to receive their ambassadors, nor to open their letters, except in presence of a certain number of counsellors; nay, he was even prohibited from opening

the letter of any subject of the State, unless one member at least were present. He could not possess property beyond the confines of the republic; he could not administer criminal justice, which was confided to another council, that of forty, the members being nominated by the grand council from its own body. He swore not to seek, directly or indirectly, the augmentation of his authority; not to allow any relative to exercise any part of his duty; and never to allow any citizen to bend to him, or to kiss his hand. Though these and other restrictions virtually rendered him the submissive servant of the grand council, the nobles were yet afraid lest the office should be usurped by some leading, perhaps some rival family. This jealousy of one another was the cause of a system of election more complicated than that of any other country under heaven. At first this election was confided to twenty-four, afterwards to forty members of the grand council, all chosen by lot, and by the same process the number was reduced to eleven, who exercised the suffrage. But, lest factions should succeed in placing a creature in the ducal chair, the process was rendered elaborate enough to defy the chance of calculation. Thirty members were chosen by lot; by the same process the number was reduced to nine; these nine, of whom seven must always agree, elected forty other members to fill their place, whom the last reduced to twelve, in the same manner these twelve were forced to change, and to vacate their functions in favour of twenty-five other members, whom the lot reduced to nine; and these nine nominated forty-five others, whom the same process reduced to eleven. Nor were these eleven suffered to elect the Doge; they nominated forty-one, with whom the election verily rested, provided their choice were supported by a majority of about eight to five. In any other country, where any degree of responsibility rested in the chief thus elected, where talents or virtue were required, where victory was to be gained or justice to be impartially adminis-

tered, such a mode must have been hazardous. But Venice did not depend on the government of the Doge: he was the slave of other powers; and his personal qualities had little influence on the weal or woe of the community."¹

The above admirable sketch will fully show the difference between the limitation of monarchy in Venice and in England. The one was little else than the substitution of a plurality of tyrants, the other was the gradual destruction of tyranny by the quiet establishment of a real popular power. The one sprung out of suspicion, lived on in distrust, dwelt on in secrecy; the other was begotten in mutual confidence, maintained with mutual good will, and sought to be known in order to be better loved. The security of the one was artificial, and full of loop-holes for the conspirator or political gambler; the other defeated stratagem by its very simplicity. The limited power of the Doge of Venice was wholly a mistake. He had too little influence to be efficient, too much to be safe as a passive instrument. Violent outbreaks of oppression on both sides were the not unnatural consequences of this attempt to unite monarchy and aristocracy, and, while perpetual disputes, more or less cruel in their consequences, rent Venice asunder, popular liberty gained nothing.

The usurpations of the grand council could not be long overlooked. People began to perceive that *hereditary* magistracies were just as fraught with abuses as hereditary monarchies; the murmurs "were not perhaps very loud, but they were general and deep."

The changes most fraught with the elements of real liberty took place at the death of the venerable Giovanni Dandolo. This aged warrior, whose name shed a credit even on the mistaken undertaking of the Crusades, died at a period when, as Procter² observes, "he had won for the Doges of Venice the splendid and

¹ Dunham, Europe during the middle ages, vol. i. p. 98, sqq.

² Italy, p. 54.

accurate title of duke of three-eighths of the Roman Empire." The citizens now made various attempts to suppress the elective power vested in the hands of the forty-one; but the firmness of Pietro Gradenigo, a staunch aristocrat, proved successful in repressing the tumult, and in organizing a system which, by the most artful and almost imperceptible changes, tended to confirm and enhance the power of the nobles. Despotism attained its height in 1319, when the Council of Ten was established. Charged with the discovery of felony and high treason among the higher classes, using influences the most secret, and an organization the most mysterious, reckless alike of law and authority, it held the funds of Venice, and the lives of her inhabitants, arbitrarily at its pleasure. How the grand council could have been led to create for itself so despotic a master may seem strange; but, "as the members of this supreme tribunal were invariably taken from the other, some renewable every four, some every eight, the rest every twelve months, each noble might hope to enjoy a short period, at least, of unbounded power—might pass from the situation of a slave to that of a despot."

The horrors of this tribunal, rivalling those of the Inquisition in their gloomy secresy, if not in their abominable cruelty, form the basis of many a tragedy. No class of society was safe from the jealous surveillance which it exercised; the Doge himself was amenable to their will; and it is this fact which now brings us to the oft-told, but interesting, story of Marino Faliero.

On the 11th of September, 1354, Marino Faliero was elected Doge. He had been Count of Valdemarino, and enjoyed great wealth and influence. He had also been commander-in-chief of the land forces at the siege of Zara, where he defeated the king of Hungary and his army of 80,000 men, and subsequently, in his capacity of naval commander, took Capo d'Istria.¹ He was ambassador at Rome at the

¹ Lord Byron, Preface to Marino Faliero.

time that he received the news of his election ; a proof, as Byron observes, that he sought it by no intrigue. To continue the history in the words of an ancient chronicler,¹ "when Messer Marino Faliero, the duke, was about to land in this city on the fifth day of October, 1354, a thick haze came on, and darkened the air ; and he was enforced to land on the place of Saint Mark, between the two columns, on the spot where evil doers are put to death ; and all thought that this was the worst of tokens. Nor must I forget to write that which I have read in a chronicle. When Messer Marino Faliero was podesta and captain of Treviso, the bishop delayed coming in with the holy sacrament on a day when a procession was to take place. Now the said Marino Faliero was so very proud and wrathful, that he buffeted the bishop, and almost struck him to the ground. And, therefore, Heaven allowed Marino Faliero to go out of his right senses, in order that he might bring himself to an evil death."²

"When this duke had held the dukedom during nine months and six days, he, being wicked and ambitious, sought to make himself lord of Venice, in the manner which I have read in an ancient chronicle. When the Thursday arrived upon which they were wont to hunt the bull, the bull-hunt took place as usual, and, according to the usage of those times, after the bull-hunt had ended, they all proceeded unto the palace of the duke, and assembled together in one of his halls, and they disported themselves with the women. And until the first bell tolled they danced, and then a banquet was served up. My lord the duke paid the expenses thereof, provided he had a duchess, and after the banquet they all returned to their homes.

¹ This admirable translation is due to Mr. Cohen, and is published by Lord Byron in his appendix. Compare the more brief account of Procter, p. 95, sq.

² Θεὸς μὲν αἰτίαν φέει βροτοῖς,
 "Ὅταν κακῶσαι δῶμα παμπηγῆν θέλει.

“Now to this feast there came a certain Ser Michele Steno, a gentleman of poor estate but very young, but crafty and daring, and who loved one of the damsels of the duchess. Ser Michele stood amongst the women upon the solajo, and he behaved indiscreetly; so that my lord the duke ordered that he should be kicked off the solajo; and the esquires of the duke flung him down from the solajo accordingly. Ser Michele thought that such an affront was beyond all bearing; and when the feast was over, and all other persons had left the palace, he, continuing heated with anger, went to the hall of audience, and wrote certain unseemly words relating to the duke and the duchess, upon the chair in which the duke was used to sit; for in those days the duke did not cover his chair with cloth of sendal, but he sat in a chair of wood.” On this chair the affronted lover wrote two verses conveying a scandal against the young wife of the Doge, which was well calculated to offend her old and doating husband. Bribery and secret influence speedily discovered the author of the offensive witticism. The youth of the culprit, and, there seems reason to believe, some prejudice against the Doge, had a great tendency to lighten the sentence. Their mercy made the duke exceedingly wroth, “it appearing to him that the council had not acted in such a manner as was required by the respect due to his ducal dignity; and he said they ought to have condemned Ser Michele to be hanged by the neck, or at least to be banished for life.”

“It was fated,” says our truly Herodotean chronicler, “that my Lord Duke Marino was to have his head cut off;¹ and, as it is necessary when any effect is to be brought about, that the cause of such effect must happen, it therefore came to pass, that on the very day after sentence had been pronounced on Ser Michele Steno, being the first day of Lent, a gentle-

¹ Χρὴ δὲ Κανθαύλῃ γενέσθαι κακῶς, Herodot. i. I make no apology for quoting so extensively from this old-fashioned chronicle, feeling the utter impossibility of telling the story better.

man of the house of Barbaro, a choleric gentleman, went to the arsenal, and required certain things of the masters of the galleys. This he did in the presence of the admiral of the arsenal, and he, hearing the request, answered, 'No : it cannot be done.' High words arose between the gentleman and the admiral, and the gentleman struck him with his fist just above the eye ; and as he happened to have a ring on his finger, the ring cut the admiral and drew blood. The admiral, all bruised and bloody, ran straight to the duke to complain, and with the intent of praying him to inflict some heavy punishment upon the gentleman of Ca Barbaro. 'What wouldst thou have me do for thee?' answered the duke ; 'think upon the shameful gibe which hath been written concerning me ; and think on the manner in which they have punished that ribald Michele Steno, who wrote it ; and see how the Council of Forty respect our person.' Upon this the admiral answered, 'My lord duke, if you would wish to make yourself a prince, and to cut those gentlemen to pieces, I have the heart, if you will but help me, to make you prince of all this State ; and then you may punish them all.' Hearing this, the duke said,—'How can such a matter be brought about?' and so they discussed thereon."

Passing over the details of the conspiracy, which, had it proved successful, would have involved the lives of the nobles, as well as the rights of the republic, we will quote the account of its discovery—which, like that of the Gunpowder Plot, was the result of an act of private friendship. Let us again listen to our solemn old story-teller.

"The Lord, who hath always helped this most glorious city, and who, loving its righteousness and holiness, hath never forsaken it, inspired one Beltramo Bergamaseo, to be the cause of bringing the plot to light in the following manner. This Beltramo, who belonged to Ser Niccolo Lioni, of Santa Stefano, had heard a word or two of what was to take place ; and

so, in the beforementioned month of April, he went to the house of the aforesaid Ser Niccolo Lioni, and told him all the particulars of the plot. Ser Niccolo, when he heard all these things, was struck dead, as it were, with affright. He heard all the particulars; and Beltramo prayed him to keep it all secret; and if he told Ser Niccolo, it was only that Ser Niccolo might stop at home on the 15th of April, and thus save his life. Beltramo was going, but Ser Niccolo ordered his servants to lay hands upon him, and took him up. Ser Niccolo then went to the house of Messer Giovanni Gradenigo Nasoni, who afterwards became duke, and who also lived at Santo Stefano, and told him all. The matter seemed to him to be of the greatest importance, as indeed it was; and they two went to the house of Ser Marco Cornaro, who lived at San Felice; and, having spoken with him, they all three then determined to go back to the house of Ser Niccolo Lioni to examine the said Beltramo; and having questioned him, and heard all that he had to say, they left him in confinement. And then they all three went into the sacristy of San Salvatore, and sent their men to summon the counsellors, the Avoyadori, the Capi de' Dieci, and those of the Great Council.

“When all were assembled, the whole story was told to them. They were struck dead, as it were, with affright. They determined to send for Beltramo. He was brought in before them. They examined him, and ascertained that the matter was true; and, although they were exceedingly troubled, yet they determined upon their measures. And they sent for the Capi de' Quaranta, the Signori de Notte, the Capi de Sestieri, and the Cinque della Pare; and they were ordered to associate to their men other good men and true, who were to proceed to the houses of the ringleaders of the conspiracy, and secure them. And they secured the foreman of the arsenal in order that the conspirators might not do mischief. Towards nightfall they assembled in the palace. When they

were assembled in the palace, they caused the gates of the quadrangle of the palace to be shut. And they sent to the keeper of the bell-tower, and forbade the tolling of the bells. All this was carried into effect. The beforementioned conspirators were secured, and they were brought to the palace; and, as the Council of Ten saw that the duke was in the plot, they resolved that twenty of the leading men of the State should be associated to them, for the purpose of consultation and deliberation, but that they should not be allowed to ballot."

"The counsellors," pursues the chronicle, "were the following:—Ser Giovanni Mocenigo, of the Sestiero of San Marco; Ser Almoro Veniero da Santa Marina, of the Sestiero of Castello; Ser Tomaso Viudro, of the Sestiero of Canaregio; Ser Giovanni Sanudo, of the Sestiero of Santa Croce; Ser Pietro Trivisano, of the Sestiero of San Paolo; Ser Pantalione Barbo il Grando, of the Sestiero of Ossoduro. The Avogadori of the Commonwealth were Zufredo Morosini, and Ser Orio Pasqualigo; and these did not ballot. Those of the Council of Ten were Ser Giovanni Marcello, Ser Tommaso Sanudo, and Ser Micheletto Dolfino, the heads of the aforesaid Council of Ten. Ser Luca da Legge, and Ser Pietro de Mosto, inquisitors of the aforesaid Council. And Ser Marco Polani, Ser Marino Veniero, Ser Lando Lombardo, and Ser Nicoletto Trivisano, of Sant' Angelo.

"Late in the night, just before the dawning, they chose a junta of twenty noblemen of Venice from amongst the wisest, and the worthiest, and the oldest. They were to give council, but not to ballot. And they would not admit any one of Ca Faliero. And Niccolo Faliero, and another Niccolo Faliero, of San Tomaso, were expelled from the council, because they belonged to the family of the Doge. And this resolution of creating the junta of twenty was much praised throughout the State. The following were the members of the junta of twenty:—Ser Marco Giustiniani,

Procuratore; Ser Andrea Erizzo, Procuratore; Ser Lionardo Giustiniani, Procuratore; Ser Andrea Contarini; Ser Simone Dandolo; Ser Nicolo Volpe; Ser Giovanni Loredano; Ser Marco Diedo; Ser Giovanni Gradenigo; Ser Andrea Cornaro, Cavaliere; Ser Marco Soranzo; Ser Rinieri du Mosto; Ser Gazano Marcello; Ser Marino Morosini; Ser Stefano Belegno; Ser Nicolo Lioni; Ser Filippo Orio; Ser Marco Trivisano; Ser Jacopo Bragadino; Ser Giovanni Foscari.

"These twenty were accordingly called into the Council of Ten, and they sent for my Lord Marino Faliero, the duke; and my Lord Marino was then consorting in the palace with people of great estate, gentlemen, and other good men, none of whom knew yet how the fact stood.

"At the same time Bertucci Israello, who, as one of the ringleaders, was to head the conspirators in Santa Croce, was arrested and bound, and brought before the Council. Zanello del Brin, Nicoletto di Rosa, Nicoletto Alberto, and the Guardiaga, were also taken, together with several seamen, and people of various ranks. These were examined, and the truth of the plot was ascertained.

"On the sixteenth of April judgment was given in the Council of Ten, that Filippo Calendaro and Bertucci Israello should be hanged upon the red pillars of the balcony of the palace, from which the Duke was wont to look at the bull-hunt: and they were hanged with gags in their mouths.

"The next day the following were condemned:—Nicolo Zuccuolo, Nicoletto Blondo, Nicoletto Doro, Marco Giuda, Jacomello Dagolino, Nicoletto Fidele, the son of Filippo Calendaro, Marco Torello, called Israello, Stefano Trivisano, the money-changer of Santa Margherita, and Antonio dalle Bende. These were all taken at Chiozza, for they were endeavouring to escape. Afterwards, by virtue of the sentence which was passed upon them in the Council of Ten, they were hanged on successive days, some singly and

some in couples, upon the columns of the palace, beginning from the red columns, and so going onwards towards the canal. And other prisoners were discharged, because, although they had been involved in the conspiracy, yet they had not assisted in it; for they were given to understand, by some of the heads of the plot, that they were to come armed and prepared for the service of the state, and in order to secure certain criminals, and they knew nothing else. Nicoletto Alberto, the Guardiaga, and Bartolommeo Ciricolo and his son, and several others, who were not guilty, were discharged.

“On Friday the sixteenth day of April judgment was also given, in the aforesaid Council of Ten, that my Lord Marino Faliero, the Duke, should have his head cut off, and that the execution should be done on the landing-place of the stone staircase, where the dukes take their oath when they first enter the palace. On the following day, the seventeenth of April, the doors of the palace being shut, the Duke had his head cut off, about the hour of noon. And the cap of estate was taken from the Duke’s head before he came down stairs. When the execution was over, it is said that one of the Council of Ten went to the columns of the palace over against the place of St. Mark, and that he showed the bloody sword unto the people, crying out with a loud voice,—‘The terrible doom hath fallen upon the traitor!’—and the doors were opened, and the people all rushed in, to see the corpse of the Duke, who had been beheaded.”

Such are the graphic details of this sad story, which has been immortalized by the pen of Byron, and by the lyric genius of the Italian stage. Terrible is the whole history; but most terrible of all is the gloomy secrecy in which its events and catastrophe were veiled. Between the discovery of the plot, and the consummation of the awful sentence, two days only had elapsed, and the election of a new Doge took place quietly, and as an ordinary matter of course.

A dangerous and unprofitable war with Hungary, in the year A.D. 1356, robbed the Doges of Venice of their proud title of Dukes of Dalmatia, and the inglorious peace of 1358 was succeeded by a long lapse of years, in which the occasional rebellions of their Candian subjects, and the encroachments of Francesco da Carrara, formed the only exciting events. But in 1378 the rival forces of Venice and Genoa were pitted against one another in the Tuscan seas. Many of their ships being absent on errands of commerce, this battle does not present the full naval glories of either state; but the defeat was decisive. So utterly was Pisani, the Venetian admiral, put to the rout, that he could only save seven galleys; and the severity of the senate condemned him to a dungeon, as though failure were a crime.

Piero Doria, brother to the admiral who had last been in command, now undertook the conduct of the Genoese squadron, reinforced by forty-eight galleys. Despite the precautions which had been taken to close up the openings intersecting the lagune, Doria forced the most southerly. Just within this opening stood the town of Chiozza, twenty-five miles south of the capital. Aided by Francesco da Carrara, who entered in an opposite direction from the Brenta, the small floating defences of the Venetians speedily gave way; and despite the resistance of a garrison of three thousand men—protracted through a siege of six days' duration—the banner of St. George, the patron saint of Genoa, floated from the tower of Chiozza, above the reversed lion of St. Mark.

Hard and insulting were the terms which the conqueror dictated. "I declare unto you," he wrote, "Lords of Venice, in the presence of God, that ye shall have no peace from the Lord of Padua, or from our republic, until we have put a curb in the mouths of those wild horses which stand on your Place of St. Mark. When we have bridled them, they will be tame enough. Take back your Genoese prisoners, for

I shall be with you at Venice in a few days, and will then release both them and their companions from your dungeons."

But Doria was destined to find his match in the noble Pisani, now suffering the penalty of what misfortune, and not error, had caused. Drawn from prison by his fickle countrymen, he sacrificed the remembrance of their ill-treatment, and under his active intrepidity, Venice speedily began to collect her scattered forces. Doria had been less active in pursuing the advantage he had gained, and his scheme of starving out the Venetians by a general blockade, was one which they both foresaw and were resolved to frustrate. The Venetian docks contained only a few galleys in a dismantled state; but others were rapidly constructed. Private fortunes were exhausted, private plate melted down, in order to meet the public exigency. At length a fleet of thirty vessels was completed; but the want of proper seamen forced the admiral to content himself with an "awkward squad" of artisans and other landsmen; and it was not until after long practice, and patient exercise, that Pisani ventured to become the assailant.

Doria, alarmed at the increasing strength of an enemy whom he had treated in so off-hand a manner, concentrated his whole force about Chiozza. At this juncture, the venerable Doge, Contarini, carried the standard of Venice on board the ducal galley, led the armament out of the lagune opposite to Venice, and steering down the gulf, suddenly appeared at the mouth of the passage of Chiozza, through which Doria had originally forced his way. "The Genoese," to continue in the words of Procter, "little suspected that his way was to enclose them in the station which they had victoriously assumed, when he pushed round one of the large round vessels, which we have seen employed in former contests under the name of *cocche*, into the narrow harbour of Chiozza, and anchored her there to block up the strait. The Genoese galleys

came out to attack her, overpowered her crew, and imprudently set her on fire. She burned to the water's edge, and went to the bottom on the spot; and the Venetians, then deriving more profit from this accident than they had anticipated from their first design, advanced with boat-loads of stones, and sinking these successively upon her, completely choked up the channel." Pisani had, meanwhile, closed up the principal canal, and soon possessed himself of the remaining outlet, and while the Genoese, still apparently unconscious of their danger, made no effort to put to sea through the pass of Brondolo, the Venetian admiral again issued from the lagune, and boldly sailed to the only point of egress which was yet open to the enemy, posted his inferior fleet in so able a manner, at the mouth of the port of Brondolo, that the Genoese could neither issue from it, nor form their line of battle in the narrow channel, so as to attack him.

But the position of Pisani was still one of a most precarious character; and it seemed doubtful whether his ill-disciplined and extemporaneous force would be able to resist the powerful fleet, and well-organized resources of the Genoese. But succour was at hand; for Carlo Zeno, on the 1st of January 1380, appeared with a squadron of eighteen vessels, well manned and victualled. Abundance and joy reigned abroad; the courage of the seamen was reanimated; and the Venetians felt a reasonable confidence in a force now outnumbering that of the enemy. Gradually the Genoese became confined within Chiozza, and cut off from all communication with the continent. Relief was attempted, but unsuccessfully, and Chiozza was surrendered. Nevertheless, the war did not cease at once, and it was not until the next year that Genoa was willing to content herself with such concessions as Venice was willing to make. "The dominion of Venice, except over her transmarine colonies, was now confined to the circuit of the lagune; while Genoa, however imperfect the recompense for so many sufferings, in

some measure held the palm of victory. Yet we shall find Venice reviving, after the exhaustion of power and commercial prosperity; and Genoa, on the contrary, silently wasting into debility—as if excess of exertion had fatally strained the secret springs of her vigour and strength.”¹

Sad was the vengeance which the vindictive spirit of the Venetians led them to execute upon the family of Carrara. Murders of this kind are, alas! too common in the history of Italy. Deserted by Florence,² the power which alone could have availed aught in their defence, the unhappy Paduans had been utterly defeated. Carrara's conduct, in reference to Chiozza, could not be forgotten, and he maintained the defence with that preternatural energy to which desperation can alone give birth. But the numerous peasantry who had sought for refuge within the walls, overcrowded the place to a fatal extent; and a terrific pestilence broke out. Vainly hoping for succour, he prolonged the defence for seventeen months, and it was only when the besiegers had gained one of the gates, that he was induced to capitulate. The commissaries declared that they had no power to treat with the Lord of Padua; but invited him to deliver up the city, and proceed to negotiate with the senate in person. Upon the faith of a safe-conduct—a protection but too often futile in the annals of Catholicism—Carrara and his sons embarked for Venice, where they threw themselves on the mercy of the senate. Jacopo del Verme was their personal and implacable enemy. The senate hesitated as to their fate, and had appointed a commission to settle on the place of their confinement; he came to Venice, “and startled the fears of the Council of Ten by the emphatic declaration, that, for enemies so dangerous by their valour and restless talents, there was no secure prison but the tomb.” To bid the culprit prepare himself for death, and

¹ Procter, Italy, p. 118-19.

² Ibid. p. 135

to bring forward the bow-string, was a work which Venetians knew too well how to expedite. His two brave sons shared the same fate next day. Even his younger children were proscribed: the one of whom died a natural death, but the other, endeavouring at a later period to recover his paternal dominion over Padua, was seized and executed. The Della Scala wandered into obscurity, and died unknown.

It has been well remarked that "the most curious phenomenon in all Venetian history, is the vitality of religion in private life, and its deadness in public policy. Amidst the enthusiasm, chivalry, or fanaticism, of the other states of Europe, Venice stands, from first to last, like a masked statue; her coldness impenetrable, her exertion only aroused by the touch of a secret spring. That spring was her commercial interest—this the one motive of all her important political acts, or enduring national animosities. She could forgive insults to her honour, but never rivalry in her commerce; she calculated the glory of her conquests by their value, and estimated their justice by their facility. The fame of success remains, when the motives of attempt are forgotten; and the casual reader of her history may perhaps be surprised to be reminded, that the expedition which was commanded by the noblest of her princes, and whose results added most to her military glory, was one in which, while all Europe around her was wasted by the fire of its devotion, she first calculated the highest price she could exact from its piety for the armament she furnished, and then, for the advancement of her own private interests, at once broke her faith and betrayed her religion."¹

The same author has done full justice to this "religion of individuals" in another place, well observing that this spirit influenced them in all the familiar and immediate concerns of life, giving a peculiar dignity to the conduct even of their commercial transactions, and confessed by them with a simplicity of faith that may

¹ Ruskin, *Stones of Venice*, p. 6.

well put to shame the hesitation with which a man of the world at present admits (even if it be so in reality) that religious feeling has any influence over the minor branches of his conduct. And we find, as the natural consequence of all this, a healthy serenity of mind and energy of will expressed in all their actions, and a habit of heroism which never fails them, even when the immediate motive of action ceases to be praiseworthy. With the fulness of this spirit the prosperity of the State is exactly correspondent, and with its failure, her decline; and that with a closeness and precision which it will be one of the collateral objects of the following essay to demonstrate, from such accidental evidence as the field of its inquiry presents. And, thus far, all is natural and simple."¹

In our sketch of Florence we shall find some further examples of the fickleness which, unhappily, often developed itself in acts of treachery against the best benefactors of the State. But it is impossible not to admire Venice, with all her faults, when we consider her wondrous enterprise, her daring resistance of enemies the most powerful, and her firm resistance to Popery. The same spirits who could beard a Shylock on the Rialto, and whose Christianity was at times Catholic to the very excess of superstition, nevertheless had no sympathy with the papal supremacy, or with the temporal authority of the Romish Church. This matter is especially interesting from the analogy of the condition of Venice to our own. In both states it was commerce *versus* superstition: it was the consciousness of temporal efficiency which worked successfully against the assumption of a lay infallibility. The priests might have a full sway in their own vocation, but as to their meddling with people's rights or pockets, that was quite another affair. Although this freedom from clerical restraint is at times apt to degenerate into an indifference to religion, or, at all events, to a carelessness respecting the duties

¹ Ruskin, *Stones of Venice*, p. 8. Compare p. 411.

of public worship and its outward forms, still there is, without doubt, a greater manly healthiness of disposition, both individual and public, in the system which confines the priesthood to priestly offices, and pursues the business of commerce, and the every-day duties of life, unshackled either in enterprise or power of execution.

Ruskin, a writer who is by no means prejudiced in favour of Romanizing influences, has well remarked the curious struggle between private habits of religious devotion, and an unbridled zeal after commercial enterprise. The following character of the old Venetians is just and curious at the same time:—

“One more circumstance remains to be noted respecting the Venetian government, the singular unity of the families composing it—unity far from sincere or perfect, but still admirable when contrasted with the fiery feuds, the almost daily revolutions, the restless successions of families and parties in power, which fill the annals of the other states of Italy. That rivalry should sometimes be ended by the dagger, or enmity conducted to its ends under the mask of law, could not but be anticipated where the fierce Italian spirit was subjected to so severe a restraint: it is thus that jealousy appears usually unmingled with illegitimate ambition, and that, for every instance in which private passion sought its gratification through public danger, there are a thousand in which it was sacrificed to the public advantage. Venice may well call upon us to note with reverence, that of all the towers which are still seen rising like a branchless forest from her islands, there is but one whose office was other than that of summoning to prayer, and that one was a watch-tower only; from first to last, while the palaces of the other cities of Italy were lifted into sullen fortitudes of rampart, and fringed with forked battlements for the javelin and the bow, the sands of Venice never sank under the weight of a war-tower, and her roof terraces were wreathed with Arabian

imagery, of golden globes suspended on the leaves of lilies."¹

Of the freedom of the present Venetians—indeed, of the Italians at large—from anything like superstitious prejudices, or rather, of the collapse into open irreligion which is, over and over again, the consequence of superstition, we have ample evidence in the neglect with which the monuments of religion are treated even in the most conspicuous parts of the cities. The writer just quoted, after a philippic against the attempts made to revive Romanistic Gothic, declares that “so far from Romanism now producing anything great in art, it cannot even preserve what has been given to its keeping. I know no abuses of precious inheritance half so grievous, as the abuse of all that is best in art wherever the Romanist priest gets possession of it: it augments to absolute infatuation. The noblest pieces of mediæval sculpture in North Italy, the two griffins at the centre (west) door of the cathedral of Verona, were daily permitted to be brought into service when I was there in the autumn of 1849, by a washerwoman living in the piazza, who tied her clothes-lines to their beaks; and the shafts of St. Mark’s at Venice were used by a salesman of common caricatures to fasten his prints upon; and this in the face of the continually passing priests: while the quantity of noble art annually destroyed in altar-pieces by candle drippings, or perishing by pure brutality of neglect, passes all estimate.”²

¹ Ruskin, p. 9, sq.

² Ruskin, Appendix, who elsewhere observes: — “The worst instances I ever saw of sacrilege and brutality, daily permitted in the face of all men, were the uses to which the noble base of St. Mark’s was put, when I was last in Venice. Portions of nearly all cathedrals may be found abandoned to neglect; but this base of St. Mark’s is in no obscure position. Full fronting the western view, crossing the whole breadth of St. Mark’s Place—the termination of the most noble square in the world—the centre of the most noble city—its purple marbles were, in the winter of 1849, the customary *gambling-tables* of the idle children

To trace the history of Venice through all the vicissitudes which gradually made it the prey of the very barbarians from whose ignorance it had sought to rescue the world—to detail its alternate victories and sufferings up to the present time—is neither consistent with the plan nor the limits of my work.

From the period of her submission to the Ottoman Empire, which deprived her of almost incalculable possessions, Venice fast lost her name in history. From the year A.D. 1718 her commerce gradually decreased, and her manufactures diminished to a degree sufficient to make a frightful increase of unemployed, and therefore profligate lower class people. Her revenues did not meet the expenses of her rapacious and extravagant administration; and before the close of her career, her national debt had increased to 48,000,000 ducats. Her naval force was reduced to an almost nominal existence, and the destitution of her resources in this respect may be estimated from the following fact:—In the arsenal of Venice, which, in the time of Dante, was the admiration of the world, the first ship of the line was built A.D. 1624; and, one hundred and fifty years after, the law still compelled the naval architects of the republic to build after the faulty construction and feeble scantling of the original model. In 1780 a few improvements were introduced, but when the French entered the city in 1797, some of the vessels found on the stocks *had remained unfinished for above fifty years.*¹ Meanwhile, her claims to the Adriatic—those claims which

of Venice; and the parts which flank the great entrance—that very entrance where Barbarossa flung his mantle off—were the counters of a common bazaar for children's toys, carts, dolls, and small pewter spoons and dishes, German caricatures, and books of the opera, mixed with those of the offices of religion; the caricatures being fastened with twine round the porphyry shafts of the church." Wood, *Letters of an Architect*, vi. p. 276, is equally severe upon the same subject.

¹ Daru, *Hist. de Venise*, in Procter, p. 268, sq. to whom I am mainly indebted.

had once been so chivalrously allegorized¹ and asserted—were contemptuously violated on every occasion that the wars of the European powers presented. In like manner, her Italian dominions were insulted with impunity, and the inefficiency of her military force, consisting of some twelve thousand Italian, Sclavonian, and other adventurers, left little means of public defence.

Painful was the development of venality, peculation, and mal-administration, throughout the provinces, and still more painfully obvious was the decline of vigour in the domestic government of the capital. During the eighteenth century, Venice lost much of her gloomy tyranny, but gained a dangerous weakness in exchange. Once she had lived on in a perpetual series of attempts to withstand and limit the power of the Doge, to humble the pride of the aristocracy, and to crush the license of popular spirit. But the removal of a controlling power was calculated, under the present vitiated state of society, to relax all healthy bonds of order.

“Four times during the last half of this century was it attempted in the great council to abolish the jurisdiction and existence of the Council of Ten, and of the Inquisition of State; and though the project often failed by the want of union among the nobles, the bold-

¹ Scott, in his *Discovery of Witches*, describes the superstitious, but elegant, ceremony as follows:—

“Every year, ordinarily upon Ascension Day, the Duke of Venice, accompanied by the States, goeth with great solemnity to the sea, and, after certain ceremonies ended, casteth thereinto a gold ring of great value and estimation, for a pacificatory oblation; wherewith their predecessors supposed that the wrath of the sea was assuaged.” This custom “is said to have taken its rise from a grant of Pope Alexander III., who, as a reward for the zeal of the inhabitants in his restoration to the Papal chair, gave them power over the Adriatic Ocean, as a man has got power over his wife. In memory of which the chief magistrate annually throws a ring into it, with these words,—“*Desponsamus te mare, in signum perpetui dominii.*” “We espouse thee, O sea! in testimony of our perpetual dominion over thee.” Brand, *Antiquities*, v. i. p. 309.

ness with which it was repeatedly introduced, and the moderation with which the standing tyranny used its victory, equally betrayed that the national sloth and imbecility had stricken even the most active and merciless of despotisms. Debauched, unprincipled, and needy, the aristocracy had desired the annihilation of every check upon their embezzlements and vices: the degraded people hailed their self-inflicted defeat in these attempts with satisfaction, and rejoiced that a despotism still remained which reduced the nobles to a common slavery with themselves.”¹

It is a strange thing, that, although the commercial spirit of Venice could never extinguish its enthusiasm for the romantic and the picturesque, it seems to have been prejudicial to the progress of literature. Unquestionably, during the golden reign of the Medici, the printing presses of the Manuzzi were groaning under the weight of literature, ancient and modern;

¹ “Such was Venice,” observes Procter, at the conclusion of his history, “when the wild deluge of the French revolution swept her from the political map of the world. But we are not called upon in this place to observe the total extinction of her political existence; nor to contemplate the final ruin of that government, which for thirteen hundred years had resisted all the convulsions of time. Yet he who has lingered over the chequered annals, will quit them at the epoch before us with a melancholy interest; for he will see only in her miserable fall the consummation of the long tragedy of Italy. And among a free and happy, and intellectual people, that tragedy will speak with a deep-fraught and awful application. By Englishmen it should never be forgotten, that it is only the abuse of the choicest bounty of Heaven, which has brought a moral desolation upon the fairest land of the universe: that it is because the gifted ancestors of the Italian people consumed their inheritance of freedom in wanton and licentious riot; because they recklessly gave the reins to their untamed and fatal passions; above all, because in the early cultivation and refinement of intellect, they forgot to associate it with virtue, and presumptuously neglected to hallow it by religion, that their descendants have come to this thing:—that they have been abandoned to the scorn and oppression of the despots of Europe, and have become a byword of mingled contempt and pity to the more fortunate nations of the universe.”

but this was from a stimulus not Venetian in its origin. In fact, as one of the best judges on the literary history of Italy has observed, "the proficiency made by the Venetians in literature has borne no proportion to the rank which they have in other respects held among the Italian states. The talents of the higher orders were devoted to the support of their authority or the extension of their territory; and among the lower class, with their political rights, their emulation was effectually extinguished. Whilst the other principalities of Italy were daily producing works of genius, Venice was content with the humble, but more lucrative employment of communicating those works to the public by means of the press."¹

Nor is the state of social employment at all characteristic of literary enlightenment, even in the present day. The coffee-house, the theatre, and the lounge about the piazzas, fill up the hours which the more studious Florentines would have devoted to the Muses. "The theatre," says Wood,² "the church, and the coffee-house, are the lounging places of the Italian, where he goes neither to see, nor to do anything; but merely because he has nothing to do. There is seldom any amusement in the coffee-houses, beyond a little languid conversation; three-fourths of the people seem dreaming, and neither eat, drink, nor talk. You may observe a solitary individual come in, and seat himself on the well-stuffed cushions, with an air, not of enjoyment, but of mere listlessness, and sit in a sort of stupid contentedness, saying nothing and doing nothing; but it is winter here in the moral and political, as well as in the physical world."

As to the drama, that is at a discount; nor is the lyrical stage maintained with aught of the magnificence which distinguishes Milan. But Punch, the immortal Punch! Punch, before whose peripatetic stage, the boy, and the boy of later growth, stand in breathless

¹ Roscoe, *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*, ch. iii. p. 110.

² *Letters of an Architect*, v. i. p. 252.

attention ! Punch, who is the journalist of the hearts of England, and who laughs at everything, and most of all at everything wicked and foolish ! Punch is the hero for an Italian. But he is a far different character from our own, rather analogous to the Sir Harry Wildairs of the Queen Anne school of English comedy, or the Don Giovanni of Her Majesty's Theatre. Harlequin and Columbine are no less popular, and, till within a few years, an Englishman, portrayed with a correctness worthy of Richardson's show, or "the Mysteries of London," formed a favourite "butt." As a specimen of what people can be amused with, the following description of an Italian drama of this description is not bad :—

"One of the pieces I have seen represents Harlequin in Paris and London. One of the pieces I have seen represents Harlequin from Italy, but he has been strangely transformed on the passage. The original has, indeed, the checquered dress and the wooden sword, but everything else is different. He is a poor simple clown, generally the gull of some cheat, continually making blunders, but mixing with his blunders and simplicity a sort of cross-purpose wit. He borders upon the pot-bellied, has no activity, no transformations, no magical powers, and his clumsy wooden sword is entirely without flexibility. Columbine is also a country lass. In the piece which I have just mentioned, it is not Harlequin which interests us, but the Italian notion of the character and manners of the French and English. At Paris, encouraged by the freedom of manners in the females, he attempts to be very gallant, and makes love to various ladies. At last one of them gives him a very good lesson, and tells him, that because they are free, they are supposed to be vicious, but that it is unfair to judge of the morals of one country by a comparison of their manners with those of another nation, and that he will find as much virtue at Paris as elsewhere. An Englishman is introduced at Paris, dressed in a sort

of great coat, with the ends of his neckcloth hanging down to his waist. I fancy this is some old standard of the Italian stage; for the other Englishmen are much more correct. Afterwards we find ourselves in an English coffee-house, and this, to be sure, is a magnificent room. One Englishman comes in after another, each calling out in one word what he wants, and this is mostly *bierra*. In many parts of Italy, bottled beer is very much drunk in the coffee-houses, and as England is famous for beer, they naturally suppose that we do the same in a much higher degree. This is not half so ridiculous as a scene in one of Goldoni's plays, where he introduces an Englishman paying his addresses to an agreeable Italian lady, till a silent countrywoman of his own appears. Nothing will induce her to speak a single word; but she merely expresses by signs her assent and dissent. The Englishman is quite enchanted, and, as it is morning, is anxious to get something for her breakfast. Will she have beer? No. Tea? No. Punch? The lady nods assent. But, once more to our Harlequin, who soon makes his appearance in this English coffee-house, and attempts to converse first with one, and then with another, but is answered by frowns and threats; the latter consisting of pointing alternately to a stick and to his back, for not a word is uttered except by Harlequin himself. Some ladies enter; everybody rises in silence to offer them the best seats; and Harlequin, attempting to get acquainted with them, gets actually beaten by the gentlemen. In spite of the gross mistakes and caricatures, there was enough of truth to make the representation very amusing."

It is painful to reflect, however, that Englishmen are too apt to search after and enjoy the frivolities and paltry amusements of Venice, than to dive deep into the charming associations with which the Bridge of Sighs, the Dogana, the Rialto—in short, which every hole and corner present. Our tourists go rather as

sight-seers, seeking to kill time like Venetians, than in the spirit of those who would be really amused, because interested. Few think of calling back the glorious days when the wedding of the ocean brought all Venice on tiptoe with national delight and expectation. "Somebody was murdered there," was the comprehensive account with which we were once regaled, on asking some questions as to the Bridge of Sighs; but not one word or thought of all the fearful history of this most historical of bridges! Equally ridiculous, equally indicative of the want of high and feeling estimation of what we behold, is the collection of relics which are imported from all parts of Italy. We could ourselves write a sarcastic catalogue of the Mosaic chess-tables and leaning towers in our friends' drawing-rooms, were there not a more serious and better illustration at hand.

Mr. Ruskin, in language of melancholy pointedness, has given the following balance of the means appropriated by English tourists:—

"To wooden spoons, nut-crackers, and jewellery, bought at Geneva and elsewhere, among the Alps, so much; to shells, cameos, and bits of mosaic bought at Rome, so much; to coral horns and lava brooches bought at Naples, so much; to glass beads at Venice, and gold filigree at Genoa, so much; to pictures, and statues, and ornaments, everywhere, so much; to avant-couriers and extra post-horses, for show and magnificence, so much; to great entertainments and good places for seeing sights, so much; to ball-dresses and general vanities, so much.' This, I say, will be the sums on one side of the books, and on the other will be written—

"To the struggling Protestant churches of France, Switzerland, and Piedmont, so much.'

"Had we not better do this piece of statistics for ourselves in time?"

And now, with our pen yet lingering in the vexatious desire to write volumes on Venice, and her fortunes

and falls, we take our leave, and pass on to her glorious rival, Florence.

“ Oh, Venice ! Venice ! when thy marble walls
 Are level with the waters, there shall be
 A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
 A loud lament along the sweeping sea !
 If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,
 What should thy sons do ?—anything but weep :
 And yet they only murmur in their sleep,
 In contrast with their fathers—as the slime,
 The dull green ooze of the receding deep,
 Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam,
 That drives the sailor shipless to his home,
 Are they to those that were ; and thus they creep,
 Crouching and crab-like, through their sapping streets.
 Oh ! agony—that centuries should reap
 No mellow harvest ! Thirteen hundred years
 Of wealth and glory turn'd to dust and tears ;
 And every monument the stranger meets,
 Church, palace, pillar, as a mourner greets ;
 And even the Lion all subdued appears ;
 And the harsh sound of the barbarian drum,
 With dull and daily dissonance, repeats
 The echo of the tyrant's voice along
 The soft waves, once all musical to song,
 That heaved beneath the moonlight with the throng
 Of gondolas—and to the busy hum
 Of cheerful creatures, whose most sinful deeds
 Were but the overbeating of the heart,
 And flow of too much happiness, which needs
 The aid of age to turn its course apart,
 From the luxuriant and voluptuous flood
 Of sweet sensations battling with the blood.”

BYRON.

FLORENCE.

✓
 "I would have had my Florence great and free :
 Oh, Florence! Florence! unto me thou wast
 Like that Jerusalem which the Almighty He
 Wept over, "but thou wouldst not;" as the bird
 Gathers its young, I would have gather'd thee
 Beneath a parent pinion, hadst thou heard
 My voice; but as the adder, deaf and fierce
 Against the breast that cherish'd thee was stirr'd
 Thy venom, and my state thou didst amerce,
 And doom this body forfeit to the fire.
 Alas! how bitter is his country's curse
 To him who for that country would expire,
 But did not merit to expire by her,
 And loves her, loves her even in her ire."¹

apc 26/78
 LITTLE is known of the origin and early history of Florence; but, if we may credit Machiavelli, it is an offshoot of the ancient city of Fiesole, the ruins of which still remain at a distance of about three miles.² The situation of this latter town, on the summit of a steep hill, induced its inhabitants to erect dwellings in the plain between the foot of the mountains and the river Arno, for the sake of commerce. Its prosperity from the earliest times was such as to attract numerous colonists from Rome, and some writers have even countenanced the belief that this event may be placed as early as the dictatorship of Sylla.

Although, in my desire to treat of Florence as exemplifying the genius of Italy in the fine arts, in poetry, and in literature, I must naturally regard the times of the Medicis as my proper province, still, some notice of its earlier political career will be necessary. Strangely

¹ Byron.

² See Leander's Descript. Ital. in Lloyd, Dictionar. Poet., p. 466.

enough, as will hereafter be exemplified in my remarks on the connection of Dante with Florence, this glorious city and state seldom forgot politics even in its dealings with poets—never forgot refinement even when temporal interests were most urgent in their demands.

“For centuries previous to the birth of the ‘magnificent Lorenzo,’ the government of Florence had fluctuated between an aristocratic and a popular form. The discord and animosity that arose from this instability may well be conceived. When either of the contending factions had obtained the ascendancy, the leaders of it soon disagreed in the exercise of their power; and the weaker party attaching themselves to the body of the people, speedily effected a revolution. The frequency of electing magistrates, at the same time that it was favourable to the preservation of their liberties, fomented a continual spirit of opposition and resentment. A secret enmity, even in the most tranquil days of the republic, subsisted among the leaders of the different factions; and the slightest circumstance, whether of a foreign or domestic nature, was sufficient to kindle the latent spark into an open flame. The contests between the Ghibellini and the Guelfi,¹ and between the Bianchi and the Neri, were entered into by the Florentines with an eagerness beyond that of any other people in Europe. For a great length of time Florence was at continual war with itself; and a number of citizens, under the name of *Fuorusciti*, or refugees, were constantly employed in attempting to regain their native residence, for which purpose they scrupled not, by all possible means, to excite the resentment of other powers against it. If their attempts proved successful, the weaker party left the city, till they in their turn could expel their conquerors.

These disadvantages were, however, amply compensated by the great degree of freedom enjoyed by the citizens of Florence, which had the most favourable

“Then Florence changeth citizens and laws.”

Dante, *Inferno*, xxiv. (Cary's Translation.)

effects on their character, and gave them a decided superiority over the inhabitants of the rest of Italy. The popular nature of the government, not subjected to the will of an individual, as in many of the surrounding states, nor restricted, like that of Venice, to a particular class, was a constant incitement to exertion. Nor was it only on the great body of the people that the good effects of this system were apparent: even those who claimed the privileges of ancestry, felt the advantages of a rivalry which prevented their sinking into indolence, and called upon them to support, by their own talents, the rank and influence which they had derived from those of their ancestors. Where the business of government is confined to a few, the faculties of the many become torpid for want of exercise; but in Florence, every citizen was conversant with, and might hope, at least, to partake in the government; and hence was derived the spirit of industry which, in the pursuit of wealth and the extension of commerce, was, amidst all their intestine broils, so conspicuous and so successful. The fatigues of public life, and the cares of mercantile avocations, were alleviated at times by the study of literature, or the speculations of philosophy. A rational and dignified employment engaged those moments of leisure not necessarily devoted to more important concerns, and the mind was relaxed without being debilitated, and amused without being depraved. The superiority which the Florentines thus acquired was universally acknowledged, and they became the historians, the poets, the orators, and the preceptors of Europe.”¹

Such are the observations of a writer, whose volumes form the text-book of Italian greatness, and whose love of religious liberty has never degenerated into merely vulgar abuse of Romanism. Desperate as were the quarrels which family animosities raised up from time to time through a long lapse of years, they had a strange effect in preserving an amount of public liberty,

¹ Roscoe, Lorenzo de Medici, p. 50, sqq.

which is not only consistent with, but necessary to, the development of every social refinement, the perfection of art itself.

Even had I the space to enter into these intricate quarrels and their results, which agitated her in a manner which has made "Guelph" and "Ghibelin"¹ almost the cant terms for a party cry, I should care little to do so. It is to the picture of Florence in her greatness that I wish to direct the eye of my reader, not to the tragedies which can be better imagined from reading "Romeo and Juliet," than from anything I could write. Indeed, the quarrel of the Montagues and Capulets is the best idealization of an Italian feud that can be mentioned. All that the heated imagination and irregular pen of Alexandre Dumas has shadowed forth in the wild fiction of the "Corsican

¹ "Authors differ much as to the beginning of these factions, and the origin of the names by which they were distinguished. Some say that they began in Italy as early as the time of the Emperor Frederick I., in his well-known disputes with Pope Alexander III., about the year 1160. Others make them more ancient, dating them from the reign of the Emperor Henry IV., who died in 1125. But the most common opinion is, that they arose in the contests between the Emperor Frederick II. and Pope Gregory IX., and that this Emperor, wishing to ascertain who were his own adherents, and who those of the Pope, caused the former to be marked by the appellation of Ghibellines, and the latter by that of Guelphs. It is more probable, however, that the factions were at this time either renewed or diffused more widely, and that their origin was of an earlier date. . . . The same variety of opinion exists with regard to the origin of the names. Some deduce them from two brothers, who were Germans, the one called Guelph, and the other Gibel, who, being the partizans of two families in Pistoria, the Panciatichi, and the Cancellieri, then at enmity with each other, were the first occasion of these titles having been given to the discordant factions. Others assign to them an origin yet more ancient; asserting that at the election of Frederick I. to the empire, the electors concurred in choosing him in order to extinguish the inveterate discords between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, that prince being descended by the paternal line from the Ghibellines, and by the maternal from the Guelphs."—Artegiani, quoted in Cary's notes on Dante, *Paradise*, vi. p. 142.

Brothers," is there told with a depth of thought and feeling which even envy must stand still and praise. Individual power has always been great in Italy; but the very greatness of individual ambition has found a remedy in its powerful mutual antagonism. There were two alternatives for Florence—tyranny or intestine war. The latter gained the day, and ultimately gained freedom. Fearful were the steps which led to the attainment of peace and regular government, but the end *was* gained. In A.D. 1255, even Pisa was compelled to submit to the ascendant party of the Guelphs.

I am far, however, from wishing to inculcate the belief, that Florentine liberty was mainly purchased by this horrid traffic in human blood. Other holier and better causes undoubtedly operated to produce the transcendent spirit of independence which so thoroughly distinguished the Florentine character. Procter¹ has well observed that "the discovery of an adequate cause for this distinction is a problem which has scarcely been resolved. The character of the people will hardly account for their superior fortunes. They were not braver, more virtuous, nor less factious than the Lombards; and on the contrary, they had rather a larger share of inconstant liveliness and desire of change than was common in the Italian temperament. Neither will the security of their situation in an upland province explain, as has been sometimes pretended, their escape from the tyranny which reigned in the Lombard plains, since that tyranny was common to the hilly marsh of Treviso. And, in as far as the changes in the military art to which we have referred, were hostile to the cause of liberty, the Florentines possessed no advantage over their neighbours; they were neither more warlike, nor more exempt from the frequent necessity of repairing the weakness of their burgher infantry by taking bodies of mercenary cavalry into pay. But, perhaps, although I am not aware that it has been much dwelt upon, the real

¹ Italy, p. 48, sq.

cause of the preservation of liberty at Florence was, the activity of the commercial spirit—the offspring and guardian of free institutions. The influx of riches created an order of wealthy and powerful merchants, unknown in other inland republics, and whose interests were identified with the rights of the commonalty. They were at first the natural leaders of the lower citizens in their struggles against nobles, who had been compelled, as in other Italian cities, to dwell within the walls; and the triumph of the people was afterwards perfected and secured by the elevation of a class of hereditary plebeian grandees (*popolani grandi*), who formed a counterpoise to the power of the original nobility, and were themselves long an essential portion of the democracy.”

Whatever were its causes, Florence had to thank her liberty for the name she has borne, and which must ever be remembered in the eras of civilization. But before we pass on to the panegyric of her glories in art and literature, we must still call to our minds a sad history—too characteristic, alas! of the irregular principles and contentious struggles which bring nations to their greatness, and then depress them to ruin. It is in the life, disappointments, and death of Dante, that I would seek to describe the greatness and the glory, the ingratitude and the shame, of that city, of whom the poet could say,—

“Florence, exult! for thou so mightily
Hast thriven, that o’er land and sea thy wings
Thou beatest, and thy name spreads over hell.
Among the plunderers, such the three I found
Thy citizens; whence shame to me thy son,
And no proud honour to thyself redounds.”¹

Dante² enjoyed every ancestral honour. The family of the Alighieri, of whom our poet was the most illustrious member, were descendants of Cacciaguida, a Florentine knight, who died in the crusades under the Emperor

¹ *Inferno*, xxvi. *init.*

² A name abbreviated from *Durante* or *Durando*.

Conrad III. Born in A. D. 1265, he had the misfortune to be deprived of his father at an early age, but the care bestowed on his education prevented his being deficient in any accomplishment necessary to form the soldier, the gentleman, or the poet.

Like most young gentlemen, Dante had been in love long before he thought of anything else; and his passion for Beatrice was of earlier date than his doing service at the battle of Campaldino. His stern attachment to the Guelph interests did not prevent the deep impression of affection, and even her death, sixteen years after their first meeting, left Dante still a lover.

But neither war nor love could make Dante forgetful of study. It is even supposed that our own University of Oxford was honoured by a visit, and that he there received the degree of Bachelor of Arts.¹ The depth of his scholastic and theological attainments, and his wonderful acquaintance with the whole field of history, from the origin of the world down to his own time, are so completely evinced by his own writings, as to render proof or discussion unnecessary.

Dante's first disappointment, while it seems to have left him the prey to an unceasing melancholy, did not prevent him venturing upon the matrimonial state; but his own poems prove that Gemma, the noble lady of his choice, was anything but a congenial companion. Since early writers are silent on the subject of her ill temper, I am inclined to think, with Cary, that political animosity may have had some share in these dissensions, which probably belong only to the later years of the poet's life. It is certain that, as a kinswoman of Corso Donati, one of his most formidable and inveterate opponents, the vehemence of a family feud might have developed itself in this lady, even despite the endearing duties of wife and mother.

Dante's greatness in a political station was destined to prove his fall. To his election as chief of the Priori,

¹ This question is very sensibly and quietly discussed by Cary, *Life of Dante*, p. 2, *note*.

an office of the highest trust and responsibility, he had reason to attribute all the vexations of his after-life. The year 1300 saw him enter upon the highest office of the State, when the city was harassed simultaneously by all the factions above alluded to. Without entering into details, it is sufficient to mention that Dante, who had viewed with horror the terrific excesses which made even the destruction of Florence seem a trivial matter,¹ fell into suspicion. Having banished certain ringleaders of the Nera and Bianca party, he was charged with partiality. At first he seemed likely to prove his own integrity, and triumphantly rebut the charge which malice, envy, or prejudice, had thus aroused; but a more dangerous and subtle influence was at work. Pope Boniface VIII. despatched Charles of Valois to Florence; a revolution in public affairs quickly took place; and the ex-citizens were restored, while the Bianchi were utterly banished. At this time, Dante was at Rome, and his enemies took a disgraceful advantage of his absence. Confiscation and banishment were the sad news which reached him, while even his life was threatened, should he venture to return.²

Arrived at Sienna, the daring spirit of Dante was driven to desperation by the insult he had received: he joined an expedition in 1304, and, supported by a strong force supplied by Arezzo, and reinforced from Bologna and Pistoja, made a sudden attack upon Florence, and carried one of the gates; but the attempt proved a failure, and the assailants retired, without having gained any of the advantages they sought.

Henceforth Dante's life exists only in his poems. The rich soil of his mind had been cultivated too highly, to suffer its fruits to be blighted even by the evil in-

¹ It was gravely proposed, by Guido Novello, one of the Ghibelline party, to destroy Florence, in order to maintain their ascendancy in the states of Tuscany. Machiavelli, *Hist. of Florence*, book ii. The hero of this brilliant proposal has found a niche in Dante's *Inferno*, canto x.

² Cary, *Chronological View of the Life of Dante*, anno 1302.

fluences of melancholy. His deep learning forbade his imagination wandering into the dreamy and sensuous paths of mere amatory writing; and in his writings he sought to develope all his mighty capabilities at once. Sublimity and softness, terror and tranquillity, alternate in his writings in a manner wholly peculiar to himself. At one moment some pleasing recollection seems to charm and becalm the turbulent passions, which next moment break out in a torrent of horror and invective. Nor is satire wanting to complete the wondrous *ensemble*. As Roscoe¹ well observes, "one of the first indications of liberty appeared in the bold and presumptuous manner in which the fathers and promoters of literature penetrated into the recesses, and arraigned the conduct of the Roman pontiffs and chief dignitaries of the Church. Whatever might have been the crimes of the priesthood, the voice of censure had hitherto been effectually suppressed; and their transactions, like those of the ancient heroes, were buried in eternal silence for want of due celebration. The hardy genius of Dante shrunk not, however, from the dangerous task, and after having met with Pope Anastasius in the depths of hell, it is no wonder that he represents the Church as sunk under the weight of her crimes, and polluted with mire and filth."

But, however successful in deep satire, Dante was sometimes not wanting in the still lighter elements of positive humour and gaiety. Homer himself delighted in the ridiculous now and then, and Dante has shown a like appreciation even in the mysterious and gloomy cantos of the *Inferno*. Albeit widely in advance of the rough barbarism of conception which distinguished his age, he still at times approximated to the ideas he saw embodied around him. "Dante's Hell," observes Mariotti,² "is a monkish hell in good earnest, with all

¹ Leo the Tenth, v. ii. p. 84.

² Italy, Past and Present. For some splendid examples of mediæval devilry, I may refer to the magnificent French work just published, "*Le Moyen Age et la Renaissance*."

its howling and gnashing of teeth. His demons are *bonâ fide* devils: long-horned, long-tailed, black as they ever were painted. Melters and brimstone, serpents, dragons, fire, and ice, are the ingredients of the awful mess he sets before his readers. Nay, more, all such horrors are served up with such a terrible earnestness, that any honest believer of those times could sup full of them, and labour with nightmares ever afterwards.

"Mr. Leigh Hunt, and other modern critics, may justly object to so very hot and ungentlemanly a place of punishment; but Dante, it should be remembered, was either himself a true believer in the Church of the thirteenth century, such as it was, or, knowing that he was writing for its votaries, blindly adopted the only language they were able to understand.

"To many of the followers of a more enlightened and rational Christianity, which has almost altogether shamed or laughed the devil out of countenance, the framework of 'Dante's Hell' must certainly appear baroque and exaggerate. By the side of the proud and almost sublime 'Pluto' of Tasso, and 'Satan' of Milton, Dante's 'Alichinos' and 'Farfarellos' are poor devils indeed.

"Strange to say, and in conformity, perhaps, with the title of 'Comedy,' so quaintly prefixed to the poem, the 'Inferno' has its humorous passages. Dante's devils are, some of them, droll fellows, who will crack their jokes with their victims, banter and argue with them; they are rude customers more often, blackguards up to the meanest tricks, the very fathers of lies."

The same writer, however, has done full justice to the deep and pathetic thoughts of Dante, above all to the sublime vein of religious inspiration which is ever present in his stanzas, and which strikes as forcibly upon the mind of the reader as it deeply imbued that of the poet. "There is a god in him, and the terror of his presence gradually creeps upon us.

There is nothing mean or gross, or impertinently minute and circumstantial, in the 'Heaven' of Dante. A pure idealization; it may not be God's own, but it is man's sublimest conception of heaven."

Of the seemingly prophetic power of Dante, the idea of which Byron has availed himself,¹ Mariotti observes: "The notion that his strain would go down to posterity as a second apocalypse seems to lurk in every one of his verses. His own images worked upon his brain till they became inspired truth in his own eyes. The long contemplation of his subject has led to an actual apotheosis of his own mind. He had soared so far upwards that the most ethereal substance of his spirit never found its way back again. The most earnest of all poetic minds, he saw and touched what other poets could only invent. His contact with God was *trans-humanating*. In that instantaneous glimpse, his thought was so thoroughly absorbed in its principle, that it never quitted it to eternity."

Melancholy, always natural to our poet's mind, was cherished by the sorrows of exile, and the plaintive language of the "Convito" has left us a transcript of his feelings, which pains us by the evidence of a noble and refined mind struggling with all the disadvantages that an unsettled state of privation and uncertainty could raise up. "Alas!" he exclaims, "had it pleased the Dispenser of the universe, that the occasion of this excuse had never existed; that neither others had committed wrong against me, nor I suffered unjustly. Suffered, I say, the punishment of exile and poverty; since it was the pleasure of the citizens of that fairest and most renowned daughter of Rome, Florence, to cast me forth out of her sweet bosom, in which I had my birth and nourishment even to the ripeness of my age; and in which, with her good will, I desire with all my heart to rest this wearied spirit of mine, and to terminate the time allotted to me on earth. Wandering over almost every part to which

¹ In his "Prophecy of Dante."

this our language extends, I have gone about like a mendicant; showing, against my will, the wound with which fortune has smitten me, and which is often imputed to his ill-deserving on whom it is inflicted. I have, indeed, been a vessel without sail and without steerage, carried about to divers ports, and roads, and shores, by the dry wind that springs out of sad poverty; and have appeared before the eyes of many, who, perhaps, from some report that had reached them, had imagined me of a different form, in whose sight not only my person was disparaged, but every action of mine became of less value, as well already performed as those which yet remained for me to attempt.”¹

Without going into details respecting the oft-disappointed hopes which flattered the mind of Dante into the belief that he and Florence might yet once more be united, it may be observed that the solace of friendship was not wanting. It is the glory of Guido Novello da Polenta, that his liberality and friendship spared nought that might have cheered the last hours of the poet's life, while he had contemplated erecting a monument worthy the author of the “*Divina Commedia*.” In later years the fickle Florentines would fain have removed the remains of Dante from Ravenna; but the people of that town cherished the relics of the poet too dearly, and even the powerful intercession of Michael Agnolo in the reign of Leo X. failed to procure the desired end.

From poetry to painting is a quick and natural change, and the name of Giotto, the familiar acquaintance of Dante, brings us to the mention of a subject fraught with interest—the early Florentine school of art.

We are not rich in specimens of this school, but we are not so poor as has been stated. Mrs. Jameson, the most accomplished writer on the subject, has forgotten Oxford; and, in directing attention to the specimens

¹ I am indebted to Cary's *Life of Dante*, p. 4, for this translation.

which adorn the library of my own college, I trust I shall be doing justice to Oxford and art at the same time. Unfortunately, our collections scarcely, either in their condition or arrangement, present much evidence of active interest, on the part of the authorities, in the cause of art.

The claims of Cimabue to be the founder of the Italian school of art have been so satisfactorily refuted, that we are, perhaps, in danger of denying his real influence in having done much in its behalf. Born of a noble family, the organ of *form* appears to have developed itself in a taste for decorating his school-books (an expensive amusement in those days, when printing was unknown!) with men, horses, &c. His parents were, however, too wise to seek to smother a taste so manifestly developed, and he was placed under the care of some artists of the Byzantine school. Success crowned his exertions, and the decoration of several churches proved a substantial means of handing down his fame to posterity. The character of his works is well described by the accomplished lady already quoted:—

“Besides the undoubted works of Cimabue, preserved in the churches of St. Domenico, La Trinita, and Santa Maria Novella, at Florence, and in the Academy of Arts in the same city; there are two Madonnas in the gallery of the Louvre (Nos. 950, 951), recently brought there; one as large as life, with angels, originally painted for the convent of St. Francis at Pisa, the other of a smaller size. From these productions we may judge of the real merit of Cimabue. In his figures of the Virgin, he adhered servilely to the Byzantine models. The faces are ugly and vapid; the features elongated; the extremities meagre; the general effect flat. But to his heads of prophets, patriarchs, and apostles, whether introduced into his great pictures of the Madonna, or in other sacred subjects, he gave a certain grandeur of expression and largeness of form, or, as Lanzi expresses it,

‘un non so che di forte e sublime,’ in which he has not been greatly surpassed by succeeding painters; and this energy of expression, his chief and distinguishing excellence, and which gave him the superiority over Guido of Sienna and others, who painted only Madonnas, was in harmony with his personal character. He is described to us as exceedingly haughty and disdainful, of a fiery temperament, proud of his high lineage, his skill in his art, and his various acquirements,—for he was well studied in all the literature of his age. If a critic found fault with one of his works when in progress, or if he were himself dissatisfied with it, he would at once destroy it, whatever pains it might have cost him. From these traits of character, and the bent of his genius, which leaned to the grand and terrible, rather than the gentle and graceful, he has subsequently been styled the Michael Angelo of his time. It is recorded of him by Vasari, that he painted a head of St. Francis after nature—a thing, he says, till then unknown. It could not have been a portrait from life, because St. Francis died in 1225, and the earliest head after nature which remains to us was painted by Giunta Pisano, about 1235. It was the portrait of Frate Elia, a monk of Assisi. Perhaps Vasari means that the San Francisco was the first representation of a sacred personage for which nature had been taken as a model.”¹

Judging from these characteristics, I am inclined to think favourably respecting the genuineness of the pictures attributed to Cimabue, in the collection of Fox Strangeways, in the library at Christchurch. Mrs. Jameson’s silence on the subject would seem to imply either her disbelief on the subject, or that she was unacquainted with their existence. At all events, the collection of the Byzantio-Florentine school in this library, deserves more attention than it has yet met with. Without being an advocate of pre-Raphaelism, I at the same time feel a surprise and regret that

¹ Early Italian Painters, v. 3, p. 20, sqq.

paintings, so valuable as materials for the history of art and Christian iconography, should be almost unknown. How did the liberal donor become possessed of them? This is a difficulty that, once solved, would furnish an excellent clue to their genuineness. If authentic, they are almost priceless in their value, while, as illustrations of iconography—a department of art which the labours of M. Didron are now rendering popular—they claim the attention of the Christian antiquarian as well as of the lover of art. May I express a hope that in her next book Mrs. Jameson will not forget us, and that her fine taste and matured experience may be brought to bear upon these interesting remnants of mediæval art.

But it is Cimabue's kindly patronage of the youthful Giotto, eventually his rival and superior, which brings his name into connection with the life of Dante. About the year 1289, Cimabue, now at the height of years and of renown, was riding in the valley of Vespiguani, about fourteen miles from Florence, when he met with a shepherd's boy, who, whilst his flocks were pasturing around, was busy drawing on a slate, with a sharp stone, the figure of one of the sheep. Struck with surprise at the first attempts of the untutored Giotto, this princely painter obtained the consent of his father, Bondone.

At the age of twenty-six, Giotto lost his generous patron, but the care of Cimabue had rendered him not only a first-rate painter, but a man of general accomplishments. Nay, Mrs. Jameson¹ observes that "the effect of his large original mind upon the later works of Cimabue is distinctly to be traced."

"Instead of the harsh outline, circumscribing the whole figure, the glaring eyes, the pointed feet and hands, and all the defects arising from a total want of shadow, the figures of Giotto exhibit a better attitude, the heads have an air of life and freedom, the drapery is more natural, and there are even some attempts at

¹ Early Italian Painters, vol. i. p. 32.

fore-shortening the limbs. Besides these improvements," continues this author, "Giotto was the first who represented in his pictures the effect of the passions on the human countenance. That he did not proceed further must be attributed to the difficulties which attend the progress of the art, and to the want of better examples. In many of the essential requisites of his profession, he was, indeed, equalled, if not surpassed, by some of his contemporaries. The colouring of Gaddi had more force and harmony, and the attitudes of his figures more vivacity. Simone da Sienna is to be preferred to him in the composition of his subjects, and other painters excelled him in other branches of the art; but Giotto had laid the solid foundation of these improvements. It is true, all that was effected by these masters may be considered only as the first rude sketch of a sculptor towards completing an elegant statue, and if no further progress had been made, there would not, upon the whole, have been much to commend; but whoever considers the difficulties under which their works were executed, the ignorance of the times, the rarity of good models, and the impossibility of obtaining instruction, will esteem them not only as commendable, but wonderful productions, and will perceive with pleasure these first sparks of improvement, which were afterwards fanned into so bright a flame."¹

It is evident that it was the "*ars celare artem*" by which Giotto gained his superiority. Following the system of Niccolo Pisano, the sculptor, he sought to quit the stiff positions and conventional groupings which had hitherto been the standard of imitation, and to give some idea of emotion. It was remarked, and as matter of wonderment, that in Giotto's pictures "the personages in grief looked sad, and those in joy gay." For his heads he adopted an entirely new type, reversing the Greek pattern. In colouring, moreover, he made great progress. His tints were lighter, and

¹ Vasari, in Roscoe, Lorenzo de Medici, p. 302.

more flesh-coloured than had ever been known ; and his frescoes are wonderful for their excellent state of preservation. Despite the vilest ill-treatment, to which tasteless ignorance has exposed them, the native freshness of their colouring remains in surpassing perfection.

“The first recorded performance of Giotto was a painting on the wall of the ‘Palazzo dell’ Podesta,’ or council-chamber, of Florence, in which were introduced the portraits of Dante, Brunetto Latini, Corso Donate, and others. Vasari speaks of these works as the first successful attempts at portraiture in the history of modern art. They were soon afterwards plastered or whitewashed over during the triumph of the enemies of Dante ; and for ages, though known to exist, they were lost and buried from sight. The hope of removing these most interesting portraits had long been entertained, and various attempts had been made at different times without success, till at length, as late as 1840, they were brought to light by the perseverance and enthusiasm of Mr. Bezzi, an Italian gentleman now residing in England. On comparing the head of Dante, painted when he was about thirty, prosperous and distinguished in his native city, with the later portraits of him when an exile, worn, wasted, embittered by misfortune and disappointment, and wounded pride, the difference of expression is as touching as the identity in feature is indubitable.”¹

The connection between the minds of the poet and the painter have been interestingly traced by the same authoress. Taught by the same tutor, their classical attainments doubtless possessed much in common, while in their dispositions and after studies, we can discover an equally close affinity. The pen of Boccacio has not been wanting to chronicle the witty sayings of Giotto, and his power of sarcasm and invective would seem, on some occasions, to have equalled that of Dante. The same taste for strong

¹ Mrs. Jameson, in Roscoe, Lorenzo de Medici, p. 302.

allegorical painting, and for the corporeal embodiment of virtues and vices, reigned throughout the works of both. The grand frescoes in the church of Assiso, are instanced as an effect of his acquaintance with the poet. In the under church, and immediately over the tomb of St. Francis, the three vows of the order, Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, were represented; and in the fourth compartment, the saint enthroned in his glory amidst the host of heaven. The invention of the allegories under which Giotto has represented the vows of the saint—his marriage with Poverty, Chastity seated in her rocky fortress, and Obedience with the curb and yoke—are traditionally ascribed to Dante.

More fortunate than his harassed friend, Giotto died at Florence, in the year 1366, full of years and glory. Lorenzo de' Medici afterwards placed a marble effigy upon his tomb in the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore, where his master Cimabue had previously been interred.

Must Mrs. Jameson and Oxford be again at issue? We fear they must; and it is only with the hope that our Giotto (if such they be) may receive some attention that we take exception to the following paragraph:

"It is to be regretted that the reader cannot be referred to any collection in England for an example of the characteristics here enumerated. We have not in the National Gallery a single example of Giotto or his scholars: the earliest picture we have is dated nearly two hundred years after his death: the only one in the Louvre (a St. Francis, as large as life) is dubious and unworthy of him."

Christ Church library, at all events, *professes* to supply the deficiency here complained of. But the history of these pictures, as of the whole collection of Fox Strangeways, seems involved in darkness.

Dante himself was something of an artist, and we may, as Cary observes, easily believe him to have attained no mean excellence in the art of designing, when we consider that no poet has afforded more

lessons to the statuary and the painter, in the variety of objects which he represents, and in the accuracy and spirit with which they are brought before the eye. Eye-witnesses also bear witness to the delicate accuracy and neatness of his handwriting. This is not, however, always an argument favouring the possession of artistic skill.

Out of the large mass of artists who immediately succeeded Giotto, I shall content myself with some brief notice of Andrea Orcagna, also a Florentine, whose frescoes in the Campo Santo¹ at Pisa, succeed the now half-obliterated ones of the great Giotto. The subjects are in perfect harmony with the gloomy destination of the building itself; they were to represent, in four great compartments, what the Italians call *I quattro novissimi*, &c., the four last things—Death, Judgment, Hades, or Purgatory, and Paradise. Three only were completed, and so characteristic are they of the state of art, struggling to free itself from conventionality, and yet every now and then degenerating into its ancient crudities, that I unhesitatingly quote the following description :—

“The first is styled the Triumph of Death. It is full of poetry, and abounding in ideas then new in pictorial art. On the right is a festive company of ladies and cavaliers, who, by their falcons and dogs, appear to be returned from the chase. They are seated under orange-trees, and splendidly attired; rich carpets are spread at their feet. A troubadour and singing girl amuse them with flattering songs; Cupids flutter around them, and wave their torches. All the pleasures of sense, and joys of earth, are here united. On the left Death approaches with flight—a fearful-looking woman with wild streaming hair, claws instead of nails, large bats’ wings, and indestructible wire-woven drapery. She swings a scythe in her hand, and is on the point of mowing down the joys of the company.

¹ See Mrs. Jameson’s interesting description of this classic cemetery, vol. i. p. 63.

(This female impersonation of Death is supposed to be borrowed from Petrarch, whose '*Trionfo della Morte*' was written about this time.) A host of corpses closely pressed together lie at her feet; by their insignia they are almost all to be recognized as the former rulers of the world—kings, queens, cardinals, bishops, princes, warriors, &c. Their souls rise out of them in the form of new-born infants; angels and demons are ready to receive them: the souls of the pious fold their hands in prayer; those of the condemned shrink back in horror. The angels are peculiarly, yet happily conceived, with bird-like forms and variegated plumage; the devils have the semblance of beasts of prey, or of disgusting reptiles. They fight with each other. On the right the angels ascend to heaven with those they have saved; while the demons drag their prey to a fiery mountain, visible on the left, and hurl the souls down into the flames. Next to these corpses is a crowd of beggars and cripples, who with outstretched arms call upon Death to end their sorrows; but she heeds not their prayer, and has already passed them in her flight. A rock separates this scene from another, in which is represented a second hunting-party descending the mountain by a hollow path: here again are richly-attired princes and dames on horses splendidly caparisoned, and a train of hunters with falcons and dogs. The path has led them to three open sepulchres in the left corner of the picture; in them lie the bodies of three princes, in different stages of decay. Close by, in extreme old age, and supported on crutches, stands the old hermit St. Macarius, who, turning to the princes, points to this bitter '*memento mori*.' They look on apparently with indifference, and one of them holds his nose, as if incommoded by the horrible stench. One queenly lady alone, deeply moved, rests her head on her hand, her countenance full of a pensive sorrow. On the mountain heights are several hermits, who, in contrast to the followers of the joys of the world, have attained, in a life of contemplation and

abstinence, to a state of tranquil blessedness. One of them milks a doe, squirrels are sporting round him; another sits and reads; and a third looks down into the valley, where the remains of the mighty are mouldering away. There is a probability that among the personages in these pictures, are many portraits of the artist's contemporaries.

“The second representation is the Last Judgment. Above, in the centre, Christ and the Virgin are throned in separate glories. He turns to the left, towards the condemned, while he uncovers the wound on his side, and raises his right arm with a menacing gesture, his countenance full of majestic wrath. The Virgin, on the right of her son, is the picture of heavenly mercy; and, as if terrified at the words of eternal condemnation, she turns away. On either side are ranged the prophets of the Old Testament, the Apostles, and other saints—severe, solemn, dignified figures. Angels, holding the instruments of the Passion, hover over Christ and the Virgin; under them is a group of archangels. The Archangel Michael stands in the midst holding a scroll in each hand, immediately before him another archangel, supposed to represent Raphael, the guardian angel of humanity, cowers down, shuddering, while two others sound the awful trumpets of doom. Lower down is the earth, where men are seen rising from their graves; armed angels direct them to the right and left. Here is seen King Solomon, who, whilst he rises, seems doubtful to which side he should turn; here a hypocritical monk, whom an angel draws back by the hair from the host of the blessed; and there a youth in a gay and rich costume, whom another angel leads away to Paradise. There is wonderful and even terrible power of expression in some of the heads; and it is said that among them are many portraits of contemporaries, but unfortunately no circumstantial traditions as to particular figures have reached us. The attitudes of Christ and the Virgin were afterwards borrowed by Michael Angelo, in his celebrated

Last Judgment, but notwithstanding the perfection of his forms, he stands far below the dignified grandeur of the old master. Later painters have also borrowed from his arrangement of the patriarchs and apostles, particularly Fra Bartolomeo and Raphael.

"The third representation, directly succeeding the foregoing, is Hell. It is said to have been executed from a design of Andrea, by his brother Bernardo: it is altogether inferior to the preceding representations in execution, and even in the composition. Here the imagination of the painter, unrestrained by any just rules of taste, degenerates into the monstrous and disgusting, and even the grotesque and ludicrous. Hell is here represented as a great rocky caldron, divided into four compartments rising one above the other. In the midst sits Satan, a fearful armed giant—himself a fiery furnace, out of whose body flames arise in different places, in which sinners are consumed or crushed. In other parts, the condemned are seen spitted like fowls, and roasted and basted by demons, with other such atrocious fancies, too horrible and sickening for description. The lower part of the picture was badly painted over, and altered according to the taste of the day, in the sixteenth century: certainly not for the better."¹

Easy would it be to dwell upon the long range of artists who, down to the times of the Medici, gradually prepared the way for the glories of Michael Angelo; still easier to fill a volume with the details of the public works and the private lives of so many men great in art, as few cities in the world can boast within a like period. But we have too many other associations connected with Florence which claim our notice,² and a passing glance at the city itself must bring us back to the consideration of her political fortunes.

¹ Early Italian painters, v. i. p. 68, sqq.

² See, however, Roscoe's *Lorenzo*, ch. ix. p. 303-7, for a neat and terse summing up of the state of Florentine painting and sculpture up to the time of the Medici.

According to Wood,¹ the scenery about the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells gives by no means a bad idea, in miniature, of the country as you approach Florence. The road lies along the Apennines, which form one continuous gentle swell, intersected by deep meandering valleys, the sides of which are, for the most part, steep, but not precipitous or rocky, except in occasional patches, peering out from the underwood, perhaps like those at Nuneham, near Oxford. As a city, Florence seems to be dependent for its beauty chiefly upon the grandeur of its public buildings, and not upon the width or style of its streets and private residences. Among its noblest works is the cathedral, which seems to have been the joint design of Arnolfo and Giotto,² but which is more imposing as a whole than agreeable to rules of art in the details of its design and decoration. The church of Santa Croce claims more attention from the monuments it contains, and of which I borrow the following sketch from the pen of a recent tourist:—

“To Santa Croce this morning. The unfinished façade of the church, destined to be cased in marble (a work which was begun and abandoned), closes at its extremity the Piazza, where, in republican days, were spectacles given and rejoicings made. On the right of this melancholy square is the Palazzo Borgo, with its exterior still exhibiting the faded frescoes which, executed by the best artists of the time—among the rest, Giovanni di San Giovanni—were completed in twenty-seven days. The good drawing may be distinguished still; the colours will soon have wholly disappeared. The church is remarkable as containing, besides some fine paintings, the tombs or cenotaphs of some of the greatest of Florence. On the right hand entering (opposite the inscription on the column to the memory of Francesco Neri, murdered in the Cathedral the day young Julian perished), is the

¹ Vol. i. p. 295.

² See this matter discussed by Wood, l. c.

monument to Michael Angelo, whose remains the citizens of Rome, where he died, were anxious to keep possession of after his death, as they had been proud of his presence during his life; but which Florence, loth to yield, seized by stratagem, for the corpse of her glorious child was transported to his birth-place in a case destined for merchandize. He died in 1564, the year in which Galileo was born; the sarcophagus raised over his ashes is surmounted by his bust, and round it weep the figures of Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture. The monument which follows this is by Ricci, and dedicated to Dante's memory, though not raised above his corpse, which Ravenna refused to the ungrateful city. It is a stiff assemblage of colossal figures, the best being that of Poetry, leaning her head on the arm which rests on the cenotaph, and dropping the wreath from her hand. Italy stands bolt upright, folded in a blanket, and with a tower on her head, one arm stretched upward, the other holding a sceptre, resembling the pole of a French bed. Dante's figure surmounts the monument, heavily and ungracefully, and seated in an arm-chair, looking down on the personages who weep for his loss."¹

Here, too, Vittor Canova and Machiavelli find their mausoleums. Galileo, the ill-used man of science, is not forgotten; and the figures of Geometry and Astronomy stand at either side of the tomb of that man whose success, obtained amid discouragement and privation, brought him before the tribunal of the Inquisition, there to abjure, at the age of seventy, the "error of his doctrine, which asserted the motion of the earth, and the heresy of which he had been guilty." Such was the manner in which Popery benefited science in those days.

Two characters must engross the remainder of this notice of Florence—two characters equally conspicuous in their influence on the minds of men, although in utterly different ways—Lorenzo de Medici and Savo-

¹ A Ride on Horseback to Florence, v. ii. p. 314, sq.

narola. Without entering into the question as to whether some of the Medician genealogies were not "cooked" by those who believed that a long pedigree is essential to any family in power,¹ we can have little doubt as to the ancient influence of the Medicis, and their importance in the republic from a very early period. But a more serious question is, whether the establishment of this family in power, in the person of Cosmo de Medicis, was most conducive of good or harm.²

While there is no doubt that the establishment of Cosmo in the supreme control over Florence, gave rise to many acts of tyranny, a glimpse into the circumstances which preceded his accession, and which continued for some time after, seems to show a weakness and vacillation in the minds of the Florentines highly dangerous to a new potentate, and which might prove the occasion of many proceedings which they were not sufficient to justify. Procter, whose admiration of the Medicis is far more temperate than that expressed by Roscoe, cannot refrain from confessing "that Cosmo was the greatest citizen who ever raised himself to glory in a republic. With a more durable power, and a happier fortune than Pericles, he governed the Athens of the middle ages with uninterrupted success for thirty years, and enriched her with all the wonders of art. But," continues the same author, after a concise summary of Cosmo's good qualities, "as the citizen of a free state, his character had the disgraceful stain which brands the reputation of all his descendants. He preferred the personal indulgence of a selfish ambition to the true grandeur and happiness of Florence; and the free suffrage of history will hesitate to confirm to his memory that glorious title of father of his country,

¹ Such seems to be Mr. Roscoe's opinion, *Life of Lorenzo*, p. 52.

² Roscoe takes rather the side of a panegyrist; Procter, pt. ii. ch. i. p. 172, is quite the reverse, although he is fair in admitting the beneficial influence of the Medicis in raising the standard of public taste, and in reviving literature and the arts.

which was inscribed on his tomb by the republic whose independence he had ruined."

With these remarks, it will be interesting to compare the observations of the older politician and annalist of Florence, Machiavelli:—

"Those," he says, "who think a republic may be kept in perfect unity of purpose are greatly deceived. True it is, that some divisions injure republics, whilst others are beneficial to them. When accompanied by factions and parties they are injurious; but when maintained without them they contribute to their prosperity. The legislature of a republic, since it is impossible to prevent the existence of dissensions, must at least take care to prevent the growth of faction. It may therefore be observed, that citizens acquire reputation and power in two ways: the one public, the other private. Influence is acquired publicly by winning a battle, taking possession of a territory, fulfilling the duties of an embassy with care and prudence, or by giving wise counsel attended by a happy result. Private methods are, conferring benefits upon individuals, defending them against the magistrates, supporting them with money, and raising them to undeserved honours, or with public games and entertainments gaining the affection of the populace. This mode of procedure produces parties and cliques; and in proportion as influence thus acquired is injurious, so is the former beneficial, if quite free from party spirit; it is founded upon the public good, and not upon private advantage. And though it is impossible to prevent the existence of inveterate feuds, still if they be without partisans to support them for their own individual benefit, they do not injure a republic, but contribute to its welfare; since none can attain distinction but as he contributes to her good, and each party prevents the other from infringing her liberties. The dissensions of Florence were always accompanied by factions, and were therefore always pernicious; and the dominant party only remained united so long as

its enemies held it in check. As soon as the strength of the opposition was annihilated, the government, deprived of the restraining influence of its adversaries, and being subject to no law, fell to pieces. The party of Cosmo de Medici gained the ascendant in 1434; but the depressed party being very numerous, and composed of several very influential persons, fear kept the former united, and restrained their proceedings within the bounds of moderation, so that no violence was committed by them, nor anything done calculated to excite popular dislike. Consequently, whenever this government required the citizens' aid to recover or strengthen its influence, the latter were always willing to gratify its wishes; so that from 1434 to 1455, during a period of twenty-one years, the authority of a *balia* was granted to it six times."¹

Where there is dissension, there will also be parties wise enough to take advantage of it, and to practically illustrate the conduct of the fox in the fable. If we look at the turbulent spirits which alternately swayed the affairs of Florence, we have rather cause to feel thankful that she fell into such good hands. Summing up the whole character of Cosmo, we can only feel that he possessed all the fine tastes and accomplishments of his descendants, and many still greater qualifications.

Although grieved by the tyrannical opposition of Luca Pitti (which had embittered his latter days, and given him a taste for retirement), and smarting under the sorrow and disappointment arising from the death of his second son, in whom all his future hopes had been centred, the death-bed of this great man was peaceable and free from complaint. In the profound conversation of his favourite philosopher, Marsilio Ficino, and in quiet directions to his wife, and his son Piero, he spent his last moments, confidently expressing his reliance upon God, in a manner which leads us to think most favourably of his previous life.

The government of Piero claims little notice, save

¹ History of Florence, pt. vii. ch. i.

as a contrast to the glory which was to shine forth in the person of Lorenzo de Medici. It was in his time that the spirits of art, poetry, and science, took possession of their intellectual throne, and by refining the ideas of man with the contemplation of all that was great and beautiful, prepared his sympathies for a religion in which superstition and arbitrary dogmatism were no longer to reign undisturbed; it was in his glorious reign that all that had been begun matured and ripened with a force and vitality that has never been completely extinguished.

The immense wealth of Lorenzo, and his almost unrestrained capabilities of employing it, would have been dangerous instruments in the hands of a mere adventurer; but such was not the character he sought to play in the drama of the world's history. Although, "as a patriot, we never can bestow upon Lorenzo de Medici the meed of disinterested virtue,"¹ still it may be doubted whether his forbearance does not claim a reasonable admiration. In fact, looking at the unscrupulous conduct which is too frequently the concomitant of greatness, a political hero deserves almost as much praise for what he abstains from doing, as for what he actually achieves.

But there is a certain point in the history of Lorenzo, or, we should perhaps rather say, of the firm of the Medici, in which they appear to little advantage. Like too many families who have gained their position by commercial enterprise, they began to neglect the very sources of their prosperity; and, as Mr. Hallam observes, "since they had taken on themselves the character of princes, they had forgotten how to be merchants." With still greater imprudence, they had—instead of abandoning commerce entirely—sought to carry on a compromise between the opposite lives of business and nobility; and, entrusting their affairs to the management of agents, the invariable consequences had ensued. The magnificent

¹ Hallam, *Middle Ages*, v. i. p. 363.

fortune of Lorenzo fell to the ground, but he had an all-sufficient means of reimbursing himself at the expense of the republic.¹ In brief, the bankruptcy of the republic spared Lorenzo the disgrace of avowed failure.

But if he was unmindful or reckless of the home interests of his country, Lorenzo had borne an active and an anxious part in its defence against foreign encroachments. The persevering harassments of Sixtus IV., and Ferdinand of Naples, might have daunted a less hardy spirit than that of Lorenzo; but his natural courage, and what was still better, his quiet and temperate policy, secured peace with the latter, while Sixtus, terrified by the threatened invasion of the Turks, was compelled to accept the submission of the Florentines, and remove the interdiction under which he had laid them. The death, however, of Mahomet II., the conqueror of Constantinople, soon freed this worthless pontiff from the restraints which fear had imposed, and he again busied himself in spreading dissension and bloodshed throughout Italy.

At the early age of forty-four years, A.D. 1492, this great man was removed from the scene of his glory, fortunate in having lived in the fairest times of Italy—fortunate in having died without witnessing the storm which was lowering around, and which was shortly to burst over her head in all its indomitable and ruinous fury.

The preceding passages will, I believe, present a tolerably fair balance between the opinions of those

¹ "The public revenues had been for some years applied to make up its deficiencies. But, from the measures adopted by the republic, if we may still use that name, she should appear to have considered herself, rather than Lorenzo, as the debtor. The interest of the public debt was diminished one-half. Many charitable foundations were suppressed. The circulating specie was taken at one-fifth below its nominal value, in payment of taxes, while the government continued to issue it at its former rate. Thus was Lorenzo reimbursed a part of his loss at the expense of all his fellow citizens." Hallam, p. 363 n.

who have taken the most opposite views of the character of Lorenzo de Medici; but the following eulogium, by Machiavelli, cannot with propriety be omitted:—

“He enjoyed much favour, both from fortune and from the Almighty. All his enterprises were brought to a prosperous termination, whilst his enemies were unfortunate; for, besides the conspiracy of the Pazzi, an attempt was made to murder him in the Carmine, by Batista Frescobaldi, and a similar one by Baldinotto da Pistoja, at his villa; but these persons, with their confederates, came to the end their crimes deserved. His skill, prudence, and fortune, were acknowledged with admiration, not only by the princes of Italy, but by those of distant countries; for Matthias, King of Hungary, gave him many proofs of his regard, the Sultan sent ambassadors to him with valuable presents, and the Turkish emperor placed in his hands Bernardo Bandini, the murderer of his brother. These circumstances raised his fame throughout Italy, and his reputation for prudence constantly increased; for in council he was eloquent and acute, wise in determination, and prompt and resolute in execution. Nor can vices be alleged against him to sully so many virtues; though he was fond of women, pleased with the company of facetious and satirical men, and amused with the games of the nursery, more than seemed consistent with so great a character, for he was frequently seen playing with his children, and partaking of their infantine sports; so that, whoever considers this gravity and cheerfulness, will find united in him dispositions which seem almost incompatible with each other. In his later years, he was greatly afflicted; besides the gout, he was troubled with excruciating pains in the stomach, of which he died in April 1492, in the forty-fourth year of his age; nor was there ever in Florence, or even in Italy, one so celebrated for wisdom, or for whose loss such universal regret was felt. As, from his death, the greatest devastation

would shortly ensue, the heavens gave many evident tokens of its approach; among other signs, the highest pinnacle of the church of Santa Reparata was struck with lightning, and great part of it thrown down, to the terror and amazement of every one. The citizens, and all the princes of Italy, mourned for him, and sent their ambassadors to Florence, to condole with the city on the occasion; and the justness of their grief was shortly after apparent; for, being deprived of his counsel, his survivors were unable either to satisfy or restrain the ambition of Lodovico Sforza, tutor to the Duke of Milan; and hence, soon after the death of Lorenzo, those evil plants began to germinate, which, in a little time, ruined Italy, and continue to keep her in desolation.”¹

Had I intended to include Rome among my sketches of the cities of the Middle Ages, the illustrious son of Lorenzo, Leo X., would have claimed no small notice in this volume. But as *contrast* is more naturally expected in a work professedly of a desultory character, we will now turn to an equally-wonderful man, though in a widely-different sphere of action—the enthusiastic and fanatical, but sincere and energetic Savonarola. This extraordinary man was of noble family, but instead of sharing in the light amusements of the period in which he lived, he had, from early youth, been remarkable for his austere habits and singular character. The theological works of St. Thomas Aquinas were his habitual study, and one which he seldom quitted, save for poetical composition, a pastime seemingly inconsistent, but of which he was passionately fond. A vision seen or fancied by him decided his vocation when two-and-twenty, though he had before refused to take orders; “not choosing,” he said, “to clothe himself with ecclesiastical dignities, and belong to the world, when he had affected to quit it.”² He took the habit of Dominican and repaired to Bologna,

¹ Hist. of Florence, p. 401 sq. (Bohn's edition).

² A Ride to Florence, v. ii. p. 329.

where his talents soon met with the attention they deserved.

By the advice of Pico de la Mirandola, he was recalled to Florence by Lorenzo de Medici, and on arriving there, he preached publicly against the scandalous conduct of laymen and ecclesiastics. Alexander VI. at that time occupied the papal chair, and his example had been but too generally followed.

The state of the world was just such as might be expected under the sovereign rule of a pontiff who "had, all his days, known no other principle of conduct than to enjoy the world, to live in luxury, and to satisfy his lust and ambition."¹

Into such times did Savonarola fall, but after a youth spent in studies which could but inaptly harmonize with the present state of things. The following observations on this course of study, and its natural consequences on the mind of the student, are so full of thoughtfulness and insight into the secret influences by which the hearts of men are changed, that I readily transfer them to my pages.²

"The manifold subtleties of Aristotle seem little to have pleased Savonarola, whether in youth or manhood. Though pursuing the philosophy of the Stagyrte only after the fashion of the time, the strong practical sense, for which he was remarkable, could not fail to detect various errors, that during the solitary period of his early life, and the public discussions of his later age, he took every opportunity of denouncing. With Plato, with whom, as we have mentioned, he became subsequently acquainted, he was better satisfied—studying and copying his dialogues indeed with enthusiasm, and coinciding with the opinions of the time which quoted him even from the pulpit as 'the godlike man.' The writings of Thomas Aquinas, to whom he is said to have devoted his nights as well as days, likewise

¹ Ranke's Popes, p. 16.

² See the "Life and Times of Savonarola," the work, I believe, of Mr. John Heraud, well known as an essayist.

exercised his ingenuity, and sharpened his reason; familiarizing his mind with speculations calculated to be exceedingly useful to him in after life. The angelic doctor's 'Commentaries on Aristotle' probably assisted Savonarola in that clear insight into those errors which he subsequently gloried in exposing; and his 'Sum of Theology,' together with his voluminous exertations on the Old and New Testaments, were adapted to divert the pupil from physic to theology, and give a religious direction to the mind. It is customary with experimental sciolists of our own days to undervalue the labours of this mighty dialectician, but in so doing they quite as much err by their exclusiveness in one direction, as perhaps the scholastic theologians did by their pertinacity in the opposite. The divine, the spiritual, and the moral faculties of the human soul were strengthened by such speculations, and not only Savonarola, but many men of marvellous genius, were fortified in their love of truth by the method of *a priori* study. A logical exercise of higher value and wider utility, however, is doubtless to be appreciated in the careful and critical perusal of the New Testament Scriptures. In them we have a high and pure doctrine—such as had never been previously promulgated in temple or school—surpassing not only the subtlety of Aristotle, but excelling the sublimity of Plato. The earliest disciples of the Messiah declared aloud to the people of Jerusalem that the last days had come, when God had said, 'I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: and on my servants and on my hand-maidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy: and I will show wonders in heaven above, and signs in the earth beneath; blood, and fire, and vapour of smoke: the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord come: and it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name

of the Lord shall be saved.' And therewithal they demanded of all men that they should repent, and be baptized every one in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, declaring that thus they should receive the Holy Ghost: adding, 'For the promise is unto you and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.' Such a doctrine, though individually received by many, was not generally patronized by the world, nor by the rulers of its institutions. By these it was interpreted in a carnal sense only, and they failed not to allege that it was nothing short of 'blasphemy against Moses and against God, against the temple and against the law.' Nor was the truth long without a martyr, who was accused of having said that Jesus of Nazareth should destroy the temple and city of the Jews, and should change the customs which Moses had of late delivered to them. So hard it is for institutions that have been long established to tolerate the statement of those verities on the foundation of which they must, nevertheless, have themselves been originally edified. Alas! initiated by the enthusiasm of their earlier members, they substitute thenceforth the rules of an order for the impulses of the individual, until at last mere precedent and custom supply the place of those high feelings, and that conscious inspiration, in which at first they had their genesis."

The independence, however, of Savonarola did not manifest itself in theological matters only. Of his haughty and inflexible nature, staunchly republican in principle, and unrivalled in its proud independence, he gave ample proof in 1490, when he was named prior of San Marco. It was customary that the person so promoted should present himself before Lorenzo, recognizing him as chief of the republic, and beseeching favour and protection. Though the Dominicans implored, and Lorenzo demanded, that he should comply with the custom, Savonarola refused this mark of

condescension, declaring "that God, not Lorenzo, had elected him prior."

On another occasion Lorenzo requested him, through the medium of some Florentine citizens, to forbear making an announcement to Florence, where such predictions ever created troubles and aroused the disaffected; but Savonarola, far from obeying, foretold, on the contrary, that Lorenzo himself would shortly die. This prophecy was verified on the 9th of April, 1492; and it is said that Lorenzo, feeling himself dying, chose the prior for confession, notwithstanding the slight respect he had shown him hitherto, and that Savonarola, having heard his penitent, on three conditions promised him absolution. First, that he should make oath that he was a true believer, which Lorenzo did; secondly, that he should make restitution of all which he might have acquired unfairly—he answered he would consider of it; and, lastly, that he should restore to Florence her liberty, and to the Florentine government its popular form; and to this third condition Lorenzo the Magnificent made no reply, but turned in his bed with his back to Savonarola.¹

At the death of Lorenzo, the influence of Savonarola increased. The inefficient administration of Piero gave additional opportunity for, but did not add strength to his impassioned oratory, and his daring assumption of the gifts of prophecy. Struggle after struggle against the fading power of the Medicis succeeded, and Savonarola soon found himself in possession of the real presiding influence over the minds and fortunes of the Florentines.

Charles VIII. of France "had no more trusty support against Alexander VI. than the Dominican Geronimo Savonarola."² He had foretold that this prince was to become the divine instrument of ecclesiastical reform, and a superstitious belief in his predictions

¹ These particulars, so interesting in connection with the Life of Lorenzo, are taken from the "Ride to Florence."

² Ranke, p. 25.

seems to have done much towards repressing the rapidly-rising dislike of the Florentines towards that monarch. But Savonarola overacted his part, and in the pursuit of revenge against some conspirators in favour of the Medici, he was betrayed into an inconsistency with his previous conduct which shook the faith of his adherents. But a still more powerful influence was watching narrowly for an opportunity to involve him in ruin. Alexander VI., stung to the quick by the bitter and sarcastic invectives of the monk, resorted to the usual panacea—excommunication. Franciscan and Dominican were soon set by the ears together, and one of those extraordinary disputes, which Romanists would fain teach us are compatible with infallibility in the Church, sprang forth in all the rancour of a party-fight. But words were insufficient “*tantas componere lites*,” and a more severe and revolting test of the truth was agreed upon.

“To prove the truth of the doctrines of Savonarola, one of his disciples and brethren, a Dominican friar, challenged any individual among his opponents to pass with him through a flaming pile. A Franciscan was found insane enough to submit to the test; and to such a pitch of excitement was all Florence roused in the question, that the fearful contest was made a business of State. The flames were kindled before the signiory, and an immense concourse of the people; but when the champions appeared, Savonarola insisted that his brother should bear the consecrated host with him when he entered the fire. The Franciscans immediately seized the occasion to exclaim in horror against so sacrilegious a proposal; but Savonarola was inflexible, and the day closed whilst the point was yet in dispute. But the populace were furious with disappointment at the loss of the horrible spectacle which they had anticipated. They revolted at the impious desire of Savonarola to commit their Saviour to the flames; and in that hour the dominion of the friar ended. His enemies availed themselves of the popular

ferment to lead the mob to attack the house of Francesco Valori, his chief adherent; and that citizen and his wife were immediately murdered, and their residence consumed to ashes. Savonarola himself, abandoned by the people, was then seized with two friars, his most devoted disciples; and their fate need scarcely be told. The Pope was suffered to appoint a commission to try the three for heresy; and his vengeance was glutted by their committal to the flames. The government of Florence then passed into the hands of the political opponents of Savonarola: the faction of the Compagnacci."¹

Such was the fate of a man who, whether we are to look upon him as an impostor or a zealot, fell a victim to an attempt to try superstition by its own weapons—forgetting that where interest closes the ear against the truth, truth can have no chance of entrance; and that even were a miracle to be wrought in contradiction to “the powers that be,” it would be ascribed to the influence of Beelzebub, even as by the Jews of old.

Florence is too well known to modern tourists—too much the established theme of guide books and “illustrated” works—to claim much attention in a descriptive point of view, and it is therefore more interesting for us to know what the old writers thought of it.² Granting, with Merula,³ that it was far from being the most splendid city in the world, his own description invests it with a romantic picturesqueness to which we

¹ Procter's Italy, p. 193, sq.

² The reader will find an eccentric, but by no means flattering, portrait of Florence in the “*Theatrum Urbium Italicarum*,” by Bertelli, Venet. 1599, p. 7, as also of Genoa and the other Italian cities. They are distinguished by the legitimate amount of bad architecture and want of perspective so inseparable from these infantine productions of illustrated topography.

³ See the point rather amusingly argued, *Antiq. Gall. Cisalp.* lib. iii. p. 324, of the “*Italia Illustrata*.” Fol. Franckf. 1600. Merula's leading object is to claim the “*detur pulchriori*” for Milan. Compare ch. xiv. of the same book. The “*Itinerarium Italiæ*” of A. Schottus, I have examined, but it presents little worthy of notice.

cannot be indifferent. From an old-fashioned English writer, or rather adapter, I quote the following sketch of its appearance something more than two hundred years ago:—

“’Tis seated in a plain, and is cut through in two parts by the river Arno. ’Tis compassed on the east and north parts, in the likeness of a half-theatre, by pleasant hills, and on the west it hath a glorious plain, extending itself forty miles broad, placed between Arezzo and Pisa, and is secured from the force of the enemy by the Apennines; ’tis five miles in compass, and rather of a long than circular form. Heretofore it had four principal gates, and four posternes, when also it had sixty-two towers, the habitations of gentlemen. Afterwards it was in great part destroyed by Attila, king of the Goths, who slew some of the citizens. After which the walls were cast down by the Frisolani and the barbarians, which molestations enforced the citizens to quit it and retreat to adjacent castles, and so it remained wholly deprived of inhabitants till the year of the Incarnation of our Lord 802. When Charles the Great, from his crownation as Emperor at Rome, returning for France, stayed there some daies, and the place being agreeable to him, he gave beginning to the walls, and therein erected 150 towers, one hundred traces or yards in the height, and enjoined all the dispersed citizens to re-inhabit it. From that time it augmented daily, and was governed in liberty, being (for all that) many times infinitely perplexed with the turbid factions of the Neri and Bianchi; the Guelfi and Gibellini.”¹

The same author quaintly gives a reason for the ability and refinement of the Florentines, asserting that “the sereneness and goodness of the age generate many good wits there, and their ingenuity procures great riches.”

¹ Italy in its Original Glory, Ruin, and Revival, by Edmund Warcupp, London, 1660, fol. p. 94, sq.

The vicinity he describes as seeming "another Florence for eight miles round, so full are the fields speckled with country seats, some for public use, as the sumptuous monastery, called the Abbacy of Fiesole, founded by Cosmo Medici, the monastery of Saint Domenick, which yet retains the episcopal seat, one walk of pyne trees two mile long, and another of cipresses, leading to Piozzio, with many more. And others for private, as Pratolius, much spoken of, which Francesco, the great duke, built, adorning it with palaces, statues, pictures, and fountains, so well contrived and disposed that 'tis worthily esteemed one of the pleasantest places of Italy."¹

Florence fell, not indeed to remain a sad image of man's work of spoliation, but to evince, even in the prosperity which she still enjoys, the moral degradation of man, when liberty and independence have given way to the schemes of the adventurer, and the inward consumption of intestine divisions. From the cruel despotism of Alessandro de' Medici, it has never recovered; with the loss of its republican independence it lost all that could make it a living name in history, and all that could ennoble a race of inhabitants worthy the active and hardy race who had once rivalled every surrounding power with an almost contemptuous consciousness of authority. "Florence the beautiful, the Athens of modern Italy—she alone the mother of genius, who has given birth to a greater number of eminent men than all the rest of Italy put together—Florence is now, or was very lately, idly and voluptuously lying in the lap of her green vale of Arno, 'like a beautiful pearl set in emerald,' as if lulled by the murmur of her river, and by the fascination of the smiles of her climate. Sinking into a state of dejection, proportionate to the excitement of the ages of the Strozzi, worn out, undermined, enervated by a long peace, and by the artful tyranny of

¹ Italy in its Original Glory, Ruin, and Revival, by Edmund Warcupp, London, 1660, fol. p. 98.

their princes, these people seemed scarcely aware that silken ties have power to bind men as fast as iron chains. Gay and thoughtless, vain of their bygone greatness, of their polished language, of their widespread scholarship, of their nice taste, of their villas, of their churches, and of themselves, the Florentines were called, perhaps not very unjustly, the French of Italy."¹

But Florence, even in her fall, physical, constitutional, and intellectual, is too like herself to be thought of with contempt—too great even to be pitied. She is still the city of whom every traveller speaks with rapture, on whom every poet glows with enthusiasm.

“Of all the fairest cities of the earth,
None are so fair as Florence. 'Tis a gem
Of purest ray, a treasure for a casket!
And what a glorious lustre did it shed, *
When it emerged from darkness! Search within,
Without, all is enchantment! 'Tis the Past
Contending with the Present; and in turn
Each has the mastery.”²

¹ A Ride on Horseback, vol. i. p. 23.

² Rogers' Italy, canto xix.

PISA AND GENOA.

“ Well pleased, could we pursue
The Arno, from his birth-place in the clouds,
So near the yellow Tiber—springing up
From his four fountains on the Apennine,
That mountain-ridge a sea-mark to the ships
Sailing on either sea. Onward he runs,
Scattering fresh verdure through the desolate wild,
Down by the city of Hermits, and, ere long
The venerable woods of Vallambroza;
Then through those gardens to the Tuscan sea,
Reflecting castles, convents, villages,
And through great rivals in an elder day,
FLORENCE and PISA, who have given him fame—
Fame everlasting, but who stained so oft
His troubled waters. Oft, alas! were seen,
When flight, pursuit, and hideous rout were there,
Hands, clad in gloves of steel, held up imploring;
The man, the hero, on his foaming steed,
Borne underneath—already in the realms
Of darkness.”¹

THE notice of these two states is closely associated, not only as regards the Italian histories we have already thus briefly recounted, but likewise in their connection with each other. Although the cities of Milan, Verona, and others, would seem more deserving of a place in this volume, as far as internal magnificence and the development of civilization were concerned, still, the close link between the history of these cities, and their great political importance in the Middle Ages, prevents my hesitating to include them in this volume of sketches.

Without entering into a disquisition on the fanciful

¹ Rogers's Italy, canto xxi.

etymologies of the name Genoa, Genua,¹ or Janua (for by all these names it is commonly found in old authors), I may observe that it was known in early times as the chief district of Liguria, next to Milan. Escaping, as it appears to have done, the reaction consequent on the invasion of the Lombards,² Genoa seems to have possessed an early independence, which the advantages of a good commercial situation, and a safe harbour, enabled her to retain and improve. Her wealth and her inhabitants alike increased, and, in the times of Charlemagne, Genoa not only gave her name to the whole coast, but was commissioned by that conqueror to protect the coasts of Italy, and the islands of Corsica and Sardinia, from the inroads of the Moors. About the year A.D. 935 or 936, while the forces of the city were absent upon an expedition, Genoa was surprised and burnt by the Saracens, and the inhabitants slain or carried into captivity. But the active Genoese returning, gave chase with their ships, re-took the captives, and drove away the barbarians with great loss both of men and vessels.

As the Franks had now lost all power in Italy, the Genoese began to form themselves into a republic, adopting a consular system of government. To support their independence, they redoubled their exertions in cultivating the sciences of commerce and navigation, thereby compensating for the barrenness and insufficiency of their own territory, and gaining power and respect wherever their name was heard of. Their ships, fitted alike for fighting or for the peaceful transit of merchandize, voyaged from Spain to Syria, and from Egypt to Constantinople, and their reputation soon led the Pisans, who were engaged in a similar traffic, to propose a combination for mutual defence and aggrandizement. From this time forth, "the early

¹ Cf. Barnard. *Tianencii*, Hist., t. ii. p. 444, of the "*Italia Illustrata*." Also, Jacob. Brocelii, *Oræ Ligusticæ descript.* Ibid. p. 640.

² Modern Universal History, b. x. p. 534 (folio edition).

history of Genoa, in all her foreign relations, is involved in that of Pisa. As allies against the Saracens of Africa, Spain, and the Mediterranean islands, as co-rivals in commerce with those very Saracens, or with the Christians of the East, as co-operators in the great expeditions under the banner of the Cross, or as engaged in deadly warfare with each other, the two republics stand in continual parallel. From the beginning of the thirteenth century, Genoa was, I think, the more prominent and flourishing of the two. She had conquered the island of Corsica, at the same time that Pisa reduced Sardinia; and her acquisition, though less considerable, was longer preserved. Her territory at home, the ancient Liguria, was much more extensive, and, which was most important, contained a greater range of sea coast than that of Pisa. But the commercial and maritime prosperity of Genoa may be dated from the recovery of Constantinople by the Greeks in 1261. Jealous of the Venetians, by whose arms the Latin emperors had been placed, and were still maintained on their throne, the Genoese assisted Palæologus in overturning that usurpation. They obtained in consequence the suburb of Pisa or Galata, over against Constantinople, as an exclusive settlement, where their colony was ruled by a magistrate sent from home, and frequently defied the Greek capital with its armed galleys and impressed seamen. From this convenient station, Genoa extended her commerce into the Black Sea, and established her principal factory at Caffa, in the Crimean peninsula.”¹

Such is, in brief, the opinion of one of our profoundest thinkers on the subject of mediæval history. I shall now show that Pisa stood on an almost similar footing with respect to Florence.

“In early times,” writes Palmerius,² “when each was content to preserve its own proper power, the

¹ Hallam, *Europe during the Middle Ages*, v. i. p. 305.

² Cf. Matth. Palmerii *Florentini de Captivitate Pisarum*, in *Muratori*, v. xix. p. 168, sq.

states remained in sufficient agreement and good-will; but afterwards, when mutual rights appeared to be confounded, and each to usurp the power of its neighbour, discord and seditions arose amongst them, and they soon came to war and arms. Hence arose the rival factions of the Guelphs, who followed the Pontiff, and the Ghibellines, who fought on the side of the Emperor. Far and wide throughout Italy did this difference of spirit traverse; but it was in Florence where the most obstinate perversity raged, in which state civil discords, seditions of the populace, and skirmishes, rebellions, and banishments and torture of the citizens, murder, rapine, and incendiarism, were perpetrated with minds stimulated by enmity. In this work of devastation and intestine war, the Florentines followed the Pontifical, the Pisans the Imperial side. Hence arose enmities, and mutual divisions, which proceeded to such a pitch of obstinacy and madness, that each began sedulously to cherish the enemies of the other, and to defend them with their own resources; nay, oftentimes they came to savage and more than hostile strife, in which, although some of the most powerful of the Etruscan cities were concerned, they fought with more of hatred than of strength. The Pisans were puffed up with pride and haughtiness, as having formerly possessed great power by land and sea, including Sardinia, Corsica, and the Balearic Isles, within their dominions, and having rendered themselves terrible by the extent of their fleet. They also entertained feelings of scorn as being, both in the antiquity of their city and in the ancient reputation of its Greek origin, far superior to the Florentines. But besides other causes, different factions kept irritating their minds, as well as party-feeling and the customary irritation of the populace. Furthermore, the possession of the city of Lucca had been the bone of great contentions between both people; nor was the hope of reward wanting, seeing that they appeared to be contending not only for their own power, but for the whole empire of Tuscany. Under these anxious disturbances per-

petual enmities flourished, and frequent wars broke out between them, while they remained pertinacious and obstinate against rest or peace."

Pisa was so potent, happy, and rich, that Saint Thomass, treating of the four things, reckons it among the four most potent cities of Italy.¹

"From her ports, and those of Genoa, the earliest naval armaments of the western nations were fitted out against the Saracen corsairs, who infested the Mediterranean coasts. In the eleventh century she undertook, and after a pretty long struggle completed, the important or at least the splendid conquest of Sardinia, an island long subject to a Moorish chieftain. Several noble families of Pisa, who had defrayed the chief cost of this expedition, shared the island in districts, which they held in fief of the republic. At a later period, the Balearic Isles were subjected, but not long retained, by Pisa. Her naval prowess was supported by her commerce. A writer of the twelfth century reproaches her with the Jews, the Arabians, and 'other monsters of the sea,' who thronged in her streets. The crusades poured fresh wealth into the lap of the maritime Italian cities. In some of these expeditions, a great part of the armament was conveyed by sea to Palestine, and freighted the vessels of Pisa, Genoa, and Venice. When the Christians had bought with their blood the sea coast of Syria, these republics procured the most extensive privileges in the new states that were formed out of their slender conquests, and became the conduits through which the produce of the East flowed in upon the ruder nations of Europe. Pisa maintained a large share of this commerce as well as of maritime greatness, till near the end of the thirteenth century."²

Nor was Pisa behindhand in the arts conducing to the refinement of life. In point of architectural magnificence, she took the lead among Italian cities in the days of her glory. Her noble cathedral, her baptistry,

¹ Warcupp, l. c. p. 99.

² Hallam, vol. i. p. 303, sq.

the celebrated leaning tower—with the models of which Lilliputian tourists are perpetually tormenting one—above all, the Campo Santo,¹ that splendid mausoleum of wit, genius, and refinement—such are the still existing witnesses which show how nobly Pisa must have prospered at an early age, how admirably she must have made use of her prosperity.

In later years Pisa was no less celebrated as the seat of one of the greatest academies in the world. In the time of Lorenzo de Medici, it had existed for nearly two centuries, but had fallen from its high renown, owing to the neglect of its professors, and, it seems probable, from the political struggles which had shaken and distressed the State during that interval. The Florentines had subsequently founded a similar institution; but it was found that “the scarcity of habitations, the high price of provisions, and the consequent expense of education, had greatly diminished the number of students, whilst the amusements with which the place abounded were unfavourable to a proficiency in serious acquirements.”² It was to the able advice of Lorenzo and a few other citizens of exemplary wisdom, that the remodelling of the academy of Pisa, with a view of providing for the educational destitution complained of, was entrusted, and he acquitted himself of the task with a zeal and liberality worthy of his name. He could not, however, provide against all the evils to which even the best academical institutions are liable, and “the dissension and misconduct of these highly-rewarded teachers, whose arrogance was at least equal to their learning, gave him no small share of anxiety, and often called for personal interference.”

Without entering into the tedious catalogue of

¹ See my remarks on Giotto and other artists, some of whose works are here preserved, Art. *Florence*.

² Roscoe, Lorenzo de Medici, p. 125. It is strange that most of these objections equally apply, at the present moment, to our own universities.

battles which fills up well nigh a quarter of a folio in the "Universal History," I will briefly sketch a few of the main points in the fortunes of Pisa, which claim for her a place in this volume. Hallam has well observed, that although the battles fought between Genoa and Pisa were often individually decisive, yet "the public spirit and resources of each city were called out by defeat, and a new armament generally replaced the losses of an unsuccessful combat." But misfortune awaited the Pisans in the fatal battle off the little isle of Meloria, in A.D. 1284. Exhausted by a five years' war,¹ they had spent their last resources in fitting out an armament with which to meet an enemy whom they had justly provoked. All was lost, and eleven thousand Pisans languished in prison, so that it became a common saying, that "he that would seek Pisa, must seek her at Genoa."

To this disaster of Pisa belongs one of those horrible tales of revolting cruelty, which too frequently disfigure the annals of Italian history, I mean the awful death of Count Ugolino della Gherardescas. Although

¹ "The rupture was first occasioned by the revolt of one of the four judges of Corsica, who with great insolence plundered the Genoese in the island, and made incursions into the other judicatures. Finding himself at length unable to resist the Genoese, he fled to Pisa, and persuaded the Pisans to desist; they therefore sent a considerable force towards the island in the month of August, which, however, did not then proceed, but stopped at Porto Venice, where the troops were set at liberty on account of the vintage; their troops in Corsica returned to Italy a few weeks after for the same reason, being still in hopes that the Pisans would not protect the judge. The Genoese, having thus imprudently laid aside their armament, the judge returned to Corsica, and recovered all his castles, and the Pisans made a descent upon the island of Porto Venice, which they plundered, and carried off the bells of the church. The war being thus unavoidable, the Genoese resolved to prosecute it with the utmost vigour, and for that purpose they elected a council of fifteen persons, called the Credentia, to assist the captains, who immediately ordered one hundred and twenty galleys to be fitted out, and laid an embargo upon all shipping for ten months."—Universal History, v. x, p. 551.

his house had been hitherto constant in its adherence to the ruling party in the State, the marriage of his sister with one of the opposite side—a measure apparently resulting from selfish attempts at personal aggrandizement—rendered him an object of suspicion. His former friends of the Ghibelline party looked upon him as a deserter; the Guelphs treated him as an associate who was not to be trusted. The year 1274 saw the Guelph party in exile, and Ugolino a prisoner, and subsequently an exile, aiding in the efforts against his native city.

In 1276, Ugolino, together with the party he had joined, regained political standing in Pisa, and gradually resumed his influence, although he seems to have possessed but little of the confidence or esteem of his countrymen. He was associated with two nobles in the command of the Pisan fleet, and the failure at Meloria proved his destruction.

I am inclined to think that the charge of cowardice and wilful betrayal of his country at Meloria was only the occasion and pretext, and not the real cause, of Ugolino's death. Procter, who looks upon the charge itself as involving little probability, allows that "we may collect from the general mass of evidence, that the bad ambition of this man was directed to the subversion of the Pisan liberties; that if he did not promote the first disasters of his country, he traitorously converted them into engines for the security of his power; and that, by alternately intriguing with the opposite factions, and by opposing difficulties to the ransom of the Pisan captives at Genoa, whose return he dreaded, he laboured to perpetuate his arbitrary authority."¹

In the hope that his connection with the Guelph party might avert the ruin now impending from the coalition of Florence, Lucca, and the other cities of that faction, Ugolino was entrusted with the defence of Pisa. But they had only changed one tyrant for

¹ Procter, p. 62.

another. "By address, by bribery, by the shameful sacrifice of the castles and territory of the republic, Ugolino succeeded, in A.D. 1285, in dissolving the Guelph league; and for years after he held the state of Pisa under his sway. At length he fell, and the minister of vengeance for his crimes was their abettor and sharer, the Archbishop Ruggieri del' Ubaldini, whom he had defrauded of his share of their joint speculations. Betrayed by his worthy confederate, Ugolino was attacked in his palace, and cast into prison, with his two youngest sons and two of his grandchildren. After some months of confinement, the victims were left to perish by hunger."¹

That Ugolino had deserved death and public infamy there can be little doubt; but the horrid character of his punishment, and the cruelty by which the young and innocent were involved in his fate, has justly aroused the indignant pen of Dante, and has left a stain of barbarity upon the Pisans which must dwell for ever in the pages of history.

"How cruel was the murder, shalt thou hear,
And know if he have wronged me. A small grate
Within that mew, which, for my sake, the name
Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,
Already through its opening sev'ral moons
Had shown me, when I slept the evil sleep
That from the future tore the curtain off.
This one, methought, as master of the sport,
Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf and his whelps,
Unto the mountains, which forbid the sight
Of Lucca to the Pisan, with lean tracks,
Inquisitive and keen, before him rang'd
Lanfranchi, with Sismondi and Gualandi.
After short course, the father and the sons
Seem'd tir'd and lagging, and methought I saw
The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke,
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons (for they were with me) weep, and ask
For bread. Right cruel art thou, if no pang
Thou feel at thinking what my heart foretold;
And if not now, why use thy tears to flow?

¹ Villani, vii. 120.

Now had they waken'd ; and the hour drew near
 When they were wont to bring us food ; the mind
 Of each misgave him through his dream, and I
 Heard, at its outlet underneath lock'd up
 Th' horrible tower ; whence, uttering not a word,
 I looked upon the visage of my sons.
 I wept not ; so all stone I felt within.
 They wept ; and one, my little Anselm, cried
 ' Thou lookest so ! Father, what ails thee ? ' yet
 I shed no tear, nor answer'd all that day,
 Nor the next night, until another sun
 Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
 Had to our doleful prisons made its way,
 And in two countenances I descri'd
 The image of my own, on either hand
 Through agony I bit ; and they, who thought
 I did it through desire of feeding, rose
 O' th' sudden, and cried, ' Father, we should grieve
 Far less if thou wouldst eat of us : thou gav'st
 These weeds of miserable flesh we wear ;
 And do thou strip them off from us again.'
 Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down
 My spirit in stillness. That day and the next
 We all were silent. Ah, obdurate earth !
 Why open'dst not upon us ? When we came
 To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet
 Outstretch'd did fling him, crying, ' Hast no help
 For me, my father ? ' There he died ; and e'en
 Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three
 Fall one by one, 'twixt the fifth day and sixth :
 Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
 Over them all, and for three days aloud
 Called on them who were dead. Then, fasting got
 The mastery of grief." ¹

Various were the fortunes of Pisa from this time. The praiseworthy energy of her citizens was sufficient to preserve them from an utter loss of authority ; and it was not until the year A. D. 1356, that her resources became utterly bankrupt. The Tuscan republics had enjoyed, for some time past, a tranquillity which, however obtained, was favourable to the repose of the Guelph republics. Pisa had shared in its advantages, but her animosity with Florence was fast gathering into a cloud, which was to break over her own head.

¹ Dante, *Inferno*, c. xxxiii.

“The guilt of the original aggression, which destroyed the harmony that had for so many years prevailed between the two states, rested solely with Pisa. Her government had passed into the hands of the most violent of the Ghibelline citizens, who studiously sought in secret to provoke a rupture, which the signiory of Florence for some time as carefully endeavoured to avert. After wantonly instigating some of their disbanded mercenaries to seize a Florentine castle, the Pisan rulers laid a duty upon all merchandize which entered their harbour; and, contrary to the terms of a former treaty, by which the Florentines, who carried on their foreign commerce through this channel, enjoyed freedom from all such impositions, they refused to exempt them from the tax. Finding remonstrance useless, and still resolved, if possible, to avoid recourse to hostilities, the Florentine signiory adopted an effectual measure for punishing the arrogance of their enemies. They commanded all their subjects to close their mercantile business at Pisa, and withdraw from that city; and by treaty with Sienna, transferred the seat of their maritime trade to the small port of Telamone, belonging to that republic (A.D. 1356).”

“The commerce of Pisa was thus annihilated at a single blow; for all the foreign merchants who resorted thither solely for the Florentine markets, were obliged to change the destination of their vessels to Telamone. The total stagnation of employment, and the consequent ruin which threatened the Pisan artisans, filled that city with clamour; and the government then endeavoured to appease the popular ferment by conciliating the Florentines, and offering to abolish their imposts. But this high-spirited and wealthy people were, in their turn, inexorable; and a singular contest ensued. The Pisans, arming some galleys, cruised off the Tuscan coast, and used force to oblige the merchant vessels which were bound for Telamone, to land their cargoes at Pisa, free of all duties; and

the Florentines, rather than submit to receive their imports in this manner, brought their merchandize, at increased expense, by land from Venice, from Airguon, and even from Flanders. But such was the spirit which animated a republic that possessed not an inch of maritime territory, that she resolved to inspire respect for her flag, even on the seas. She hired armed galleys at Provence, at Genoa, and at Naples; and with the small squadron which she thus formed, attacked a rival who had once aspired to the dominion of the waters. But Pisa had long ceased to be a naval power—her strength was directed to the acquisition of continental territory; and so feeble had she become on the waves, that the few vessels in Florentine pay ravaged her coasts, and insulted her harbours with impunity.”

Nor were matters better on land. For three years each state continued to ravage the territory of its neighbour, and the hostilities thus waged were only suspended by the appearance of the plague in Tuscany. Wholly incapable of bearing the united ills of war and pestilence, the two republics at length desisted, and a compromise, considerably favourable to Florentine interests, was effected.

It will be sufficient to advert to the more conclusive conquest of Pisa by Florence in 1406, without detailing the horrors of starvation which forced the brave Pisans to yield to a power which, even at last, only gained an entrance through treachery. Valiantly did they hold out, and the last uplifting of the popular voice within the walls of Pisa, was to invoke curses upon the heads of her betrayers.¹

¹ For the particulars of the sale of Pisa to the Florentines, see Procter, p. 136. “Pisa fell several times under the yoke of Gian Galeazzo Visconti. At his death, one of his family seized the dominion, and finally, the Florentines purchased, for 400,000 florins, a rival and once equal city. The Pisans made a resistance more according to what they had been, than what they were.”—Hallam, v. i. p. 305.

The councils of Pisa, held in 1409 and 1511, are of little importance, save as exhibiting the fallacy of Popish councils in general, and the really schismatic character¹ of the whole theory of Papal supremacy. Besides, we have said enough of the mediæval history of Pisa. It now remains for us to notice a few objects of interest within its district.

In the time of Misson,² the city had but ill-recovered from recent wars with the Florentines; and fires and sickness, as well as the proximity of the rising city of Leghorn, had contributed to thin the population.

The Cathedral is said, by some authors, to contain columns taken from a temple built on its present site by Nero, in honour of Diana. Similar tales have been told respecting the foundation of St. Paul's over the site of a Pagan temple to Jupiter;³ but it seems more probable that, as Misson says, "these columns, with a great part of the other rich materials with which this church is built, are so many trophies of the victory which the Pisans won of the Saracens, in Sicily, in the year 1063, when they took Palermo. Thomas Fazello," he adds, "in the second decade of the seventh book, has written, that the Pisans returned from thence with five great vessels laden with several spoils of the enemy; and that these very spoils occasioned them to think of building the church, whose foundation they laid the same year, as can be proved by the verses that were fixed upon it."

The tower, familiar to every one for the beautiful simplicity of its architecture, and the strange and almost paradoxical feat of its inclination, used to give

¹ See Roscoe's *Leo X.*, v. i. p. 249, sqq. Procter, p. 138, sq., and elsewhere. The history of the first council has been carefully written by L'Enfant.

² *Voyages*, v. iii. p. 255, a book which I never lay down without feeling amused and delighted. Its quaintness is, however, equal to its learning.

³ Stowe's *Survey*, p. 124, ed. Thoms.

rise to the strangest speculations.¹ "Some authors," says Misson, "are of opinion, that it was the architect's fancy to build it leaning. Others say, that it does not really lean, but that the eye is cheated by a secret and artificial contrivance of the architect: and there are some blind enough to imagine and say, that it seems to lean to all sides, according to the position of the spectator. But they are all equally mistaken, and in vain strive to find out a mystery where there is none; for any reasonable and attentive considerer will be easily convinced, without further proof, that the tower does really lean, and that its inclination was accidentally occasioned by the sinking of part of its foundation. . . . The height of this tower, all of marble, amounts to one hundred and eighty-eight feet; and its figure is cylindrical. The platform on the top is surrounded with rails, from whence having let fall a plummet on the side that inclines most, after several trials to the right and left hand, I found that my lead touched the ground exactly at the distance of fifteen feet from the base."²

Having already spoken of the Campo Santo, I shall content myself with one more story out of the same writer, illustrating Pisa in a new point, viz., superstitious tradition. About three or four miles out of the town is a church called San Pietro in Grado, at present at the entrance of the wood of Leghorn, but formerly on the sea-side. "The ancient chronicle of Pisa, and consequently the modern authors of that country, all relate the following fable, under the title of a true history. They say, that in the year XLIV., St. Peter embarked on the coasts of the Holy Land, in order to come to Rome to be made, or to make himself, pope; that he came on shore at Naples (or Puzzuolo), whether by design or otherwise; and that

¹ Its beauty is commended by Andr. Schottus, *Itin. Ital.* pt. i. p. 182.

² Misson, l. c. p. 259, sq.

having embarked again there, some days afterwards, to sail directly for Rome, his *felucca* was driven by contrary winds, which would not permit him to enter the Tiber, and which drove the ship a great way out to sea, where after having been tossed by the waves, he was thrown upon the coast of Pisa, in the very place where the church dedicated to himself is now standing. The story adds, that seeing himself so near the great and famous city of Pisa, he took the opportunity of going thither to preach the Gospel, which he did with great success, and that afterwards he was pleased to build an altar, with his own hands, in the place of his landing, or of his shipwreck, in order to sing mass there before he left that country. He erected there an altar *al grado del mare*, said Paolo Tronci; and afterwards the church, which is now named San Pietro in Grado, was built round the altar.

"We did not perceive any dwelling-houses in the neighbourhood of this church, so that it was impossible for us to have it opened. I observed upon the portal a picture, in which there is St. Peter leaning upon his altar; a representation of God the Father presents him with the keys; an angel brings him the triple papal crown; another angel offers incense to him; and another bears a torch. Over all this are written two Latin verses¹ to the following effect:—" *Go, Clement, unto the country of Pisa, UPON THE SEA SIDE, and solemnly consecrate to Jesus Christ the altar that my hands have erected to him,*" because St. Peter, say they, upon his arrival at Rome, sent Clement with the order which is contained in the two verses. The chronicler adds, that in the act of consecration there fell three drops of blood from Clement's nose, upon one of the stones that compose the altar, and that the stone imbibed it so thoroughly, that though so many millions

¹ "Ocyus arva tene Pisarum in littore Ponti,
Clemens, et quam erexi aram sacram effice

of persons have kissed it over and over so many times, and with so much zeal, that it is almost worn out with it, yet the red stains are still remaining.”¹

I must now return to the earlier rival of Pisan greatness, Genoa; and, without attempting to give a connected history of her warlike and variable career, I shall indicate a few of the events most fraught with importance to her prosperity and influence.

In my sketch of Venetian history, I have already described the successful attack made on Venice by the Genoese general, Pietro Doria, and the insolent conduct of the victors, as well as the noble and successful stand made by the ill-treated Pisans, and the consequent humiliation of the haughty Genoese. This, according to Mr. Hallam,² was, although seemingly most unfavourable to Venice, in reality the epoch of the decline of Genoa. “From this time she never commanded the ocean with such navies as before; her commerce gradually went into decay, and the fifteenth century, the most splendid in the annals of Venice, is, till recent times, the most ignominious in those of Genoa.”

Money is generally, one way or the other, a pretty certain standard of the prosperity of a country, and, with all its attendant evils, whether existing in reality or in the speculative views of the moralist, the formation of a money market is one of the natural concomitants of an approach to civilization. The Medici were the Rothschilds of Florence, and their influence in money matters at one time was nearly commensurate with the commercial world. The Genoese were no less active in the money traffic, and the public misfortunes and consequent exigencies became a matter of speculation. Mr. Hallam has well pointed out the different character of the banks of Venice and Genoa in the following passage:—

¹ Misson, *Ibid.* p. 263, sqq.

² Vol. i. p. 310.

“Although the former of these two has the advantage of greater antiquity, having been formed, as we are told, in the twelfth century, yet its early history is not so clear as that of Genoa, nor its political importance so remarkable, however similar might be its origin. During the wars of Genoa in the fourteenth century, she had borrowed large sums of private citizens, to whom the revenues were pledged for repayment. The republic of Florence had set a recent, though not a very encouraging example of a public loan, to defray the expense of her war against Mastino della Scala in 1336. The chief mercantile firms, as well as individual citizens, furnished money as an assignment of the taxes, receiving fifteen per cent. interest, which appears to have been above the rate of private usury. The State was not unreasonably considered a worse debtor than some of her citizens; for in a few years, these loans were consolidated into a general fund, or *monte*, with some deduction from the capital, and a great diminution of interest, so that an original debt of one hundred florins sold only for twenty-five. But I have not found that these creditors formed at Florence a corporate body, or took any part as such in the affairs of the republic. The case was different at Genoa. As a security at least for their interest, the subscribers to public loans were permitted to receive the produce of the taxes by their own collectors, paying the excess into the treasury. The number and distinct classes of these subscribers becoming at length inconvenient, they were formed, about the year 1407, into a single corporation, called the bank of St. George, which was from that time the sole national creditor and mortgagee. The government of this was entrusted to eight protectors. It soon became almost independent of the State. Every senator, on his admission, swore to maintain the privileges of the bank, which were confirmed by the Pope, and even by the Emperor. The bank interposed its advice in every measure of government, and

generally, as is admitted, to the public advantage. It equipped armaments at its own expense, one of which subdued the island of Corsica; and this acquisition, like those of our great Indian corporation, was long subject to a company of merchants, without any interference of the mother country.”¹

There can be little doubt that the monetary affairs of both republics were often the lurking and unobserved cause of many a dangerous quarrel, and that the bankers, belonging to the wealthiest families in the State, and the State itself, must often have been placed in an antagonism of interests, which, were history more complete in its details, would leave us at no loss to account for many changes which the ordinary outbreaks of political feeling would fail to produce. We have seen how, in the case of Lorenzo de Medici, Florence could prefer her own bankruptcy to his; and there seems good reason to believe that the monetary system of Genoa had its share towards helping her downfall.

But there were other changes which operated in producing the downfall to which we just now alluded. The departure from the consular system of government in the thirteenth century, by transferring the power to a foreign podesta, assisted by a select council of eight, was calculated to substitute an almost oligarchical government for one under which popular freedom or private enterprise had received little check. On the other hand, this oligarchical influence was negatived by the fact that the votive power rested almost solely with the people. “Everything of a general nature, everything that required the expression of public will, was reserved for the entire and unrepresented sovereignty of the people.”² Parliament was continually being assembled on every occasion, and for every variety of purpose. It is sufficiently obvious that an oligarchy and a democracy, both exhibited with tolerable prominence, could not exist simulta-

¹ Vol. ii. p. 403, sq.

² Hallam, vol. ii, p. 311.

neously without leading to much inconsistency and contradiction. "The people, sufficiently accustomed to the forms of democracy to imbibe its spirit, repined at the practical influence which was thrown into the scale of the nobles. Nor did some of the latter class scruple to enter that path of ambition which leads to power by flattery of the populace." Hence there were frequent opportunities for the dangerous influence of some aristocratic demagogue, while it was only the equality of the houses of the nobility which prevented some particular party usurping the signiory. And although this equality preserved Genoa from a definite tyranny, she suffered even worse things from the perpetual dissensions which arose from the equally balanced efforts of rival adventurers. One of the most remarkable of these revolutions, which occurred after the siege of Genoa in 1318, is so characteristic of the fickleness and reckless imprudence which led to the extemporaneous choice of a leader, that it deserves to be related here.

Having driven out the Fieschi and Grimaldi, the Doria and Spinola parties continued to wage a destructive and bloody civil war against them both by sea and by land. The Ghibellines, excluded from the city, but in possession of the seaport of Savona, not only traded as a rival republic, and oppressed Genoa, but even ventured upon a separate war with Venice. In the words of Procter, "it required seventeen years to convince the people of the folly and iniquity of the fruitless strife in which they were involved by the quarrels of these turbulent families." An accomodation was effected, and the Ghibellines returned to Genoa in 1331. Eight years after, when the Ghibelline faction, in the hands of a Doria and a Spinola, was in power, the fleet, being unpaid, gave vent to unmistakeable discontent. Savona and some neighbouring towns took up the cry, and the malcontents clamoured loudly for the restoration of an obsolete officer, bearing the title of abbot of the people, whose

duty it was to withstand any oppressions or encroachments on the part of the nobility. In a moment of popular excitement, an artisan called out the name of Simon Boccanegra as the person to be elected. Boccanegra found the cry too unanimously echoed for it to be safe to offer resistance; the title of "signior" was commuted to that of "duke," and he became the first duke or doge of Genoa.

Hallam has well observed, that although "caprice alone, or an idea of mere pomp and dignity, led the populace to prefer this title to that of signior, it produced important and highly beneficial consequences. In all neighbouring cities an arbitrary government had been already established under their respective powers, while that of doge had only been taken by the elective and very limited chief magistrate of another maritime republic." Henceforth the constitution of Genoa was no longer the prey of private feuds, although members of the old "Montagues and Capulets" still continued to be selected to fill every office of responsibility. But if the old families were now comparatively quiet, there were not wanting new ones to do as much mischief as ever, and, under the treachery of Gian Galeazzo, Genoa, pillaged and disheartened, yielded to the authority of the French in 1398.

Here our department of her history seems to end, but something must now be said concerning Genoa herself. I shall commence with my former quaint authority, Warcupp:—¹

"On all parts of the city are infinite pleasant gardens and palaces, beautified with all that art can add to them, or riches procure, their structures being *alla moderna*, though somewhat high in most parts by reason that the city is but small, so that they are necessitated to make the best use of their room, which renders the streets in most places narrow, and in some a little obscure. Though one street may be well termed the mistress of the world, called Strada Nova,

being spacious, long, even, and on each side embellished with most stately marble palaces, the fairest whereof belongs to the Duke of Ora. It hath a most spacious port, in form of a theatre, compassed in with noble structures, which, though defended by a most magnificent mole (judged the greatest in Christendom), yet is, when the south and south-west winds blow, very tempestuous. Opposite to it is a *pharos*, being a lanthorn (for light to ships in the night time) of an extraordinary bigness. Darsina is a haven to it also, which is a safe retreat for galleys and shipping at all seasons; the galleys being there layed up in their several classes. Who delights," he continues, "to see pictures of great maisters must repair to the palace of Rimi d'Ora, reaching from the bottom of the shore to the top of the mountain, divided into three gardens. In the first whereof the terrases and porticues bore up one above another with marble pillaring, the fountain of eagles, and the family of Neptune, are very magnificent. On one side of which is that famous cage of ironwork of so vast extent that it encloseth a wood of cypres and other trees; the other two are filled with grottoes, orange trees, and other delights. . . . To take a perfect view, and a full prospect of the city, in a calm and serene day you must embark in a small boat, and row on the sea the distance of an ordinary sight, where the city seems to be united with the burroughs, and, both so conjoyned, afford so fair an object, as must be confest to be a most beautiful and noble prospective."

The modern aspect of the city of Genoa, as viewed from the sea, is truly magnificent. A continuous range of noble buildings, upwards of two miles in length, runs along the shore; palaces embosomed in richly-foliaged parks and gardens, mingled with the spires and campaniles of churches, rise behind in a splendid amphitheatre on the steep sides of the hills which rear their dark and barren summits above, crowned with ramparts and batteries. Its situation,

in the recess of a wide gulf, which stretches in the form of a crescent from the frontiers of France to those of Tuscany, heightens the beauty of the view. The interior of the town, however, is less satisfactory, as is too often the case with Italian cities; the streets are narrow and inconvenient, save only a few, such as Strada Balbi and Strada Nova, which are lined on both sides with the marble mansions of Genoese patricians. In fact, in most parts of the continent the same fault appears to prevail which is only just now disappearing from our own metropolis. There is no alternative between magnificence and penury. A street must either be a double range of palaces (private or commercial), with a roadway fit for a chariot race, or a narrow court in which neither personal convenience nor sanitary cleanliness can find the least consideration. Half the finest streets have an adjacent purlieu of slums and rookeries, which are of no use save in exciting the querulousness of visitors and the indignation of philanthropists, and in paying salaries to commissioners.

The numerous palaces, many of which possess fine collections of works of art, have elicited favourable commendations from Lady Wortley Montague, who is otherwise inclined to underrate Genoa as compared with Constantinople.

"This puts me in mind of their palaces," says this clever tourist,¹ "which I can never describe as I ought. Is it not enough that I say they are, most of them, the design of Palladio? The street called Strada Nova is perhaps the most beautiful line of building in the world. I must particularly mention the vast palaces of Durazzo; those of the two Balbi, joined together by a magnificent colonnade; that of the Imperiale, at the village of St. Pierre d'Arena; and another, of the Doria. The perfection of architecture, and the utmost profusion of rich furniture, are to be seen here, disposed with the most elegant taste and

¹ Works, vol. iii. p. 56, sq.

lavish magnificence. But I am charmed with nothing so much as the collection of pictures by the pencils of Raphael, Paul Veronese, Titian, Caracci, Michael Angelo, Giotto, and Correggio, which two last I mention as my particular favourites. . . . The church of St. Lawrence is built of black and white marble, where is kept that famous plate of a single emerald, which is not now permitted to be handled, since a plot which they say was discovered to throw it on the pavement and break it—a childish piece of malice which they attribute to the King of Sicily, to be revenged for their refusing to sell it to him. The church of the Annunciation is finely lined with marble; that of St. Ambrose has been very much adorned by the priests; but I confess all the churches appear so mean to me, after that of Sancta Sophia, I can hardly do them the honour of writing down their names.”

The opinions of travellers, however, like those of divines, often differ, and the following remarks show that, at all events at an early period, taste was scarcely of a very pure order, and that the wealthy Genoese looked rather to a display of tawdry magnificence than to the chaste grandeur of uncorrupted architecture.

Lassel, a quaint and rather witty writer, after observing that “if ever he saw a town with its holiday clothes always on, it was Genoa,” proceeds to say:—

“As for the town itself of Genoa, it is most beautiful to behold; many of the houses being *painted on the outside*, and looking as if they were turned inside out, and had their arras hangings hung on their outsides. The tops of their houses are made with open galleries, where the women sit together at work in clusters, and where also they dry their hair in the sun, after they have washed it in a certain wash, a purpose for to make it yellow, a colour much affected here by all women.

“The streets are very narrow, so that they use here few coaches, but many sedans and litters. This makes the noise in the streets less, and the expense in

the purse smaller. But, for want of ground and earth, they make heaven pay for it, taking it out in the height of their houses what they want in breadth or length. So that Genoa looked in my eye like a proud young lady in a straight-bodied, flowered gown, which makes her look tall indeed and fine, but hinders her from being at her ease, and taking breath freely.”¹

To much the same effect Addison:—

“The houses are most of them painted on the outside, so that they look extremely gay and lively, besides that they are esteemed the highest in Europe, and stand very thick together. The new street is a double range of palaces from one end to the other, built with an excellent fancy, and fit for the greatest princes to inhabit. I cannot, however, be reconciled to their manner of painting several of the Genoese houses. Figures, perspectives, or pieces of history, are certainly very ornamental, as they are drawn on many of the walls that would otherwise look too naked and uniform without them. But, instead of these, one often sees the front of a palace covered with painted pillars of different orders. If these were so many true columns of marble set in their proper architecture, they would certainly very much adorn the place where they stand; but, as they are now, they only show us that there is something wanting; and that the palace, which, without these counterfeit pillars, would be beautiful in its kind, might have been more perfect by the addition of such as are real.”²

¹ Lassel, *Voyage in Italy*, p. 56.

² Remarks on several parts of Italy, 8vo, 1705, p. 14, sq. The reader who desires to look at some fine old-fashioned views of these Italian cities, should consult the “*Civitates Orbis Terrarum*,” 2 vols. fol., or the “*Theatrum Civitatum et Admirandorum*,” 4 vols. fol. Amst. Blaeu, 1663. The view of Genoa in the former work is very characteristic, and, for the time in which it was published, accurate.

ROUEN,

THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF NORMANDY.

FROM the silence of Julius Cæsar, it has been inferred that this city, the proud capital of Normandy, had no existence in his time. Nevertheless, there have not been wanting those who, zealous for the antiquity of their city, have sought for it an origin extending even beyond the deluge, fancifully tracing, in its classical name of Rothomagus, its connection with Magus, the son and successor of Samothès, the first king of Gaul. Whatever doubts, however, may exist as to its primitive antiquity, it is well known, that when Gaul was partitioned into seventeen provinces, Rouen became the metropolis of the district known as *Lugdunensis secunda*; and that, from thenceforth, it gradually rose in importance, until the establishment of Neustria as a distinct kingdom, stamped it with the title of capital of a nation.

It is in the church of St. Gervais alone that we can now search for any remains attesting the connection of Rouen with Italy. It is situated a short distance without the walls of the city, on a slight elevation, adjoining the Roman road to Lillebonne, and near a rising ground, anciently the site of a monastery for the reception of lepers. Originally an abbey, St. Gervais sank to the rank of a mere priory; and ultimately to that of a humble parish church.

The only part deserving of particular notice is the crypt, under the choir, about thirty feet by fourteen, and sixteen feet in height, of extreme simplicity, and

probably earlier than A.D. 1000. Into the columns which form its support, are built many fragments of Roman bricks and other fragments, some of them bearing rude traces of sculpture. Around it runs a rough stone bench; and it is divided into two unequal parts by a circular arch, destitute of columns or other ornament. Here, according to Odericus Vitalis, was interred the body of St. Mello, first archbishop of Rouen, and one of the apostles of Neustria. His remains, however, were removed in A. D. 314, about 570 years after his death, through fear that his corpse would be violated by the heathenized Normans.

"In the diocese of Rouen," says Turner,¹ "St. Mello is honoured with particular veneration; and the history of the prelates of the see contains many curious, and not unedifying stories of the miracles he performed. . . He has another claim upon our attention: our own island gave him birth; and he appeared at Rome as the bearer of the annual tribute of the Britons, at the very time when he was converted to Christianity, whose light he had afterwards the glory of diffusing through Neustria. The existence of the tombs, and the antiquity of the crypt, recorded as it is by history, and confirmed by the style of its architecture, have given currency to the tradition which points it out as the only temple where the primitive Christians of Neustria dared to assemble for the performance of divine service. Many stone coffins have also been discovered in the vicinity of the church. These sarcophagi seem to confirm the general tradition: they are of the simplest form, and apparently as ancient as the crypt; and they were so placed in the ground that the heads of the corpses were turned to the east, a position denoting that the dead received Christian burial."

Before, however, we avail ourselves of the various materials connected with the antiquities of this interesting city, a retrospective glance at a few points in its history is wanting.

¹ Tour in Normandy.

The first historical association of any interest in the annals of Rouen, is the death of its bishop, Prætextatus, in A. D. 586, one of the victims to the cruel Queen Fredegonda. He had been early attached to the unfortunate young prince Merowig, and had favoured his passion for Brunehalt, his uncle's widow, who had, by this means, escaped from her captivity under Chilperik. It was probably through his assistance, also, that the prince himself was enabled to make his escape from the basilica of St. Martin of Tours, and reach the frontiers of Austrasia. The bishop, bold and independent in spirit,¹ cared little to disguise his solicitude on behalf of the wandering prince. "If he happened to receive a present from some rich or powerful man, he hastened to return him double its value, obtaining from him the promise to come to Merowig's assistance, and remain faithful to him in his reverses."²

It was not long before this plain speaking brought its consequences. King Chilperik accused Prætextatus of seeking to bribe the people to rebellion, and of organizing a conspiracy against the safety of the monarch. Since he had succeeded in separating the prince from Brunehalt, he had almost forgiven Prætextatus the part he had taken in their marriage; but Fredegonda, more consistent in her anger, persuaded him to exercise the extreme force of the law against the bishop. On being arrested, he confessed to having retained certain treasures belonging to Brunehalt, which the king eagerly seized, and then banished Prætextatus far from his diocese, until the meeting of a synod appointed to take cognizance of his offence.

It was at the fifth council of Paris, A. D. 577, that the bishop was cited to appear. The assembly was

¹ Michelet, *Hist. of France*, p. 57, rather underrates the character of Prætextatus, when he speaks of him merely as "a volatile and imprudent man."

² Thierry, *Narrative of the Merovingian Era*, p. 55.

held in the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, near the palace—a church which had been built about half a century.

“Chlodowig had ordered its construction at Chlothilda’s entreaties, at the moment of his departure to the war against the Wisigoths. When he arrived at the destined spot, he threw his axe straight before him, that the strength and reach of his arm might some day be judged of by the length of the edifice. It was one of those basilicas of the fifth and sixth centuries, more remarkable for the richness of their decoration than the grandeur of their architectural proportions, ornamented in the interior with marble columns, mosaics, painted and gilt ceilings, and the exterior with a copper roof and a portico. The portico of the church of St. Peter consisted of three galleries: one running along the front of the building, and the others forming on each side flying buttresses, in the shape of horse-shoes. These galleries were decorated throughout their length with pictures in fresco; divided into four large compartments representing the four phalanxes of the saints of the old and the new law—the patriarchs, the prophets, the martyrs, and confessors.”¹

Among the assembled prelates, none was more conspicuous than the president, Berthramn, Bishop of Bordeaux, whose great affectation of taste and elegance was only equalled by the open defiance of morality and honour in which he lived. It was even supposed that his connection with Queen Fredegonda was of a sufficiently intimate character to prove highly dangerous to the accused. For the most part the Romish prelates were justly disposed in favour of the defendant, but they dreaded both the armed forces assembled, and the presence of the vindictive Fredegonda, who had come herself to assist in accomplishing her revenge.

Nothing could be more irregular than the proceedings. Instead of addressing himself to the judges, the

¹ Thierry, *Narrative of the Merovingian Era*, p. 56.

king hastily apostrophized his adversary thus: "Bishop, how darest thou venture to marry my enemy Merowig, who should have been my son, to his aunt—I mean to say, to the wife of his uncle? Wert thou ignorant of what the canonical decrees ordain in this respect? Not only art thou convicted of having ruined them, but moreover thou hast plotted with him of whom I speak, and hast distributed presents to get me assassinated. Thou hast made the son an enemy to his father; thou hast seduced the people with money, that none should bear me the fidelity which they owe me; thou hast endeavoured to betray my kingdom into the hands of another." Loud cries, invoking death upon the traitor, succeeded these words; and it was with difficulty that the king himself could quell the disturbance.

In reply, the bishop admitted having infringed the canonical laws by his conduct in reference to the prince's marriage; but absolutely denied any acts of treason or conspiracy. Some attempts were then made to convict him, but the evidence proved insufficient, and the assembly broke up.

In a private assembly which followed, Aëtius, archdeacon of the church of Paris, Gregory of Tours, and a few others, endeavoured to arouse the feeling of the rest in favour of Prætextatus, but their noble efforts proved of little avail against the prejudice and cunning of Chilperik.

Vainly were other accusations tried, and this paltry king returned to his palace, where a "curtain lecture," by no means of the gentlest sort, awaited him from the imperious Fredegonda. Goaded on by her taunts and reproaches, he concerted with Berthramn and others, saying, "I confess that I am overcome by the words of the bishop, and I know that what he says is true. What shall I do, that the will of the queen respecting him may be accomplished?" The priests stood silent and embarrassed, when a bright idea suddenly struck the king; "Go to him," he cried, "and, seeming to

advise him from yourselves, say, 'Thou knowest that Chilperik is kind and easy to move, that he is readily won to mercy; humble thyself before him, and, in order to conciliate him, confess that thou hast done that wherewith he accuses thee; we will then all throw ourselves at his feet, and obtain pardon for thee.'"

The unfortunate Prætextatus fell into the snare; was betrayed into making confessions as absurd as though they had been extorted by the influence of torture; and, having suffered the most taunting forms of degradation which ecclesiastical, and the most ignominious punishments which civil cruelty could inflict, he was banished to an island at the extremity of the kingdom.¹

And now it seemed destined for the former Bishop of Rouen to languish out his days amidst a half-savage population of fishermen and pirates; when, after seven years' exile, King Chilperik fell a victim to assassination, and, it has been supposed, not without the privacy of his wife Fredegonda. Amidst the revolt and confusion which followed, Prætextatus was not forgotten. Formally recalled from banishment, he entered publicly into the town amid an escort, who reinstated him in his see, and expelled Melantius, who had been placed in his stead.

Fredegonda had been glad to shelter herself from public odium, but although in exile and difficulty, she was occupied with deadly plans against the happiness of Brunehalt. This princess was now the uncontrolled guardian of a son, fifteen years of age, and Fredegonda carried her jealousy to so frightful an excess, as to deliberately employ herself in training youths to be the instruments of her murderous intentions. Without going into the horrible details of the fruitless attempts made upon the life of Brunehalt and her son, or the cruel deaths of the unsuccessful assassins, we will content ourselves with describing the end of Prætextatus.

On one occasion, either on civil or religious business,

¹ Probably Jersey.

it chanced that the bishop and the queen met; and the latter having made some insolent remark, intimating "that the bishop might yet once more take the road to exile," Prætextatus, with his old frankness of manner, quickly retorted—"In exile, and out of exile, I have never ceased to be a bishop: I am one, and shall always be one; but thou, canst thou say that thou wilt always enjoy regal power? From the depth of my exile, if I return to it, God will call me to the kingdom of heaven, and thou, from thy kingdom in this world, shall be precipitated into the abyss of hell. It is time for thee to abandon henceforward thy follies and crimes; to renounce the pride which swells thee up; and to follow a better course, that thou mayst deserve eternal life, and lead up to manhood the child which thou hast brought into the world."¹ These pointed sarcasms struck deep into the infuriated heart of Fredegonda, and she went forth, in moody silence, to concert schemes of fearful revenge.

Melantius, whose vexation at being deprived of the bishopric had had no favourable influence upon his disposition, was the repository of her secret. Others were unequally favourable to Prætextatus, either out of zeal for the cause of Melantius, or because they themselves entertained hope of arriving at the dignity. By the mediation of an archdeacon, who bore a deadly hatred against the unfortunate bishop, one of the serfs attached to the domain of the church of Rouen was lured on, by the promise of liberty and a handsome present, to venture upon the double crime of murder and sacrilege.

Sunday, the 24th of February, was the day fixed for the deed of blood. Prætextatus, dogged unawares by the murderer, went to the church at an early hour. "He sat down in his usual place, a few steps from the high altar, on an isolated seat, in front of which was a praying desk. While the psalmody, taken up by

¹ Thierry, p. 64, sq., to whom I am mainly indebted for the narrative.

the chanters, continued in chorus, Prætextatus knelt down, folding his hands and resting his head on the praying desk before him." This posture, in which he remained for some time, favoured the attempt of the assassin, who, approaching stealthily behind him, drew a dagger which hung at his waist, and smote him with it below the armpit. The bishop shrieked out, but, either from ill-will or cowardice, none of the priests attempted to come to his assistance. "Thus abandoned," continues Thierry, "the old man raised himself alone, and, pressing his two hands on the wound, walked towards the altar, and gathered strength enough to ascend the steps. When he reached it, he stretched out his two hands full of blood to reach the golden vase suspended with chains over the altar, in which was kept the eucharist reserved for the communion of the dying. He took a piece of the consecrated bread and swallowed it; then giving thanks to God that he had had time to provide himself with the holy viaticum, he fainted in the arms of his attendants, and was carried by them to his apartment.

"Informed of what had taken place, either by public rumour, or by the murderer himself, Fredegonda determined to give herself the pleasure of seeing her enemy in the agonies of death. She hastened to the house of the bishop, accompanied by the Dukes Ansowald and Beppolen, neither of whom knew what share she had taken in this crime, nor what strange scene they were to witness. Prætextatus was on his bed, his countenance bearing all the signs of approaching death, but still retaining feeling and consciousness. The queen dissembled the joy she felt; and assuming an appearance of sympathy, she said to the dying bishop, in a tone of royal dignity,—'It is sad for us, O holy bishop, as well as the rest of thy people, that such an affliction should have befallen thy venerable person. Would to God that he who has dared to commit this horrible action could be pointed out to

us, that he might be punished by torture proportionate to his crime!’

“The old man, whose suspicions were confirmed by this visit, raised himself on his bed of suffering, and fixing his eyes on Fredegonda, answered—‘And who has struck the blow if it is not the hand that has murdered kings, that has so frequently shed innocent blood, and done so much evil in the kingdom?’ No sign of uneasiness appeared on the queen’s face, and as if these words had been entirely devoid of meaning to her, and the simple effect of febrile derangement, she replied, in the most calm and affectionate tone, ‘There are amongst us very learned physicians, capable of healing this wound; permit them to visit thee.’

“The patience of the bishop could not hold out against such effrontery, and, in a transport of indignation, which exhausted the remains of his strength, he said, ‘I feel that God is calling me from this world; but as for thou, who hast conceived and directed this attempt which deprives me of life, thou wilt be, in all centuries, an object of execration; and divine justice will avenge my blood upon thy head.’ Fredegonda retired without uttering a word, and in a few minutes afterwards, Prætextatus breathed his last.”

In process of time, Rouen suffered much from the incursions of the Normans, until it became their capital in A. D. 912, when, by virtue of the treaty of Rollo and Charles the Simple, they settled in this part of France. Under the Dukes of Normandy, who were afterwards the proudest and most powerful vassals of the throne,¹ it increased on the south side; ground for building being obtained by contracting the bed of the river. In A. D. 943, we find Louis d’Outremes, king of France, on a visit to Rouen, claiming the guardianship of Richard I. of Normandy; and in a subsequent dispute, he became a prisoner in the same

¹ Hallam, *Europe during the Middle Ages*, v. i. p. 22.

city. In A. D. 949, it was attacked by this monarch, but held out successfully.

Rouen now claims a direct interest in connection with English history. William the Conqueror, after the fatal accident which eventually cost him his life, was removed in a litter to the suburbs of Rouen, where he lingered for six weeks. On the 9th of September, he heard the sound of a bell, and on inquiring what it meant, was informed that it tolled the hour of prime in the church of St. Mary; "Then," said he, stretching out his arms, "I commend my soul to my Lady, the mother of God, that, by her holy prayers, she may reconcile me to her Son, my Lord Jesus Christ," and immediately expired. "From the events," continues Lingard,¹ "which followed his death, one may judge of the unsettled state of society at his time. The knights and prelates hastened to their respective homes to secure their property; the citizens of Rouen began to conceal their most valuable effects; the servants rifled the palace, and hurried away with their booty; and the royal corpse, for three hours, lay almost in a state of nudity on the ground. At length, the archbishop ordered the body to be interred at Caen; and Herluin, a neighbouring knight, out of compassion, conveyed it, at his own expense, to that city."

Under Duke Robert, Normandy presented a sad scene of misgovernment and confusion. His lenity and indecision exposed him to the contempt of the turbulent barons. William I. had compelled them to admit his troops into their castles; but, at his death, they drove out the royal garrisons, levied troops, and made war one upon another.

"The new duke would not, or dared not, interfere. He consumed his revenue in his pleasures; and by improvident grants diminished his ducal demesnes. His poverty compelled him to solicit the assistance of Henry, to whom he sold, for three thousand pounds,

¹ Lingard, *Hist. of England*, v. ii. p. 97.

the Cotentin, about the third part of the duchy; and his jealousy induced him to order the arrest and confinement of the same prince as soon as he returned from England, where he had gone to claim the dower of his mother, Matilda. To William, who sought to be revenged on Robert, and who never refused to employ the aid of bribery or fraud, this disturbed state of things offered an alluring prospect; and, by means of a judicious distribution of presents, his forces obtained possession of almost every fortress on the right bank of the Seine. Alarmed at so dangerous a defection, the duke solicited the interference of the King of France, who marched a powerful army to the confines of Normandy; but on the receipt of a considerable sum from England, returned into his own dominions.”¹

Rouen was near being included in Robert's losses. Its most influential citizen, Conan, had stipulated to betray it to William Rufus; and the duke, in order to defeat the project, solicited the aid of Henry, whom he had recently released, and of some of his barons. A doubtful battle ensued; but was at length decided in favour of Robert. Conan was condemned by Robert to perpetual imprisonment; but Henry, disliking his brother's lenity, took deeper and more treacherous means to remove him out of the way. He obtained the custody of the prisoner; and, having taken him up to a high tower, he bade him admire the surrounding view; then, seizing him by the waist, he hurled him from the battlements, coolly observing to the bystanders, that “treason ought never to be left unpunished.”

The next event of importance is the siege of Rouen by the united forces. At the departure of Henry II. of England, Louis and his nobles resolved to lay siege to his continental dominions. An army, more numerous than had been beheld since the time of the Crusades, encamped under the walls of Rouen. The

¹ Lingard, *Hist. of England*, p. 114 sq.

combined army had been divided into three parts, each to relieve the other; but the besieged had taken a like precaution; while the bridge over the Seine, which they still retained, together with the country on the left hand of the river, secured them a daily supply of provisions and men. A deception was then practised by the king. He proclaimed an armistice in honour of St. Lawrence, thereby inducing the citizens to lay aside arms and amuse themselves, as on a festal day in peace time. Fortunately, however, some clergymen having from curiosity mounted the tower of the cathedral, saw bodies of armed men advancing in battle array towards the city from the enemy's camp. They immediately sounded the alarm bell; the citizens flew to arms; the young men, who had been tilting on the plain beyond the river, left their mimic war, and hastened to defend their walls from the assaults of the enemy. A bloody contest now ensued, but the besiegers were at last repulsed with considerable loss; and all that the enemy gained by this attack was the discovery of the perfidy of the Earl of Flanders, who had proposed this nefarious attempt, and the weakness of the King of France, who had consented to it. Next morning the English army was seen marching to the relief of the city, under the command of Henry, who, in order to show his contempt for the enemy, re-opened the northern gate, and threw a broad road over the ditch. A number of Welsh then passing unobservedly through the woods in the rear of the camp, intercepted a considerable supply of provisions, and, in fact, besieged the besiegers. The allies, after struggling for two days against the privation of their accustomed stores, on the third burned their engines, and succeeded in making good their retreat, although the king harassed their rear for some time.

In A. D. 1204, Rouen was invested by Philip Augustus; and the citizens, despairing of any succour from the helpless and cowardly John, made an offer of conditional submission, stipulating that, unless a peace

were concluded, or the enemy driven from the walls within thirty days, Philip should be received immediately as master of Rouen, and the citizens should enjoy their accustomed immunities. Henceforth Normandy became French property. In 1418-19 it was besieged by the English, under Henry V., made a brave resistance, but was at length compelled to surrender through famine.

As to the present state of Rouen, Turner,¹ the most careful of recent visitors, confesses that his researches after remains of castellated antiquity were attended with but little success, the present relics being confined to some fragments of the walls, and to three circular towers, of the plainest construction, being part of the castle built by Philip Augustus in A. D. 1204, near the *Porte Bouvreil*. This castle, however, derives interest, not only from its having been built upon the final annexation of Normandy to the crown of France, but in consequence of the failure of the vacillating and cowardly John, and from one of the towers having been the place of Joan of Arc's confinement.

This is not the only relic of the unfortunate Maid of Orleans, whose death sheds everlasting disgrace upon her unmanly and childish persecutors. At a little distance from the palace at Rouen is the *Place de la Pucelle*, the scene of the execution of the unhappy Joan of Arc, which is said to have taken place on the very spot which now records her fate. "Three different monuments have in succession occupied this place. The first was a cross, erected in 1454, only twenty-four years after her death; for even in this early period, the King of France had obtained from Pope Calixtus III. a bull denoting the revision of her sentence, and he had caused her innocence to be acknowledged. The second was a fountain of delicate workmanship, consisting of three tiers of columns placed one above the other on a triangular plan, the whole decorated with arabesques and statues of saints,

¹ Dawson Turner, *Letters from Normandy*, p. 104, sq.

while the maid herself crowned the summit, and the water flowed through pipes that terminated in horses' heads. The present monument is inferior to the second, equally in design and in workmanship: it is a plain triangular pedestal, ornamented with dolphins at the base, and surmounted by the heroine in military costume."¹

One more story about Rouen in the middle ages must content us. It is the amusing, but mistaken custom of delivering and pardoning a criminal for the sake of St. Romain, in commemoration of the following alleged miracle:—

“In a marshy spot, near Rouen, was bred a dragon, the very counterpart of that destroyed by St. Nicaise. It committed frightful ravages; lay in wait for man and beast, whom it devoured without mercy; the air was poisoned by its pestilential breath; and it was alone the cause of greater mischief and alarm than could have been occasioned by a whole army of enemies. The inhabitants, wearied out by many years of suffering, implored the aid of St. Romain; and the charitable and generous pastor, who dreaded nothing in behalf of his flock, comforted them with the assurance of a speedy deliverance. The design itself was noble, still more so was the manner in which he put it in force; for he would not be satisfied with merely killing the monster, but undertook also to bring it to public execution, by way of atonement for its cruelties. For this purpose, it was necessary that the dragon should be caught; but when the prelate required a companion in the attempt, the hearts of all men failed them. He applied, therefore, to a criminal condemned to death for murder; and, by the promise of a pardon, sought his assistance, which the certain prospect of a scaffold, had he refused to accompany the saint, caused him the more willingly to lend. Together they went, and had no sooner reached the marsh, the monster's haunt, than St. Romain, approaching courageously,

¹ P. 197, sq.

made the sign of the cross, and at once put it out of the power of the dragon to attempt to do him injury. He then tied his stole around his neck, and, in that state, delivered him to the prisoner, who dragged him to the city, where he was burned in the presence of all the people, and his ashes thrown into the river.”¹

The right to which this miracle is said to have given rise has been sometimes contested, but always re-asserted; and so great was the celebrity of the ceremony, that princes have visited Rouen in order to witness it. It was on the top of a stone staircase, the present entrance to the *halles*, or exchange, that the pardon was solemnly given.

How much longer might we dwell upon the antique beauties of this venerable city. How richly might we dilate upon the majestic cathedral, exhibiting the perfection of that style which has become naturalized to us under the title of early English. But a brief sketch must suffice, for, in describing the glories of cathedral architecture, it is the artist, not the author, who can do any sort of justice. The front is characterized by an airy magnificence; open screens of graceful tracery admit the blue sky through their light filigree; and the web-like stonework seems to belie its own material in the almost tender lineaments of its pattern. The basement story is occupied with three wide doorways, deep in retiring mouldings and columns, and filled with figures, retiring in endless perspective. The central portal, which is by far the largest, projects like a porch beyond the others, and is surmounted by a magnificent canopy of open stonework, in the centre of which is a great dial, the top of which partly conceals the rose-window above.

Effigies of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy, and of his son and successor, William Longsword, who was murdered at Pecquigny in 944, are found in one of the chapels of this cathedral. They have been, however, referred to the 13th century, and are probably copies

¹ P. 108, sq.

of earlier monuments to the same personages. Other tombs, which commemorate Charles V. of France, Richard Cœur de Lion, his elder brothers, Henry and William, sons of Geoffrey Plantagenet, were removed in 1736, as interfering with some contemplated embellishments. Richard, be it remembered, had expressed a strange wish with reference to the disposal of his remains. In obedience to his wish, his heart was buried at Rouen, his body at Fontevrand, and his entrails in the Church of Chalny, the place of his death. After his death, the chapter of Rouen enclosed the heart of their great benefactor in a shrine of silver. But a hundred and fifty years afterwards, the shrine was pillaged, and the silver melted into ingots, to form a portion of the ransom which released St. Louis from his Saracen conqueror.

The approaches to Rouen are described by William Howitt as extremely attractive:—

“Before Rouen are vast plains of fine corn land; many of the corn fields had been ploughed, and in others, a crop of clover was springing up amongst the wheat stubble. Normandy is not a well-watered country, and in all the ploughed land, where corn appeared to have been sown, serpentine furrows, about eighteen inches deep and twenty feet asunder, were made to catch and retain the rain water.

“The approach towards Rouen is beautiful, the road forming a zigzag line down the steep side of St. Catherine’s Hill, where the lights of the city were now seen reflected in the river Seine. Verdant hills rise on each side, and the beautiful, light, open tower of the cathedral forms a fine feature in the landscape.”¹

But the interior of the town, according to Dawson Turner’s account, presents, like too many other cities, a provokingly disagreeable contrast:—

“Rouen is now unfortified; its walls, its castles, are level with the ground. But, if I may borrow the pun of which old Peter Heylin is guilty upon describing

¹ Howitt’s Tour in France, p. 211, sq.

Paris, Rouen is still a *strong* city, for it taketh you by the nose. The filth is extreme; villanous smells overcome you in every quarter, and from every quarter. The streets are gloomy, narrow, and crooked, and the houses at once mean and lofty. Even on the quay, where all the activity of commerce is visible, and where the outward signs of opulence might be expected, there is nothing to fulfil the expectation. Here is width and space, but the buildings are as incongruous as can well be imagined, whether as to height, colour, projection, or material: most of them, and indeed most in the city, are merely of lath and plaster; the timbers uncovered, and painted red or black, the plaster frequently coated with small gray slates laid one over another, like the weather-tiles in Sussex. Their general form is very tall and very narrow, which adds to the singularity of their appearance; but mixed with them are others of white brick or stone, and really handsome, or, it might be said, elegant. The contrast, however, which they form, only makes their neighbours look the more shabby, while they themselves derive from the association an air of meanness."

Nevertheless, Rouen perhaps presents the richest school of Gothic architecture, in its various styles and modifications, that is to be found in any single town. Besides the early circular style, exemplified above, it possesses in its cathedral a superb specimen of the early pointed arch;¹ and in the churches of St. Owen, St. Maclon, St. Godard, and others, abundant examples of the pointed Gothic.² Altogether, the city of Rouen, whether on the score of architectural remains, or of historical association, possesses an interest which few continental cities can rival.

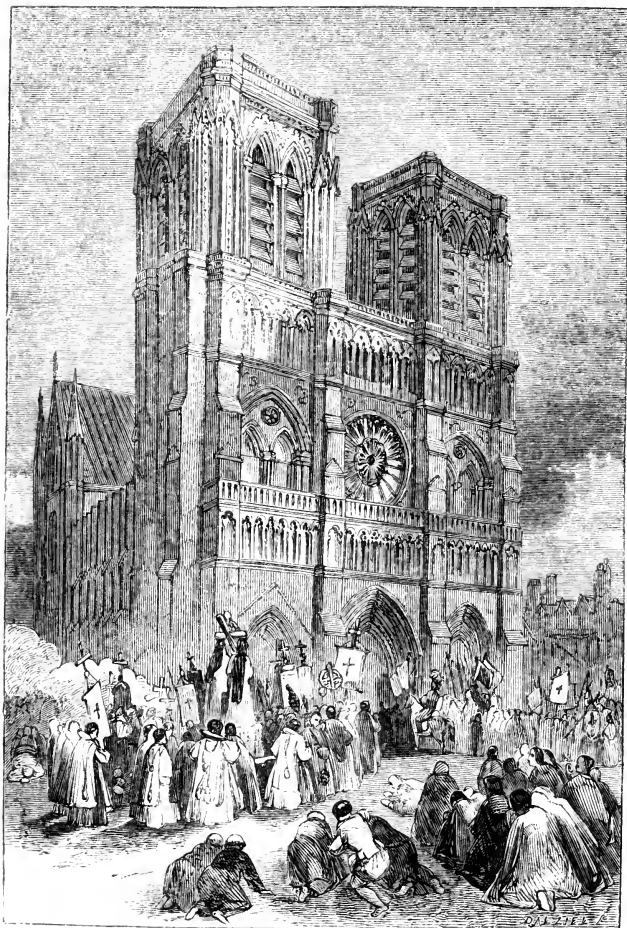
¹ See Turner, letter x. p. 136, sqq.

² Turner, letter xi.

PARIS.

Vive la Bagatelle! exclaims the lively, careless tourist, as he returns from killing time amidst the artistic glories of the Louvre, the gay scenes of the *cirque*, and the exciting horrors of the Porte de St. Martin. "*Liberté, fraternité, égalité,*" exclaims some Jerome Parturot, who, having made or found Paris too hot for him, seeks for liberty in the doubtful neighbourhood of Leicester-square. Domestic young ladies, and undomestic milliners, search with greedy eyes for the last new fashions; dramatists, of Charles Mathews' "weasel" breed, rush to the Burlington Arcade, in quest of Dumas' last twelve act, or Scribe's last one act piece; upholsterers import chairs, the very names of which are to be learned only in Belgravia; connoisseurs are frantic over Thalberg or Herz's last *capriccio*; and dancing-masters, who never go out of England, are always "just returning," with the newest Parisian figures! Paris, Paris is everywhere. Paris is everything.

But few of my readers can transport themselves back to old Paris, when mysteries, gravely unintelligible, took the place of melodrama; when Notre Dame was fraught with other graver terrors than the fear of your hat being blown from the summit of her towers; and when Abelard took the place of Letronne or Boissonade. Yet Paris was always—even in her deepest days of picturesque superstition—coquettish and fashionable. Let us take a glimpse back at what she has been.



PARIS—NOTRE-DAME.

The present island of La Cité, the site of the ancient Lutetia, was smaller in the days of Julius Cæsar than at present. Since that time, two smaller islands at its western extremity have been incorporated with it. About A. D. 358 or 360, after having been burned by its inhabitants, in order to prevent the Romans gaining possession of it, and experiencing other vicissitudes, it took its present name from the Parisii,¹ the tribe to whom it belonged.

As is the case with our own great cathedral, the foundations of Notre Dame have occasionally revealed the traces of Roman possession, and of the joint worship of the gods of the country and those of the invaders. In 1784, during the erection of the Palais de Justice, a sculptured stone, upwards of six feet in height, adorned with figures in relief on its four sides, was discovered by the workmen. On the north side of the Seine, the remains of a subterranean aqueduct were similarly discovered; as also a basin, with which it was supposed to be connected, in the garden of the Palais Royal. On the south side of the same river, are some remains, opposite the isle of La Cité, consisting of a large vaulted hall, with another apartment leading into it; the masonry of both consisting of alternate courses of stone and brick, covered, in some parts, with stucco. The remains of a subterranean aqueduct have also been traced in different parts of the road from the village of Arcueil, five miles south of the city, to Paris; while the lower part of the tower of the church of St. Germain des Prés is supposed to be a remnant of the original church, built on that site by the Romans.²

Some years after its capture, Clovis made Paris the

¹ The name "Parisii," probably meant "inhabitants of the frontier." Other etymologies, much more fanciful and unlikely, will be found in Rigord, *Vie de Philippe Auguste*, p. 50, sqq.; in Guizot, *Collection des Memoires*, sec. iii. vol. xi. See, also, Guillaume de Nangis, *Chronique*, *ibid.* p. 56, vol. xiii.

² Penny Cyclopædia, art. Paris.

seat of his court, and was buried there. Henceforth, it was comprehended in the kingdom of Neustria; and the youngest son of the cruel Fredegonda was buried here, in the church of St. Denis.¹ During the Merovingian dynasty, Paris increased in extent, and many of its churches, and other religious establishments, trace their foundation to this period.

Little of interest occurs for a long period, except in the ravages of the Normans, who, from time to time, pillaged and burned various parts of the city. Under Hugh Capet, A. D. 987, Paris regained its position as capital of the French kingdom, having, meanwhile, only been recognized as chief city of the duchy of France. Meanwhile, however, the beneficial influence of Charlemagne, in promoting the means of education, had extended itself to Paris. Although it does not appear that the University of Paris can fairly date its origin from that great prince,² it is certain that no other university so early attained a reputation. About the year A. D. 900, we find Remigius of Auxerre reading lectures at Paris; but, as Hallam observes, "For the next two centuries, the history of this school is very obscure, and it would be hard to prove an unbroken continuity, or, at least, a dependence and connection of its professors. In 1100, William of Champeux was held in high estimation for his exertions on behalf of learning and science; but his efforts were destined to be wholly eclipsed by the glories of Abelard."

He appeared as a new character amidst new times. As Michelet (unfortunately, with his accustomed redundancy of rhetoric) observes, "Great signs were made manifest. The Vaudois had translated the Bible into the vulgar tongue, and the Institutes also were translated. Law was taught equally with theology, at Orleans and at Angers. The existence alone of the

¹ See the effective narrative of Michelet, *Hist. of France*, p. 58.

² Hallam, *Europe during the Middle Ages*, v. ii. p. 479.

school of Paris, constituted a portentous and dangerous novelty. Ideas, till this time scattered, or watched over in the various ecclesiastical schools, began to converge to a common centre. The great name of *University* was recognized in the capital of France, at the moment that the French tongue had become almost universal. The conquests of the Normans, and the first crusade, had spread its powerfully philosophic idiom in every direction—to England, to Sicily, and to Jerusalem. This circumstance alone invested France, central France, Paris, with an immense attractive power. By degrees, Parisian French became a proverb. Feudalism had found its polemical centre in the royal city; and this city was about to become the capital of human thought.”¹

Young as Abelard was, and prone as was his lively imagination to the more sensuous delights of poetry and song, his depth of learning was unparalleled. Journeying from city to city, like another Crichton, he challenged the cleverest logicians to a tournament of words; nay, he himself used to declare, that he had only given up the profession of actual war, because he delighted rather in a mental battle. All the learning and speculation of mediæval learning had been smothered under the heavy dogmatic jargon, from which even the riper scholarship of the fathers of the Council of Trent were unable to emancipate their decrees; but, in Abelard’s hands, they assumed a classical gracefulness of expression which made all things simple, and which brought philosophy home to the human heart. But the deadly sting of vanity was destined to wound and destroy the bright career of talent. Abelard had reduced religion to human reason; his reason had overpowered his virtue; and his integrity could not withstand temptation.

Despite his selfish and unmanly conduct to Heloise, who has been as much immortalized by her dis-

¹ Hist. of France, p. 180. His sketch of Abelard is remarkably learned.

interested indiscreetness, as her destroyer by his cold-blooded and calculating heartlessness — despite the just punishment which the Church launched against the head of the violator of the most sacred trusts—his disciples followed him. In a desert spot on the Ardusson, two leagues distant from Nogent, a town sprang up around him, and his teaching began to recover its former influence. But the treachery of the Breton monks, and other fears, rendered life almost insupportable.

His ancient vanity, however, still remained in full force. Instigated by Arnold of Brescia, the most revolutionary and daring of his pupils, he challenged St. Bernard, the holy Bishop of Clairvaux, to a logical duel before the Council of Sens. The other, conscious that his inferiority to his rival, in dialectic acuteness, was as manifest as his superiority in every characteristic of sincere religion, attended with reluctance. Abelard's pusillanimity spared him the chance of a defeat. He shrunk from the contest, and appealed to the Pope. But Innocent II., who was sufficiently displeased with the conduct of Arnold, to have little good will towards his preceptor, condemned Abelard to imprisonment. Abelard, however, withdrew to the monastery of Clugny, where he died, after a lapse of two years.

Great as were Abelard's abilities, alluring as were his success and influence, we cannot help feeling the truth of Mr. Hallam's remarks:—"The whole of his life was the shipwreck of genius; and of genius both the source of his own miseries and unserviceable to posterity. There are few lives of literary men more interesting, or more diversified by success and adversity, by glory and humiliation, by the admiration of mankind, and the persecution of enemies; nor from which, I may add, more impressive lessons of moral prudence may be derived."¹

We now come to the improved state of the city of Paris, in the reign of Philip II., surnamed Augustus.

¹ Hallam, l. c.

He is said to have paved the streets of Paris, a statement which must, however, be taken with some latitude, since, as late as the time of Louis XIII., half the streets of Paris were destitute of pavement.¹ He also fortified the city with a new wall, including a much larger space than had been formerly comprehended, and erected various buildings. His orthodox reign—setting aside his divorces, and his war with England—calls for little notice, so far as the history of Paris is concerned; but he contributed no little to the influence of the University, being the first who endowed it with a regular charter.

Persecution was waged, during his reign, with an energy that called forth the admiration of the pontiff; but scholasticism, in the person of Peter of Lombardy, the daring successor of Abelard, was rapidly usurping a sway which was hereafter to drive Popery to a compromise, and compel whole councils to resort to hair-splitting, in order to satisfy the doubts of those whose authority had taken the place of the Scriptures.

To take a full view of the development of scholasticism, even in connection with the University of Paris, would be impossible in this place; but it was wonderful to observe how, in after times, antagonists to Romanism were converted into her best defenders, appealed to in support of what they had been censured for condemning, and made to say, yet without any seeming violence, the very reverse of what they had advocated in their writings.

It is well observed by Bishop Hampden, that the “whole tendency of the scholastic philosophy was to magnify reason against the principle of mere authority.

¹ Penny Cyclo. *ibid.* The following statement must certainly be taken *cum grano salis*:—“Philippe, roi de France, fit paver de dures et fortes pierres *tous* les rues de Paris, s’efforçant par là de faire perdre à cette ville son ancien nom, car elle avait été appelée autrefois Lutèce par quelques hommes, à cause de la boue dont elle était empuantie.” Guillaume de Nangis, p. 56, cf. Mezeray, *Hist. of France*, ad. ann. 1184.

And on this account (though the assertion may seem strange), the schoolmen must undoubtedly be reckoned among the precursors of the reformation both of religion and philosophy. By the temerity of their speculations, they inured the minds of men to think boldly; and they raised doubts and difficulties which sustained the inquisitive spirit, until at least a better day should dawn upon its efforts. Unconscious they were themselves of the benefit which was slowly and painfully resulting from their own abortive endeavours. But what they were in themselves was merely accidental, and passed away with them. The spirit which they had nurtured survived beyond them, to fight against the system within which it had grown up, as the system itself had fought against the arbitrary authority of the Church, within whose bosom it had been cherished. Thus we find some of the early schoolmen strenuous opponents of the usurpations of Rome: as Robert Grossetête, Bishop of Lincoln, in the thirteenth century, and Ockam in the fourteenth. A reaction, indeed, took place, by which the conclusions of the scholastic theologians were expressly affirmed in the decrees of the Church of Rome; and invested with that perpetuity which the dogmatist of that communion claims for its authoritative declarations. This curious effect, consequently, has followed: that the same writers live as authorities in theological speculation to the Roman Church, who, as the advocates of reason against the Church-system, have raised up its most formidable antagonists, both in religion and philosophy."¹

How marked is this contrast, when, at a subsequent period, we find Ignatius Loyola betaking himself to the University of Paris, and learning a lesson so unlike that which his predecessors had thence derived.

To return to the external appearance of Paris. Much was done by Philippe Augustus in improving and

¹ Art. on Thomas Aquinas, in *Encyclop. Metrop.*, vol. xi. p. 814.

beautifying the city. He enlarged the old palace of the Louvre, which had been founded by Dagobert in the middle of the seventh century, and rebuilt by Louis le Gros about 1110. But, with the exception of Notre Dame, the west front or portal of which is supposed to have been completed during the reign of this prince, and a few other churches, there are few remains of buildings of earlier date than the first half of the sixteenth century.

No one has surpassed Victor Hugo in describing the appearance presented by the city of Paris at the close of the fifteenth century, and the utter impossibility of improving upon his magnificent "birds' eye" view, justifies me in laying it before my readers, before proceeding to a few general remarks on French Gothic architecture and masonry. It is to be regretted, however, that such capabilities of description should have been perverted to adorning such a subject as the "Hunchback of Notre Dame."

"We shall now present to the reader the aspect of the vast collection of dwellings and structures, as viewed from the high towers of Notre Dame in 1487. The breathless spectator, when he emerged from the staircase of the tower, was dazzled or amazed by the mighty mass of roofs, chimneys, streets, bridges, squares, steeples, that were beneath and around him. Buildings, great and small, all ornamented and adorned with sculptures; the towers of churches, with their rich masonry; the clumsy wooden houses, with their carvings and paint; the towers of castles and the colonnades of palaces; the minute, the vast, the massive, the great, and the light. At first all was a chaos of buildings; but after a time, the more prominent erections began to assume their proper importance in the eye of the spectator. Around him were twenty-one churches, within the small circle of the city; below him, in front of the cathedral, was the Parvis, with square composed of fine old houses, into which three streets disgorged themselves; behind

Notre Dame were the cloisters, with their Gothic galleries; on the south, the palace of the bishop; to the deserted spot called the Terrain, here and there were high buildings more profusely ornamented than others; and then, at times, a collection of people in a square; a pillory at the corner of a street; a piece of the fine pavement of Philippe Augustus; and lastly, towards the west, the Palace of Justice, with its group of towers. All around, mixed with the lowliest and poorest houses, were the hotels of princes, beautiful and majestic abbeys, colleges, embattled towers, and church steeples. Beyond the city walls there were already clusters of houses, or stragglers, seated in the fields; church towers and convents, erected in the villages, were also observable in the distance.

“Let us give a description of the city in a few words. In the centre was the island of the city, resembling in its form an immense tortoise, its bridges protruding from it like feet; at the left, was the close, dense, bristling trapezium of the University; at the right, the vast semicircle of the Ville, with a great number of gardens and monuments. The three clumps of houses—the city, the University, and the Ville—were marbled with innumerable streets. Through the whole ran the Seine, full of islets, bridges, and boats. All around, beyond the city, was an immense plain, scattered over with houses: all kinds of grain and vegetables were growing in the fields. To the left was Issay, Vauvres, Vaugviard, Montrougee, Gentilly, with its round tower and its square tower; and to the right, twenty others, from Couflans to Ville l’Evêque. In the horizon, a circle of hills; and at the most distant points were, to the east, Vincennes, and its seven quadrangular towers; to the south, Bicêtres, with its pointed turrets; to the north, St. Denis, and its spire; and to the west, St. Cloud, with its steeple. Such was the view from the towers of Notre Dame in 1482.

“The general appearance of the city of Paris, from the towers of the ancient cathedral, was such as has

been described; but the curious spectator would hardly feel satisfied at the contemplation of the exterior merely of those vast masses of stone and mortar, while at the same time, a more particular description of some of the most celebrated of the public buildings at that time in existence, will materially assist the reader to the understanding of the manners and customs of the age.

“In that division of Paris, called the University, masses of ill-built houses and spires of numerous churches first met the eye; but proudly towering above them all was the abbey itself: truly, this monastery, celebrated both as a church and seigniory; this abbey palace, where even the bishops of Paris esteemed themselves happy to repose for a single night; that refectory on which the architect had bestowed the air, the beauty, and the rose-carved tracery of a cathedral; the elegant chapel of the Virgin, the monumental dormitory, the vast gardens, the candelabra, the drawbridge, the pierced screen, through which the green fields might be seen; the courts, where armed men were mingled with others in golden copes, grouped round three lofty spires with open arches, and firmly resting on Gothic pillars: all this formed a magnificent picture in the horizon.

“Turning then towards the Ville, which, although more extensive than the University, was less a town than that behind the palace of the queen and other noble dwellings; the immense and multiform enclosure of the miraculous Hôtel de Pol, extending in every direction with palisades and battlements like a citadel: here, the King of France was able to lodge superbly two-and-twenty of the rank of Dauphin, or Duke of Burgundy, with all their domestics and followers, and this without taking into account the nobility accommodated in the palace; and the emperor himself, when he paid a visit to Paris and its wonders, there occupied a separate mansion in the Hôtel Royale.

“We may here remark that the suite of apartments for a prince never consisted of less than eleven cham-

bers, from the audience-chamber to the oratory, without mentioning galleries, hot and cold baths, and other superfluous places, with which each suite was furnished; without mentioning also kitchens, cellars, out-buildings, and refectories, common to the whole establishment, from the woodhouse to the wine cellar. Games of all sorts—the mall, racquet, running at the ring; then there were poultry-yards, preserves for fish, coach-houses, stables, and stable-yards, libraries, arsenals, and foundries. Such was at that time the palace of a king, a Louvre, an Hôtel Saint Pol—a city within a city. Farther off, in the distance, beyond this mighty palace, might be seen the Logis d'Angoulême, a vast construction, built at various times, where the new portions of the building, by their extreme whiteness, agreed as badly with the rest of the structure as a patch of red on a blue jacket. Still the curiously-pointed roof of this modern palace, bristling with its carved water-spouts, covered with sheets of lead, on which were traced a thousand glittering and fantastic arabesques of copper gilt—this roof, I say, so gracefully damasked, sprang gracefully up in the midst of the dark ruins of the ancient structure, whose many ward-towers were rounded by age; behind, arose the forest of spires of the Palace des Tournelles.

“No view in the world, neither Chambord nor the Alhambra, could be more magical, more airy, more striking to the eye, than this dense grove of spires, clock-towers, chimneys, spirals, and pierced turrets of various forms and heights, through which the sky might be seen. You might have compared it to a gigantic checkboard formed of stone.

“A long zone of abbeys nearly surrounded the Ville from east to west; and behind the fortifications by which Paris was enclosed, might be seen a second and interior circle of chapels and convents.

“Paris, at the time to which we are alluding, was not only a handsome city, it was homogeneous in its construction, an architectural and historical production of

the middle ages, a chronicle formed of stone. It was a city built in two styles only, the romantic and the Gothic; for the features of Roman architecture had long disappeared, with the exception of the Thermes of Julian, which still reared its head amidst the heavy masonry of the middle ages. As to Celtic architecture, small specimens of it were sometimes found in sinking a well or making any other deep excavation.

"Since that day the great city has been deformed day by day. Gothic Paris, under which the Paris of romantic times was effaced, was in its turn blotted out; but, alas! what a city has replaced it."

As some points of contrast will present themselves to my readers in the next article on London, I wish, following the guidance of an excellent writer¹ of recent times, to point out a few leading features of difference in the French capital as compared with our own.

"It has been said," observes Michelet,² "Paris, Rouen, and Havre, are one street, of which the Seine is the high street." The same thing may be said of the Thames, which is, however, superior to the Seine, both in its own dimensions, and in the magnificence of its bridges. But the quays which skirt both banks of the Seine, lined in many parts by stately ranges of buildings, as opposed to our own boundary of coal-barges, gaunt warehouses, relieved only by the distant steeples of the churches, form a contrast scarcely to our advantage. Yet we would not have London or the Thames otherwise than as they are; we would still believe, with Sir Roger de Coverley, that it is "the finest river in the world." But of this anon.

With the modern architecture of Paris, or with the many improvements which have sprung up since the times to which we would fain carry our readers, most people are familiar; and it is to Notre Dame that we must refer, would we form any notion of the compara-

¹ Penny Cyclopædia, Art. Paris, p. 256.

² Hist. of France, p. 111.

tive magnificence of Parisian ecclesiastical architecture and our own.

Allowing for the difference of measurement made by different visitors,¹ there is no doubt of the superiority of Notre Dame to Westminster Abbey in its dimensions; but although Wood considers it one of the most successful and boldest efforts in Gothic architecture, the effect of the western front is heavy and clumsy. "In the richness of plan produced by the additional aisles and chapels connected with them, the interior of Notre Dame must be allowed to surpass the abbey, but the latter is superior in point of style, while Henry VII.'s chapel has no parallel in the French capital."

It has been well observed, that "travellers and tourists have generally despatched the architecture of Paris very summarily in a few random remarks on the more commonly known buildings. The older parts of the capital are almost unknown to the generality of those who visit it, although they are well worthy of being explored by the artist and antiquary; for if there be a great amount of ugliness and deformity, there is also abundance of the picturesque, together with no little variety. In this latter respect indeed, Paris offers many singular contrasts, such as the Eglise de la Visitation, or the Val de Grace, and the Chapelle Expiatoire, the Tuileries, and the portico of the Chamber of Deputies, or the Neo-Grecian structures of the Madeleine; in short, extravagant licentiousness of taste, amounting almost to barbarism in some buildings, and severity amounting to pedantic affectation in others."

Nor is this the only evil. Even Notre Dame, glorious as it still is, is not the Notre Dame of the

¹ According to Mr. Moule, in Winkle's "Continental Cathedrals," the extreme length of Notre Dame externally is 442 feet; its breadth, 162; breadth of nave, 42; length of ditto to transept, 186; transept, 155; width of front, 134; and height of towers, 235. In the article on Cologne I shall notice the difference in Michelet's History of France.

middle ages. "Three important things are wanting to the façade in its present condition: firstly, the series of eleven steps which raised it above the surface of the ground; secondly, the lower series of statues which occupied the sides of the three porches; and thirdly, the upper series, consisting of twenty-eight statues of the oldest Kings of France, from Childebert to Philippe Augustus. Time has taken away the steps by raising the surface of the earth around the church; but time has perhaps more than balanced this by the sombre hue which he has spread over the façade—a hue which makes in monuments the period of age that of the greatest beauty. But who has removed the two ranges of statues? Who has left the niches void? Who has sewn in the middle of the fine central porch the new and bastard ogive? Who has set up that wooden dove, carved in the style of Louis XV., by the side of the arabesques of Biscornette? The men, the artists, and architects of our day. And who has removed from the interior of the building the vast number of statues, in all postures, and cut from all materials, that were found in every corner—that peopled every pillar—but time? And who has changed the altars, disfigured the pavement? Who has displaced the beautiful coloured glass of the windows with cold white panes? Who bedaubed the walls with an unseemly colour? And, on mounting the building, leaving below the thousand barbarisms of the improvers, where is the charming little belfry? It is gone: an architect of 'good taste' amputated it, and left in its place a large plating of lead, looking like the lid of a porridge-pot. It is thus that the marvellous art of the middle ages has been treated in nearly all countries, and more especially in France."¹

We may now glance at a few more historical associations connected with mediæval Paris. The 9th November, 1357, saw Charles le Mauvais brought back

¹ Victor Hugo.

by the daring enthusiasm of Marcel. The second day after his arrival, he preached to the people in presence of the dauphin, calling to witness the injuries he had sustained, and the cruelty of mistrusting him, a Frenchman on both sides, and declaring that his whole wish was to live and die in behalf of France. The infatuation in favour of this prince, aided by the crimes wrought in his behalf by Marcel, soon rendered the resistance of the dauphin of little use, and the following year saw Charles le Mauvais Captain of Paris.

The 25th of January, 1369, is interesting to us as the day on which one of the stern "French and English" antipathies was manifested by the Black Prince. Sick of the dropsy at Bordeaux, after his return from Spain, Edward received a summons to Paris, couched in polite terms, to answer before the peers "touching certain griefs which, through weak advice and wrong information, the prelates, barons, knights, and commons of the marches of Gascony had suffered at his hands, to their utter amazement."¹ The prince, who detested and despised the Gascons, haughtily replied, in the words of William the Conqueror, "We shall willingly attend on the appointed day in Paris, since the King of France sends for us; but it will be helmet on head, and followed by sixty thousand men. . . . it shall cost a hundred thousand lives."

During the horrors of the war which succeeded, when the valour, nay, cruelty of the Black Prince was unrestrained even by the consciousness of his approaching end, a daring piece of English heroism took place. As the army was drawing off, an English knight rode up to the barrier St. Jacques, which was open, but thronged with knights, in order to fulfil a vow by which he had sworn "to strike the barrier of Paris with his lance." The French knights applauded this daring act, and he was just retreating in safety, when a brave butcher, enraged at this affront to the precinct of his city, stepped out, and with a heavy

¹ Froissart, iv. c. 564, apud Michelet.

long-handled axe, struck him repeated blows on the head and shoulders, and unhorsed him. Four others came up, and rattled blows on the Englishman "as on an anvil."¹ His body was recovered by his countrymen, and laid in holy ground.

Passing over the row of the Cabochiens in A.D. 1413, when the University and the master butchers of Paris maintained a contest more serious than amusing, and when the dangerous power of a single set of men, acting in an understood combination, was curiously illustrated—the treaty of Troyes, in 1420, deserves a brief notice, as having been the means of bringing Paris into the hands of the English, under Henry VI. It was, however, recovered in 1436, under the generalship of the Count of Richemont, Constable of France, and the Count Dunois.

From this time the vicissitudes of Paris, political and social, have been as wonderful as those of any state in the known world. At one period the scene of frightful conspiracy and massacre, at another time quailing under the terrors of a military government—now celebrating the glories of a conquering adventurer in pageantry that that adventurer despised, and of which he yet knew the importance; now beholding her streets strewn with the corpses of her inhabitants, and reaping a consolation of tinfoil and fireworks as a miserable equivalent for the loss of brave hearts and a free fireside. Such has been Paris: too gay to be stable; too fickle to remain content; ever the prey of new rulers; ever the centre of spurious patriotism. Great in all that constitutes creative genius, she has never known how to preserve and perfect its fruits; great in the outward magnificence of the palace or the hotel, she knows not the comforts of a safe and domestic home. Too uncertain to care to stand firm, she has nevertheless escaped utter ruin. But we must see more of her history, we must know more of what is even now passing within her walls, ere we know the

¹ Id. i. c. 289.

fate that lies treasured up for her in the womb of time.

We are so apt to connect London with Paris, both by imitation, allusion, and comparison, that I make no apology for at once taking a jump to the "Great Babylon."

LONDON.

"THIS is nothing! I will fetch thee a leap
 From the top of Paul's steeple to the Standard in Cheap:
 And lead thee advance thro' the streets without fail,
 Like a needle of Spain with a thread at my tail.
 We will survey the suburbs, and make forth our sallies
 Down Petticoat-lane and up the Smock-allies,
 To Shoreditch, White-chappel, and so to St. Kathern's,
 To drink with the Dutch there, and take forth their patterns.
 From thence we will put in at Custom-house key there,
 And see how the factors and prentices play there;
 False with their masters, and geld many a full pack
 To spend it in pies at the Dagger and Wool-sack.

* * * * *

Nay, boy, I will bring thee straight on to the roysters
 At Billingsgate, feasting with claret wine and oysters;
 From thence shoot the bridge, child, to the cranes i' the
 Vintry,
 And see there the gimlets how they make their entry!
 Or, if thou hadst rather to the Strand down to fall
 'Gainst the lawyers come dabbled from Westminster-hall,
 And mark how they cling, with their clients together,
 Like ivy to oak, so velvet to leather:
 Ha! boy, I would show thee."¹

So rapidly is every vestige of mediæval antiquity disappearing from the metropolis of England, that it will soon be difficult to believe that London ever possessed a title to rank among the cities forming the subject of this volume. Unlike many towns in France and the Low Countries, it has no picturesque hotels, no huge piles of timber, plaster, and chalk, threatening the safety of the passers-by with their frowning gables, and looking, in their total absence of straight lines,

¹ Ben Jonson, *The Devil is an Ass*, Act i. sc. i.

as if they had grown up spontaneously from the soil on which they stand or totter. Now and then, in Aldgate, Bishopsgate, or Smithfield, an old-fashioned house comes upon our view, and, in our admiration of the eccentricities of its plastered front, we are tempted to think ourselves in the middle ages, and picture to ourselves a fight, sword to sword, and a lord mayor vigorously interposing on behalf of the peace. But, on examination, we cannot delude ourselves into a belief that anything older than Queen Bess is to be found—at least, the exceptions, within the last few years, have dwindled away to a comparative nonentity. In Oxford, Chester, and Manchester, we are better off in this respect. Many houses, in all three of these towns, boast a mediæval respectability that few specimens in London can rival. As far as dirt and dilapidation, the metropolis might certainly put in a fair claim for that sort of antiquity which distinguishes some of the filthiest streets of the Continent; but, picturesque as dirt unquestionably is, its presence on the faces of human beings is far more friendly to art than when displayed on the façades of buildings. We may still wander through some parts of Spitalfields, Stepney, or Limehouse, and find houses not a hundred years old vieing, in this respect, with the Old Shambles or Long Millgate of Manchester. But there is no character in these buildings to assign them to any age of interest. Endless strings of weavers' residences, old iron and marine store depôts, in the last state of destitution, architectural (and apparently commercial, did we not know the contrary) dilapidation, and the proportion of something like one public-house to every dozen private residences; masses of warehousing, varied by groups of buildings, in which tiles and window-glass have long since asserted an independency quite inconsistent with the comfort or convenience of any tenants but vampires—such are the features of the most ancient-looking parts of London, as far as the great leveller, dirt, is concerned.

Nor do we find things much better in the more open districts. As we walk down Aldgate and Whitechapel, there are fine old specimens of the heavy, low-roofed, elaborately-galleried inns, which have happily given way to railway influence, but which are not sufficiently antiquated to excite even a sigh on the score of old associations. A few butchers' shops display fronts as nearly mediæval as our knowledge that they are not so will permit us to believe. In the names, however, there is a strange link. The termination "gate," exemplified in so many names of streets about this district, points to the old, half-Roman arrangement of the city wards, while many another name is replete with historical and religious import. It is a common feature of age in such neighbourhoods that we find the names of streets more significant than in the modern, well-built districts. Instead of our "Edward-street," "Chandos-street," "Charles-street," and the host of other names given for no particular reason but the inability to find a better, we find, as we near the antiquated portion of a city, that the name of the street always points to some local peculiarity, some historical incident, if not to some deeply religious association. And there is a certain kind of moral in such a nomenclature. Few can look at the names of the streets surrounding Paternoster-row, and not think of the intimate connection of knowledge and religion, and the dissemination of both. Moreover, the names of streets in the older parts of London are a sort of landmark, a sort of "where Hicks' Hall once stood." However apocryphal the building, however obsolete the society, the very names are a sufficient guarantee for the existence, in time past, of many an institution now as little thought of as those who were once interested in its preservation and support. In brief, few as are our remnants of ancient London, it is still to the west that we must look for anything like landmarks to guide us in our examination of its condition during the middle ages.

But if we feel disposed at times to lament over the deficiency of standing memorials of old London, and if Evelyn's pathetic narrative of the horrors of the fire that laid her desolate arouses something like an indignant regret for the loss of so much that might have helped us to connect ourselves with our former selves, let us at the same time recollect how much we are indebted to the work of destruction for our present condition. Granting, as every one will admit, that we have not even yet learned all the lessons that such a catastrophe ought to have taught us, it is, nevertheless, to the fire of London that London owes its existence as a city qualified to be the metropolis of England, and capable of gathering together all that the enterprise of the whole earth can display as its results.

Moreover, it is part of the eminently practical character of large towns to take a low estimate of antiquity. It matters not whether my Lord So-and-so, who was beheaded, justly or unjustly, for what is of no consequence to the reader, lived in this or that house; that house unfortunately obstructs the thoroughfare, or that house is unsafe, and would cost more money in repairs than a new one, or that house has just been purchased by Hong, the wealthy tea merchant, who wants more room. Down goes the house, and with it the remembrance of Tower Hill and high treason, which is henceforth left to the diligent attention of those who haunt the reading-rooms of the British Museum. Much as we regret this feeling, we have no right to be surprised or aggrieved at it. In these days, things go exactly for what they are worth; and men are too wise not to prefer the real benefit of a convenient modern house to the traditional satisfaction of the possibility of living in one that has no other recommendation than of having belonged to somebody who came to an untimely end.

It were, however, to be wished that some museum of English history and antiquities had been formed

long since, and that a few practical materials for inquiry into the lives of our forefathers had been systematically preserved. At present, the cathedrals are rich in ecclesiastical relics; but of the domestic life of our forefathers we have few memorials. There are plenty of baronial castles, it is true, but these do not furnish details of the life of the people. It is only in quaint histories—and even these are posterior to the events they narrate—that we can find anything to give us an idea of old London. Archæology leaves us comparatively in the lurch. We may lose ourselves in a chaos of histories of Westminster Abbey; but would we sketch a street in the times when the history of London was most stirring, and when London, even in its infancy, was beginning to be great and wealthy, imagination, and little else, must guide the pencil of the artist, as he depicts a battle fought in Aldgate, or on London Bridge,¹ or a procession, in which the royal family paraded the streets on foot.

London has, nevertheless, remained old-fashioned for a longer period than might have been expected. But the change has been sudden. Whoever looks at the progress of a new street, and the development of a new neighbourhood, even in the most improbable and “never-do-well” districts, will perceive the increase in the value of ground, and the consequent probability that, while we gain everything in a moral and social point of view, we shall speedily lose the few distinctive features of old London that we yet possess. And although we must wish that a like reformation might take place in other directions—as, for instance, that our city churches might display something of the spirit that endowed them—that charities might be more conscientiously and intelligibly administered—and that the funds of parishes might be more fairly proportioned to their exigencies—we are still disposed to live in the

¹ See the descriptions of Jack Cade's insurrection, and of the defence against Falconbridge, in Baker's Chronicle, pp. 191 and 212.

hope that a steady and gradual principle of reform may work these changes, all and several, in a more complete and efficient manner than could be effected by the sometimes too sweeping architectural changes, which, while they drive the destitute class of the poor from one place to another, only change the position of the evil, without contributing one item towards its removal.

But it is with the London of the past that our work is concerned ; and, much as the natural tendency to regard what surrounds us every day may influence our tastes, we must not forget the main purpose in view. But, before speaking of London in the middle ages, we must say some few words about its still earlier condition.

It is a comfort for those who make the classics a standard of respectability, that London is mentioned by Tacitus, Ptolemy, Antoninus, Ammianus Marcellinus, and other writers, and by no means as new in their time. But, by an accident common to it with the other greatest cities of the world,¹ its founder is utterly unknown.

Without going into speculations concerning the comparative antiquity of London, I will merely advert to a few of the proofs of its having been a favourite station of the Romans during their early invasions of this island. Even were direct proof wanting, we should find enough to convince us in the remains of antiquity which have been from time to time disclosed to our view during the excavations since the great fire ; and we cannot, perhaps, do better than to indicate a few of the sites of these most entertaining and satisfactory discoveries.

Among the various traces of the progress of the Romans in their work of conquest, none are more interesting than the vestiges of pavement indicating the various position of their camps as they advanced. "The first thing the Roman general had principally to

¹ As is observed by De Pinedo on Steph. Byz., s. v. *Αἰνδόνιον*, p. 424.

take care of was to fix his camp and secure his army ; which, after their first landing on this side, was almost the middle of the street now called Bush Lane, where he pitched his tent, which was paved, as was customary among the Roman generals, and was encompassed about by the soldiers both horse and foot. This pavement was dug up some time after the dreadful fire of London, and part of it is now to be seen in the Museum of the Royal Society. The next care the Romans took to secure themselves in their new conquest was by making public military ways, as that of Watling-street, which extended from the Tower to Ludgate in a direct line ; at the end of which, for their better security, they built citadels, as we now call them, or, as they were styled by them, stations ; one of which, without dispute, was what now goes by the name of the Tower, though this is not to be understood of the Tower as it appears at this day, but only of that part of it which we now call the White Tower, a place that hath since been made use of as a chapel to the princes that have kept their courts within those walls.”¹ The author, from whom we have extracted these remarks, also observes, that the story which ascribes the foundation of the Tower to Julius Cæsar is, at all events, “to be accepted as a good argument to show that it is of Roman origin,” and that “it is probable that the Saxons made use of the same fortification for their security, after the Romans left the island ; for, when the chapel was fitted up for the reception of the records, there remained many Saxon inscriptions.”

But a still more interesting discovery was made by Sir Christopher Wren, when digging a foundation for the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside. Those who think only of Cheapside as the abode of commerce and cheap watches, or who associate St. Mary-le-Bow Church only with civic processions and nursery rhymes relative to its peal of bells, will scarcely be prepared to hunt for the ruins of a Roman causeway beneath the pave-

¹ Northouk's History of London, p. 5.

ments now trodden by the business-seeking, matter-of-fact Londoners. Yet such was the case. On digging to some depth after the great fire, a foundation was discovered, apparently sufficient to sustain the contemplated structure, but which a closer inspection showed to be the walls, windows, and pavement of a Roman temple, entirely buried beneath the level of the present street. Upon this he determined to erect his new church over the foundations of the ancient temple; and, as the church stood about forty feet back from the main street, he purchased the site, which would have been occupied by a new private house, and was thus enabled to bring forward the noble campanile, which now forms the most imposing object in Cheapside. In digging for its foundation, he was surprised to find the ground give way to the depth of about eighteen feet, when, just as he expected to have reached the natural soil, he found a Roman causeway of rough stone, "close and well rammed with Roman brick and rubbish at the bottom for a foundation, and all firmly cemented." Upon this massive substratum, he determined to erect the tower; and a comparison of other similar discoveries, led him to believe that this highway ran along the northern boundary of the Roman colony. "Its breadth, then, north and south, was from the causeway, now Cheapside, to the river Thames; the extent, east and west, from Tower Hill to Ludgate, and the principal middle street, a prætorian way, was Watling Street."

Among Roman remains, we must not forget "London Stone," which now stands within a stone encasement, placed against the front of St. Swithin's Church, in Cannon Street. From this "*milliarium*," as it was classically called, it is probable that the Romans measured the distances to their various stations throughout Britain; and at this point the Roman military ways centred: viz., Watling Street from the south-east and north-west; the germaine street from the south-west and north, and the vicinal way from Old Ford to Bethnal Green.

It is the more important to notice these ancient landmarks of history, as, in the rage for improvement which has seized us, they are rapidly disappearing.

We must leave London in its Roman state, and proceed onwards. But even in Anglo-Saxon antiquity, London has little or nothing now to show us. Ancient as she stands as a bishopric,¹ we have no traces even of her ecclesiastical architecture of this period. In fact, London can, for even a long time after this period, have presented little else than a series of narrow lanes, bordered by hovels at irregular distances, and enclosed by walls, except on the side where the river furnished a natural defence.

Old London Bridge, however, seems to maintain its

¹ The following passage from Fabyan's Chronicle, is curious and characteristic:—

“The firste of the archeflamyns see, rule, or jurisdiccion, was, as wytnesseth Alfrede and Policronica, at London; the seconde at York; and the thirde at Cærnst, or Kaerglonne, or Glowceter. To these iii archebyshoppes were subject the foresayd xxviii flamyns or byshoppes. To the archebyshoppes see of London, was subject Cornewayll and all myddyll Englande unto Humbre. To ye archebyshoppes see of Yorke was subgette all Northumberlande, from the Bowe of Humber, with all Scotlande. And to ye thirde archebyshoppes see, which was at Glowceter, was subgette all Walys; in whiche provynce of Walys were vii byshoppes, where, as now, but iiii. At that daye, Sevarne departed Brytayne and Cambria or Wales. But in the tyme of Saxons, after hadde the rule of this land of Brytayne, as testifieth Wilhelmus de Pontific. Albeit, that Seynt Gregory hadde grannted unto London the pryvelyage of ye archebishoppes see. Neverthelesse, Seynt Austyne, the which with other was sent into England by the foresayd Gregory, turned the archebyshoppes see out of London into Caunterbury. After the death of Seynt Gregorye, by meanes of prayer of Kyng Egbert or Ethelbert, and other cytezeyns and burgesys of Caunterbury, where it hath contynued to this day, except yet for ye tyme of Offa, King of Mercia or Mercherik, for displeasure, that he hadde to the cytezeyns of Caunterbury by name, and took from them that dignyte, and worshipped Adulphe, byshoppe of Lychefelde, with ye pall of Caunterbury, by the assent of Adryan, the first of that name, then Pope. Neverthelesse, of the time of Kenulphus, which, not longe after, was kyng of that sayd Mercia, it was againe restoryed to Caunterbury.”—Chron. p. 35.

antiquity in defiance of the scepticism or curiosity of antiquarians. Thus, in the writings of Snorro Sturleschius, an Icelandic historian, there is a curious account of an assault on London Bridge, in the year 1068, by the combined forces of Ethelred II., and Olaf, the Norwegian chief, then his ally. At that time, the Danes held possession both of the city and the bridge, and had also a strong post in "Sudurvirke," or Southwark. "There was, at that time, a bridge erected over the river, between the city and Southwark, so wide, that if two carriages met they could pass each other. At the sides of the bridge, at those parts which looked upon the river, were erected ramparts and castles, which were defended at the top by pent-houses, bulwarks, and sheltered turrets, covering to the heart those who were fighting in them: the bridge itself was also defended by piles fixed in the bed of the river." He then goes on to describe the attack:—"The fleet, as well as forces, being now ready, they rowed towards the bridge, the tide being adverse; but no sooner had they reached it, than they were violently assailed from above with a shower of missiles and stones, of such immensity, that their helmets and shields were shattered, and the ships themselves considerably injured. Many of them, therefore, retired; but Olaf, the king, and his horsemen, having rowed their ships close up to the bridge, made them fast to the piles with ropes and cables, with which they strained them, and the tide aiding their united efforts, the piles gradually gave way, and were withdrawn from under the bridge. At this time there was an immense pressure of pikes and other weapons, so that the piles being removed, the whole bridge broke down, and involved in its fall the ruin of many; numbers, however, were left to seek refuge by flight, some into the city, others into Southwark."¹ So intimidated were the citizens by this catastrophe, that they consented to receive Ethelred as king.

¹ From the "Graphic and Historical Illustrator," a journal which expired much too soon.

But the London Bridge of our old chroniclers was something very different to the one which existed in succeeding ages. It was a mere wooden structure, doubtless of the rudest and most unprepossessing form; and the building of the stone structure, commencing, according to Stowe, about A.D. 1176, was of very gradual progress, and in the reign of King John, it was so out of repair that he "gave certain void places in London to build upon, the profits thereof to remain towards the charges of building and repairing the same bridge: a mason being master workman of the bridge, builded from the foundation the large chapel on that bridge at his own charges."

A sad tragedy took place within four years after the completion of the bridge. On the 10th of July, at night, "the borough of Southwark, upon the south side of the river of Thames, as also the church of our lady of the canons¹ there, being on fire, and an exceeding great multitude of people passing the bridge, either to extinguish or quench it, or else to gaze at and behold it; suddenly the north part, by the blowing of the south wind, was also set on fire, and the people which were even now passing the bridge, perceiving the same, would have returned, but were stopped by fire, and it came to pass, that as they stayed or protracted time, the other end of the bridge also, namely, the south end, was fired, so that the people, thronging themselves between the two fires, did nothing else but expect present death; then came there to aid them many ships and vessels, into the which the multitude so unadvisedly rushed, that the ships being drowned, they all perished. It was said that through the fire and shipwrecks there were destroyed about 3,000 persons, whose bodies were found in part, or half burned, besides those who were wholly burned to ashes, and could not be found."²

Henceforth we read of London Bridge as the scene

¹ *i. e.* St. Mary Overies, or St. Saviour's, Southwark.

² Stowe's Survey of London, p. 10.

of various interesting events. In 1381, Wat Tyler and the Kentish rebels entered the city by this bridge; in 1395, on St. George's day, a tournament took place between David Earl of Crawford, of Scotland, and the Lord Wells, of England, a fact, which, as Stowe observes, "proves that the bridge could not then have been bordered with houses on both sides, as at a subsequent period."

In the year 1450, the more serious rebellion of Jack Cade took place, and this bridge was the place of his entry. The men of Kent, who had unfortunately taken a conspicuous part in recent inflammatory proceedings, presented a tempting band to favour the designs of a clever adventurer. John Cade, assuming the name of Mortimer, placed himself at the head of twenty thousand insurgents, and advanced to London. Many communications passed between the king and the pretender, who, in two formal documents, set forth a complaint "that the king purposed to punish the men of Kent for a murder of which they were not guilty; that he gave away the revenues of the crown, and took for his own maintenance the goods of the people; that he excluded from his councils the lords of his own blood, to make place for men of low rank who oppressed his subjects; that the sheriffs, under-sheriffs, and collectors of taxes, were guilty of intolerable extortions; that in the election of knights of the shire, the free choice of the people was superseded by the influence of the lords; and that numerous delays and impediments had been introduced to prevent the speedy administration of justice. Their 'requests' demanded that the relatives of the Duke of Suffolk should be banished from the court, and the Dukes of York, Exeter, Buckingham, and Norfolk, with the Earls and Barons, be employed about the king's person; that the traitors should be punished who contrived the death of the Duke of Gloucester, of the holy father the Cardinal, of the Duke of Exeter, and of the Duke of Warwick, and who occasioned the loss of Normandy, Guienne,

Anjou, and Maine; and that all extortions should be abolished, and the great extortioners, Sley, Crowe, Lisle, and Robert Est, should be brought to justice.¹

The result of this wild scheme is too well known to be detailed here, but London Bridge will always remain celebrated as the site of the daring experiment of Cade, and the ill-directed courage of the men of Kent. Let us now glance at the state of the bridge in the time of Stowe, with which we may conclude our notice. "It is a work," says he, "very rare, having with the draw-bridge twenty arches, made of square stone, of height sixty feet, and in breadth thirty feet, distant one another twenty feet; compact and joined together with vaults and cellars; upon both sides be houses built, so that it seemeth rather a continual street than a bridge; for the fortifying whereof against the incessant assaults of the river, it hath overseers and officers."²

It would be impossible to take a leisure walk down the river—at least, that kind of walk which we *can* take, in getting from London Bridge to Limehouse, or even the reverse way, from London Bridge to Westminster—without entering into disquisitions that would make us sigh for Knight's six portly volumes of "London." I must therefore confine myself to a few brief notices of a few of the East end objects, for the reason I have before mentioned, viz., their superiority as vestiges of old London.

As to the Tower of London, it presents to us, with the exception of the beautiful church of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, the most admirable specimen of Norman architecture in the whole city. But its great point of interest consists in the monuments and other mementoes of the great and unhappy dead. Well does Macaulay observe, of the chapel of St. Stephen's: "In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with

¹ Lingard, vol. v., p. 137.

² Stowe's Survey of London, p. 11.

public veneration and with imperishable renown; not as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities, but with whatever is darkest in human nature and human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness, and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts."¹

We cannot help, in considering the historical value of this portion of the Tower, uniting with the same author in expressing our "disgust at the barbarous stupidity which has transformed this most interesting little church into the likeness of a meeting-house in a manufacturing town." Yet such is unfortunately the character of half the so-called improvements of latter days. The restoration of the Temple Church is indeed a glorious exception, but, taken as a whole, we can only look upon the greater number of the ecclesiastical buildings of the metropolis as incongruous attempts to supply, by a corrupt style of semi-pagan architecture, the loss of many a quaint and beautiful structure, truly redolent of mediæval London.

Despite the villanous board-partitions which cramp its dimensions, and separate its aisles, as though they were no part of the original design, despite the vulgar brick tower, which appears as if it came from elsewhere, the priory church of St. Bartholomew is a noble and interesting one. The work of the good Rahere, its first prior,² whose history, too long for our pages, has been

¹ Macaulay, *Hist. of England*, v. i., p. 623.

² See the excellent account of his life, from a Cottonian MS. in *Knight's London*, v. ii, ch. xxviii.

"In this tyme and season as it were, in iii yere of Kyng Henry, ye Church of Seynte Barthelmewe, in Smythfeelde of London, was begonne to be founded, of a mynstrell of this

brought to light in a manner more complete and valuable than that of the founder of any similar institution—it is now a comparative fragment. Of its cloisters nothing remains; the four magnificent arches no longer bear aloft a noble belfry-tower; and the nave is utterly gone. The present church stands some distance backwards from Smithfield, but there is little doubt that its frontage was originally on a line with the small gateway still remaining, and which served as an entrance from Smithfield into the old nave.

The beauties of the architecture must be sought for to be understood. Fine as is the ensemble of the interior, as viewed from the organ gallery, at the western end of the choir, the roof obviously belongs to a far later era than the noble arches which support it. The Purgatory, as it is called, is an interesting though sufficiently dismal feature; indeed, it seems probable that the exclusion of the light is due to a comparatively recent innovation, and that “it was visible in some way from the choir, since a pair of exactly similar pillars with the beautiful arch above, standing at the north-east corner of the aisle, are in a great measure shut in here. On opening the little door, indeed, into the place, we can with difficulty refrain from an exclamation of surprise at the sight of the stately pillar rising up so grandly in that unworthy spot; and to make it evident that this arch has been intended to be seen from the choir, we find that, unlike the others, of which we see only the exterior, this is beautifully ornamented.”¹ In fact, the continuous aisles, carried round the whole church, form its most conspicuous and beautiful feature, and we should wonder at the barbarism which has blocked them up with trumpery partitions, had we not, on our last visit, found the space

King Henry, named Rayer, and after perfourmed and ended by good and well dysposed cyteyzens, of the cytie of London. This place of Smythfeelde was at yt daye a large stowe of all sorts of fylth, and the place where felons and other transgressours of ye kynges lawis, were put to execucion.”—FABYAN, p. 254.

¹ London, *ibid.*, p. 58.

behind the organ converted into a place for drying new-washed linen!

It is impossible not to regret the falling off in the city churches. Wealthy livings, scanty congregations, and still scantier charities incumbent upon the rich *beneficiaries*—too frequently the holders of copious pluralities—these are matters which one has but to deplore as we listen to the listless tedium, and sleepy, matter-of-fact dullness with which the service is “got through.” One great cause of the mischief undoubtedly is the fact, that the city being no longer the home of the wealthy merchant or tradesman, its churches become deserted, while those of Holloway, Highgate, and other suburban districts, can display good congregations, and something nearer an ecclesiastical spirit in the conduct of the service. But why such wealthy foundations as the city churches possess should not be cast into a common fund for the benefit of the ill-paid working clergy in over-grown parishes, we cannot see.

Nor, on the other hand, can one admire the good sense or taste of leaving some of our largest churches with organs, some of which are not only ineffective from their insignificant size, but utterly useless from their decayed workmanship—and setting up a leviathan instrument, the very pedals of which are enough to carry away the galleries in one of Wren’s smallest pigeon-hole-windowed fabrics. The want of judicious application of means to end, of funds to the spirit, and not the dead letter of the purpose for which they were left, is the cause which, while it leaves a noble remnant of early England like St. Bartholomew’s to stand a disgrace to our barbarism and want of nationality, throws eight hundred or a thousand pounds away in building an organ too large to be heard, and which requires an escape in the roof to make it bearable.¹

From a chronicle I have quoted in a recent note, my readers will have the satisfaction of learning that

¹ My musical readers will easily recognize the allusion.

Smithfield was quite as clean and wholesome a place in former days as in our own time ; and, leaving him to regret, with me, that a part of the conservative feeling so anxiously manifested in the retention of an abuse, had not extended itself at all events to preventing St. Bartholomew's church from being turned into a drying-ground, I will present him with an analogy derived from a not altogether dissimilar part of the town.

"From Aldgate east, again, lieth a large street, replenished with buildings ; to wit, on the north side the parish church of St. Botolph, and so other buildings, to Hog-lane, and to the bars on both sides.

"Also without the bars, both the sides of the street be pestered with cottages and alleys, even up to Whitechapel church, and almost half a mile beyond it, into the common field ; all which ought to be open and free for all men. But this common field, I say, being sometime the beauty of this city on that part, is so encroached upon by building of filthy cottages, and with other purpressors, enclosures, and laystalls (notwithstanding all proclamations and acts of parliament made to the contrary), that in some places it scarce remaineth a sufficient highway for the meeting of carriages and droves of cattle ; much less is there any fair, pleasant, or wholesome way for people to walk on foot ; which is no small blemish to so famous a city to have so unsavoury and unseemly an entrance or passage thereunto."¹

I may again remind my reader that it is "down Whitechapel" way that he must look for the "butchers' shops," which are, relatively at least, the best link we have with ancient London, and which, as far as noise, confusion, drunkenness, and the vilest and dirtiest surrounding neighbourhood, have quite as much of the "old city" as we should care to endure. Yet we must recollect, that bishops once dwelt in Aldersgate-street, that Fenchurch-street was the site of the Earl of Northumberland's palace ; while, at a still later period, the

¹ Stowe, Survey, p. 157.

dissipated Duke of Buckingham lived at a house in Bishopsgate-street, which is still standing, and that greens and potatoes were sold at Episcopalian street-doors in Covent-garden Market. Looking at past changes, who will venture to deny, that the suburbs of London will hereafter become the seat of fashion, while Grosvenor-square and Belgravia will be commercial palaces, rivalled by the colossal buildings in Cannon-street—but more convenient for some of the railways?

We must now look back at the social condition of London in the middle ages, and, save only a few exceptions, the picture is not an agreeable one. Without dwelling on the frequency of revolutions and conspiracy, the unsettled character and antagonistic interests of the nobility, and the imperfect compromise between absolute monarchy and the license of feudalism, we shall find a crude gloominess, redolent of a barbarism but recently laid aside, clinging to every feature of society. Every public building was a pillory for the living, or for the ghastly and mouldering heads of the departed; political offences were punished with a severity that drove men to more desperate acts of daring; the streets were filthy and unprotected, and an organized and powerful banditti did boldly what the finesse of a limited few can only execute to an immeasurably smaller extent. Even in the days of Elizabeth, the luxuries of the houses of the nobility were scarcely on a par with the comforts of a respectable inn of the present day; musical instruments, once the pride and admiration of the donors or possessors, now only excite a smile at the simplicity which made admiration so easy a task for our forefathers; amusements were either degrading to humanity or totally unsuited to the exigencies of a refined taste.

If we compare the masterly sketch which Macaulay has given in his third chapter, of the social state of England, and especially of London, in 1685, we shall, by making due allowance for the purification effected

by the Great Fire, and for other changes, be enabled to arrive at a probable notion of the state of a London street at a period anterior to Stowe's Survey. "The pavement," he says, "was detestable; all foreigners cried shame upon it. The drainage was so bad, that in rainy weather the gutters soon became torrents. Several facetious poets have commemorated the fury with which these black rivulets roared down Snow-hill and Ludgate-hill, bearing to Fleet-ditch a vast tribute of animal and vegetable filth from the stalls of butchers and greengrocers. This flood was profusely thrown to right and left by coaches and carts. To keep as far from the carriage-road as possible was therefore the wish of every pedestrian. The mild and timid gave the wall. The bold and athletic took it. If two roisterers met, they cocked their hats in each others' faces, and pushed each other about till the weaker was shoved into the kennel. If he was a mere bully, he sneaked off, muttering that he should find a time. If he was pugnacious, the encounter probably ended in a duel."¹

It will appear the more strange that so great a recklessness of comfort, nay, even of personal safety, should have prevailed in London, if we consider the wealth of the merchants, who must certainly be looked upon as the representatives of our civic prosperity, and if we further reflect that the city was to them what it no longer is—a home and a place of retirement after the fatigues of business were over. And it is our knowledge of this great mercantile affluence which leads us to consider London, viewed as a mercantile city, even at a most recondite period.

At the beginning of the eighth century, Bede speaks of London as a great emporium, visited by merchants both by land and by sea. It is said to have contributed 15,000*l.* to the 82,000*l.* raised by Canute on the kingdom; and, if another chronicler may be believed, Edmund Ironside owed his election to the throne chiefly to the influence of the citizens of London.

¹ Macaulay, *Hist. of England*, v. i. p. 359.

"The famous Bishop of Winchester," continues Hallam,¹ "tells the Londoners that they are almost accounted as noblemen on account of the greatness of their city; into the community of which, it appears, that some barons had been received. Indeed, the citizens themselves, or at least the principal of them, were called barons. It was certainly by far the greatest city in England. There have been different estimates of its population, some of which are extravagant; but I think it could hardly have contained less than thirty or forty thousand souls within its walls; and the suburbs were very populous. These numbers, the enjoyment of privileges, and the consciousness of strength, infused a free, and even a mutinous spirit into their conduct." A conduct, I may add, which the London apprentices afterwards learned to turn against their masters. "The Londoners were always on the barons' side in their contests with the crown. . . . They were distinguished in the great struggle for Magna Charta; the privileges of their city were expressly confirmed in it; and the lord mayor was one of the twenty-five barons to whom the maintenance of its provisions was delegated. In the subsequent reign, the citizens of London were regarded with much dislike and jealousy by the court, and sometimes suffered pretty severely at their hands, especially after the battle of Evesham."

But despite this unsettled state of affairs, the early annals of the city of London present us with many instances of manly and magnanimous service rendered to the throne by the citizens of London in time of need. But there was unquestionably one thing wanting to secure their good will to the royal establishment; viz., a participation in the royal councils. It seems strange that monarchs should not have perceived the necessity of arraying on their own side men of large property, respectable standing, and possessing a dangerous influence capable of being used against them. Nor is it less to be wondered at, that the citizens should have required

¹ Europe during the Middle Ages, v. ii. p. 158.

so extraordinary an influence as that of Simon de Montfort to rouse them to a consciousness of the rights they had passed by unheeded. For it is certain that, "rich, powerful, honourable, and high-spirited as the citizens of London had become, it was very long before they found a regular place in parliament. The prerogative of imposing talliages at pleasure, unsparingly exercised by Henry III. even at London, left the crown no inducement to summon the inhabitants of cities and boroughs. But," continues the same author, "as they were daily growing more considerable, they were certain, in a monarchy so limited as that of England became in the thirteenth century, of attaining, sooner or later, this eminent privilege." Although, therefore, the object of De Montfort might merely be to strengthen his own faction, yet he contributed to accelerate a work that was gradually preparing for consummation.¹

Much as we may laugh at some of the gewgaw pageantry which has made the inauguration of Lord Mayor emphatically a "show," we cannot forget how that office, purchased as it was by a vote "to support the madness of the crusade,"² eventually became a sort of tribuneship, and enabled the citizens of London to withstand undue encroachment on the part of the Crown, and yet, in times of pressing distress, frequently prove its best and most substantial ally. Civic influence *within the city* has declined of late years, and with an evident reason: the extension of the city itself, and the yet greater extension of civil and religious liberty to every subject, render specific control from particular bodies less necessary than at any period of our history. But the power of London, in her wealth, and (though we must still cry shame on some things already mentioned)³ her rising civilization, is raising

¹ See the whole matter most completely and historically argued by Mr. Hallam, *ibid.* p. 159-61. His discussion respecting the borough of St. Alban's is also extremely interesting.

² Pennant, London, p. 16.

³ By the way, talking of London dirt, Howel, the author of

her every day to a greater pitch of moral and social glory. Better far that she should be the benefactor of the earth, than that, rolled up in her own vanity, she should live a selfish life of vulgar affluence and cit-like pomp. The lines of demarcation, which, even when the wits of the last century made merry with respectability, could see nothing in a citizen but a "worthy" or an "honest" idiot, are as rapidly fading away, as the simple fact that a man goes exactly for what he is, is gaining ground.

And now let me say a few farewell words respecting the connection of old London with our ever-varied literature. Setting Westminster Abbey aside, with its Poets' Corner—"Cui non dictus Hylas?" every church bears the effigy or the eulogium of some great man, who has written for our edifying, and from whose lessons, in whatsoever spirit they were cast, we have something to learn. And do not our authors in turn reflect old London back to us? Can we read Shakspeare's historical plays, and not conjure ourselves, in imagination, into the dangerous "society" of the "Boar's Head?"¹ Can we not, when we call to mind the expedition against the "men in buckram," draw a tolerable picture of the danger of "after-dark" excursions, even within the range of a twopenny omnibus drive of the present day?

Every great author has his London.² Chaucer, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Milton, Dr. Johnson, Swift, Pope, and a host of other dramatists, poets, and authors, each have handed down to us a picture of London—

Londinopolis, p. 392, in summing up the wonderful advantages of the City of London over all others in the world, speaks of the *Wardmote Inquest*, as, among other things, performing the following useful offices:—"They, by vertue of their office, inquire if any manner of person, after rain, or any other time, cast or lay any dung, ordure, rubbish, sea-coal ashes, rushes, or any other thing of noisance in the river of Thames, or the channels of the city!"

¹ See a plate of this sign in Pennant, *l. c.*, p. 244.

² This idea has been admirably realized in some excellent chapters in Knight's London.

or rather a mass of loose features, which, as we read, seem to arrange themselves into a living panorama of London in some other phase. Far better can we, in Chaucer's language, depict the scene where

“ Befel, that in that season, on a day,
In Southwark, at the Tabard as I lay,
Steady to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devout courage,
All night was come into that hostelry
Well nine-and-twenty in a company
Of sundry folk, by adventure yfall
In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all,
That toward Canterbury woulde ride.”¹

than in the apocryphal remains of the present inn, which, although of unquestionable antiquity, still leave us in doubt whether the famous “pilgrims’” room is still in existence. And what a vivid picture of the habits, costume, and manners of the period? What a sly undercurrent of satire against some “loose screw” in the well-being of society! The study of the scene of the meeting of the pilgrims, furnishes a condensed encyclopædia of one, and that not the least interesting era of old London.

Shakspeare's plays tell us an immense deal about London; but say little respecting the middle class of its inhabitants. “Scene, Whitehall,” is an unsatisfactory clew to what Whitehall then was, especially if we recollect that the Whitehall of the stage would be nothing but a painted label on a curtain. But of the dissipated habits of a period anterior to his days—of the street rollicking, and utter absence of safety after nightfall—he has given us evidence, derived, doubtless, from authorities in his time, as those which, in our own days, have set forth the doings of the “merry monarch,” and the “roaring boys” of his time.

In Ben Jonson, we meet with another class of similar worthies, almost sufficient to convince us that youth had no alternative between the cloister and the

¹ Canterbury Tales.

pothouse, for the means of spending the day. And then the Bobadil troop! the half-hildalgo, half-bully, with a dash of Sir John Falstaff's vices, but not an atom of his heartiness! In truth, those who would think well on old London, and understand her fairly in her glories and her deformity, must pro and con "Every Man in his own Humour" and "Bartholomew Fair," till they have them at their fingers' ends.

Even as we descend onward, and as wit becomes more flashing and more evanescent, and as the long course of dramatists and satirists—some following in the wake of the French school, some avowedly copying its productions—as the breadth of language decreases, and the outrage to morality becomes deeper and more mischievously concealed—even in the writings of Vanbrugh, we see a powerful link with the past. London was still barbarous, debauched London. Still it was witty and clever to beat the watch, and outrage inoffensive people; and to be a "fine gentleman," it was requisite to gain every qualification that in these days makes a vagabond. Alas! London is not now—can never be wholly purged of the resorts of vice, can never be utterly freed from their consequences. But so much has been done, and that from time to time, in a long lapse of years, and by slow movements—so slow as to be distinctly traceable! Who, then, shall bid us despair?

There is one more link between London and her literature; and that is, the heartfelt enthusiasm of her old chroniclers. Most of these classical historians of our mother-city, were merchants and tradesmen; and it was not unfitting that the city, which owed her greatness and wealth to mercantile traffic, should have merchants for the heralds of her renown.

Of old Fabyan, who was an alderman, and yet one of the best classical scholars of his time, I cannot say much in point of style. His painful attention to minutiae,¹ renders him ineffective; but, at the same time, makes

¹ I cannot, however, deny that this charge has been well met in an able paper in Knight's London, v. ii. p. 184.

him a valuable informant on the manners and customs of the times he describes—matters in which minuteness becomes a virtue.

Arnold, Leland, Camden, and some others, followed; but their efforts and their fame were eclipsed by the well-directed, but shamefully-rewarded labours of poor John Stowe. The reader, who enters the beautiful church of St. Andrew Undershaft, and contemplates the monument of this veteran in the history of our metropolis without a feeling of indignant emotion, should eschew antiquity, as a study for which he has neither disposition nor capacity.

Best of English historians, he was destined to have a Strype, the historian of his own useful life. In the pages of Stowe, we find all the straightforward information and pains-taking research, which have formed the basis of many a massive folio since his time. In Stowe, we must admire the singleness of heart, the self-denying perseverance, and the truthful, plain-spokenness, which, in defiance of every fault of style inseparable from his time, still leave him the unrivalled historian of London.

I may be pardoned concluding with the following elegant lines of Sir John Denham:—

“ My eye descending from the hill surveys,
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays;
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity,
Tho' with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold.
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore;
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore;
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave:
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil;

But god-like, his unwearied bounty flows—
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common as the sea or wind,
When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours ;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants :
So that to us nothing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.

Oh could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme !
Tho' deep, yet clear ; tho' gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong, without rage ; without o'erflowing, full.
Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame is thine, like lesser currents, **lost."**

YORK.

"Grete sin did William, that swilk wo did werk,
 Soe grete vengeance he nam, of men of holy kirk,
 That did no wem till him, ne no trespass,
 Fro York to Durham, no wonyng stede was,
 Nien yere, says my buke, lasted so grete sorrowe,
 The bishop clerkes tuke, thar lyves for two borrowe."¹

FROM the earliest periods of British history York is fraught with remembrances as flattering to our antiquarian notions of respectability, as interesting in the feelings they arouse in British hearts. Its cathedral, one of the noblest land-marks of mediæval archæology, almost forming, in its monuments, a history of the times that have been—its intimate and unquestionable connection with the times of early Christianity, and with that Roman Conquest, which, while it robbed us of a savage freedom, gave us the first germs of that refinement which was hereafter to give us a thousand reasons for cherishing genuine and intellectual liberty—all these, and a hundred other causes, far too numerous to be here detailed, compel us not to forget old "Eboracum,"² scanty as our notice must necessarily be.

About the year A.D. 79, Eboracum, then the chief city of the Brigantes, became the chief station of the conquering Agricola, and seems to have even attained the dignity of a Roman colony. It was the head

¹ Peter Langsoft.

² Its ancient Latin name, from *Eborasilvia*, or Yorkshire. The whimsical etymologies are well sifted and examined by Drake, v. i. p. 1 sqq.

quarters of the sixth legion in the reign of Hadrian, and continued so until the departure of the Romans from the island. From the time of Septimus Severus it was the residence of the emperors, whenever they honoured this island with a visit, and in their absence, of the imperial legates. Here Septimus and Constantius Chlorus died; and a tradition, scarcely, however, deserving of much credit, points to Eboracum as the birth-place of Constantine the Great. It has been remarked that "for its pre-eminence among the Roman stations in Britain, Eboracum was indebted, probably, to its situation on the banks of a navigable river, in the midst of a remarkably extensive and very fertile plain, in the heart of the large district which lay between that part of the province of which the Romans had almost undisturbed possession, and that which they never could subdue, with the fierce hordes of which they were compelled to wage unceasing and doubtful warfare."¹

A corner tower, and a portion of the ancient Roman wall remain to this day in an admirable state of preservation; while, so complete are the foundations discovered during various excavations, that there remains little doubt that "this important station was of a rectangular form, corresponding very nearly with the plan of a Polybian camp, occupying a space of about 650 yards, by about 550, inclosed by a wall, and a rampart mound on the inner side of the wall, and a fosse without, with four angle towers, and a series of minor towers or turrets, and having four gates or principal entrances, from which proceeded military roads leading to the neighbouring stations mentioned in the 'Itinerary' of Antonine." In the immediate neighbourhood, especially south-west and north-west, the most interesting remains of funereal monuments, coffins, cinerary urns, tombs, baths, temples, and villas, have been brought to light from time to time. No site is so clearly indicated, no part of England

¹ Penny Cyclopædia, art. York.

forms a more important link in the chain of history.

Up to the time of the arrival of the Saxons, and, indeed, for a century afterwards, there is a gap in our information respecting York. The inhabitants, descendants of the Bragantes, retained their native language, and restored the former name of the city, but with a slight modification, and the addition of the prefix *Caer*, denoting its increased strength and dignity. During this time, although continually increasing in power and affluence, York had now many rivals in importance, from the continued springing up of the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms; but, nevertheless, it remained the noblest city of the north.

With various modifications or corruptions, the name Eborac, or Eboracum, appears to have been retained, and its present name of York is traceable in one of them, *Eurewic*. But of its history, up to the Norman Conquest, we have only enough left to assure us of its importance as a royal residence. Here Edwin, King of Northumbria, and fifth Bretwalder,¹ held his court. Beneath its walls he was baptized by Bishop Paulinus; and here arose the first metropolitan church, in whose cloisters some of the subsequent kings of Northumbria sought a retreat from the cares of a throne, under the guidance of Alcuin, to whom it had given birth; York also possessed a proud name as a seminary of scholastic learning, and crowds of students from Gaul and Germany thronged to the lectures of this great man. His after years, however, as is well known, were devoted to the enlightenment of the kingdom of Charlemagne.

In 866, York suffered severely from the incursions of Ingmar and Ubbo, two of the sons of Ragnar, and for a time it became the stronghold of the savage

¹ *I. e.* wielder or sovereign of England, a title applied to the more powerful of these early contemporaneous kings, "whose authority was acknowledged by all or by most of his contemporaries."

Danes, after they had wreaked a brutal vengeance on the brave *Ælla*.¹ We subsequently, however, find it the scene of the court of Edgar, fifth sole monarch, in 966, under the name of the Wittenagemot. Harold was dining in his palace in the same city, after the battle of Stamford-bridge,² when he received the news of the landing of the Duke of Normandy. Within twenty days after, he was stretched a corse on the field of Hastings.

Few relics belonging to this period have been discovered, but a portion of the Saxon church, erected by Paulinus, has been discovered beneath the choir of the present Minster, and various coins have been found in the neighbourhood.

No sooner was the Duke of Normandy established on the English throne, than, in the words of Drake,³ "he showed the principle laid down by Machiavelli, some ages after, to be his sole rule and guide. That able politician," he observes, "teaches the prince who conquers a kingdom, to destroy and root out as much as possible the ancient nobility of it; and reduce the commonalty to as low an ebb of beggary and misery as they can possibly live under. This maxim the conqueror stuck close to, and soon let the poor English understand that he would rule them with a rod of iron; and since he never expected them to love him, he resolved they should have cause enough to fear him. His title to the crown was by the longest sword, and he well employed the sharpest in the maintaining of it."

At first, William met with a sufficiently favourable reception at York; but the appearance of tranquillity was but delusive. "The spirit of resistance was still alive; and, if the royal authority was obeyed in the neighbourhood of the different garrisons, in the open country it was held at defiance. In several districts,

¹ See Lingard, v. i. p. 156.

² Respecting the date of this battle, see Lingard, v. i. p. 305, note.

³ Vol. i. p. 86.

the glens and forests swarmed with voluntary fugitives, who, disdaining to crouch beneath a foreign yoke, had abandoned their habitations, and supported themselves by the plunder of the Normans and royalists."¹

Without entering into the details of the fearful siege which York underwent in A.D. 1069, it will be sufficient to glance at the brutish cruelty with which William I. wreaked his vengeance upon the kingdom of Northumbria. The threatened invasion from Denmark certainly afforded a pretext for laying the country from the Tyne to the Humber desolate; but the work of cruelty, even had that pretext been real, was fearfully overdone. William of Malmesbury² laments, in bitter terms, over the fallen glories of the city, while the whole surrounding neighbourhood was one scene of devastation. Small parties of the royal retainers, pitched in different parts of the country, destroyed not only man and beast, but houses, corn, implements of tillage, and everything conducive to the support of human life. The work of rapine, fire, and bloodshed, commenced on the left bank of the Ouse, and reached to the Tees, the Were, and the Tyne. A few, indeed, escaped, either by crossing the last-mentioned river, or by taking shelter in Holy Island, the property of the bishop of Durham; but thousands, intercepted in their flight, were starved to death in the woods. Upwards of 100,000 fell victims to this sanguinary measure, and, as Drake observes, "our city lay dead, as it were, for nearly an age; so few signs of life can we meet with in history about it."³

This appalling contrast becomes the more striking, if we recollect that, at this time, York was far superior to London in size and importance. It had, however,

¹ Lingard, v. ii. p. 20. For the cruel policy of William, compare Hallam, ch. viii. pt. ii. p. 90 sq., v. ii.

² See the numerous passages quoted in Drake.

³ P. 91. See also a curious account of the devastation, which he quotes from Peter Langtoft's Chronicle, in old English rhyme.

begun to rear its head under the reign of Stephen, when a fire broke out, destroying the cathedral church, St. Mary's Abbey, St. Leonard's Hospital, together with forty other churches—a fire which, if we consider their relative proportions at the time it took place, must have proved as fatal to York as the conflagration of 1666 was to London.

The safety of York was threatened, but not impaired, by the attempts of David, King of Scotland; but in the year 1171, we find his successor William doing homage to Henry in this very city, in one of the earliest parliaments,¹ properly so called, in Great Britain.

We have now to chronicle an event for which the readers of "Ivanhoe" will be tolerably prepared, viz., the cruel massacre of the Jews in the beginning of the reign of Richard I.

A tribe of the Jews, who had been first introduced into England by William the Conqueror, had acquired, by their wonted habits of frugality and skill in traffic, great wealth and influence at York. But the fear under which they constantly lived compelled them to purchase the protection of the reigning prince by rich presents. The naturalization of the Jews was reserved for a later age. Richard I., although a zealous Christian, and bitterly opposed to the enemies of Christianity, forbore to injure the Jews, contenting himself with excluding them from his coronation.

At the time of his coronation some of the richest Jews in the kingdom were summoned by their brethren in London to attend the ceremony, and present a rich

¹ This parliament, or convention of the estates, was not the same as now, the House of Commons not being of so old a date, but composed of the barons and bishops, and other great men of the land, whom the king pleased to call together on any extraordinary occasion." Drake, v. 1, p. 93. For a humorous and life like sketch of the whimsicalities of our early electioneering and parliamentary system, I must entreat my readers to read and think over Sir Francis Palgrave's "Merchant and Friar."

gift to the king in acknowledgment of his kindness towards them. The two chief Jews at York, named Benedict and Jocenus, accordingly came to London with a very pompous retinue in order to attend the coronation. Some of the Jews, disregarding the king's order, mixed with the crowd, but were discovered by the guards, beaten, and some slain. The people immediately considered this a hint to them to destroy the Jews and plunder their houses. A cruel massacre took place, and in spite of a proclamation from the king, the example of the metropolis was speedily followed at Norwich, Lynn, Stamford, and York.

The two Jews of York, Benedict and Jocenus, were also at the ceremony. Benedict was grievously bruised and wounded, and being dragged into a church, was there forced to renounce Judaism, and be baptized. The next day, when the tumult had ceased, he was brought before the king, who demanded of him whether he was a Christian or no? Benedict answered that he had been forced into baptism, but that he continued a Jew in his heart, and ever should do; that he chose much rather to suffer death at his hands, since the severe usage he had undergone the day before had been such that he could not long survive it. At which words being driven from the king's presence, he was restored to the Jews; but the miserable man soon after expired.

Jocenus, his companion, escaped to York, but met with a worse fate there. In defiance of the king's proclamation a plot was formed against the Jews, and the conspirators took advantage of a fire in the city to attack the house of Benedict. They burst an entrance, and after murdering the entire inhabitants, plundered the house, and afterwards set it on fire. Jocenus, being alarmed at these outrages, obtained leave of the governor to convey all his treasures into the castle, as being under the king's protection. The conspirators in a few days attacked his house also, but to their great disappointment found it empty, and that most

of the Jews of York had retreated into the castle. They now threw off all disguise, destroyed the houses of all the Jews, seized some few who had not retreated to the castle, and gave them the option of baptism, or immediate death. In the mean time, the governor, who had left the castle for a short time, was prevented from re-entering by the Jews, who feared lest he might have made some agreement with the rioters. He immediately went to the high sheriff of the county, and complained that the Jews had fraudulently shut him out of the castle. The sheriff, being extremely angry at this proceeding, and being also incited by those round him, immediately issued the writ of *posse comitatus* to raise the country to besiege the castle. An innumerable company of armed men rose at once, and begirt the castle. When the high sheriff saw this, he began to repent of his too hasty order, and would fain have recalled his writ, but to those incensed people, whatever he could say or do, by authority or reason, was to no purpose. The better sort of the people, aware of the king's displeasure, avoided these riotous proceedings, but the clergy, and particularly a certain friar, were violent in the business. This man, a canon-hermit of the *Præmonstratensian* order, clad in a white vestment, was very diligent in urging that the enemies of Christ should be destroyed. But being too strenuous in his endeavours in fixing the battering engines against the walls, he came so near them that a large stone put an end to his zeal by dashing out his brains.

The distressed Jews now held a council, and decided on offering a large sum of money to escape with their lives, but this offer was refused. A certain rabbi then stood among them, and said, "Men of Israel, our God whose laws I have prescribed to you, commands that we should at any time die for our law, and behold now death looks us in the face, and we have but to choose whether we should lead a base and scandalous life, or take the best method to come at a gallant and glorious

death. If we fall into the hands of our enemies, at their own will and pleasure we must die; but our Creator, when he gave us life, did enjoin us that with our own hands, and of our own accord, we should devoutly restore it to him again rather than wait on the cruelty of our enemy. This many of our brethren in many great tribulations have bravely performed; they know how to do it, and the most decent manner of execution is pointed out to us." Many of the Jews embraced this dreadful counsel, but some would not consent. The elder perceiving this said, "Those that this good and pious course displeaseth, let them separate and be cut off from the holy congregation; we, for the sake of the law of our fathers, condemn the love of transitory life." Upon this, several withdrew, resolving to throw themselves on the mercy of the conqueror; but the rest proceeded to follow the awful advice of the rabbi. All their rich furniture, clothing, and valuables, were publicly burned, and fire was then set to all the towers of the castle. The elders admonished them, that those who had the stoutest hearts should first cut the throats of their wives and children, and a frightful scene of unnatural carnage ensued. Those Jews who had chosen life meanwhile strove to extinguish the flames, and when, at day-break, the besiegers again assailed the walls, they stood upon the walls, and "in a most lamentable manner declared the horrid catastrophe of their brethren. They threw their dead bodies over the wall, to convince them of it; and, in a most suppliant and moving manner, begged mercy, with an assurance of all of them turning Christians. But the heads and ringleaders of these merciless bloodhounds, of whom one Richard, says my author, was the chief, took no compassion on their sufferings. However, feigning a concern, the Jews let them into the castle, which was no sooner done, than they slew every one of these poor creatures, who, add my authorities, to the last cried out for baptism. The worthy exploit performed, the heroes ran straight

to the cathedral church, where the bonds the Christians were bound to the Jews in for money were deposited; and violently broke open the chests, took and burned all the writings in the midst of the church, and thus set themselves and many more free from their avaricious usury. And after all each man went his way, the soldiers to their colours, and the commons to their houses, in as much joy and triumph as if they had done the gallantest and most meritorious action."¹

To the credit of Richard, he did not suffer this outrage to pass unnoticed, but the pride and avarice of the Bishop of Ely, to whose guidance the administration of justice was entrusted, led him to execute the will of his royal master rather with a view to his own profit, than to the strict punishment of the real offenders. The edicts, however, of this monarch, and of subsequent princes, in favour of the Jews, soon restored that persecuted race to their former power and affluence.

The remaining events appertaining to York, which properly belong to the scope of our volume, may be dismissed in a few words. During the various struggles with Scotland under the reigns of the Edwards, York frequently became the head station of the royal forces. In A.D. 1328, the third prince of that name kept his Christmas there in great state and magnificence, and on the 24th of January, he was married to the beautiful and daring Philippa of Hainault. Its subsequent sufferings under the civil wars of York and Lancaster, and the Roundheads and Cavaliers, must be learned from the detailed histories of those periods.

The cathedral of York is second to none in the kingdom as regards historic and antiquarian interest, and long would be the narrative of the lives of those of its prelates, whose learning, piety, or reputed miracles, have left them amongst the most distinguished in the archives of ecclesiastical biography. The punishment of Richard Scrope, who was executed

¹ Drake, p. 96.

June 8th, 1405, on a charge of high treason, will readily occur to those who are familiar with Shakspeare's historical plays. Drake¹ places his character in a much more amiable light, and, as far as local associations are concerned, his memory is treasured with the respect due to that of a martyr.²

A few leading dates connected with the history of the present cathedral must suffice, as a volume might easily be written, were we to enter into the details of its architectural beauties and archæological lore. Of the earliest church, erected by Edgar, we till lately knew nothing, but, as has been above mentioned, some remains of this ancient structure have lately been brought to light. In the episcopate of Albert, who was elected to the see in 767, a new church was erected, which, confessedly one of the most magnificent of the Anglo-Saxon edifices, fell a victim to a conflagration during the beginning of the reign of William the Conqueror. It was repaired or partially rebuilt in the year 1070, but again suffered by the same merciless enemy. We cannot ascertain the state of the structure at the beginning of the thirteenth century, when Walter Grey became archbishop, but it is certain that the present south transept was begun by him about A.D. 1220, and was probably finished about 1241. The rebuilding of the north transept is thought to have been begun by the same prelate, but not completed till some years after his death. The Chapter-house, a work unrivalled for the beauty of its decorations and the almost enigmatical style of its masonic pro-

¹ Vol. ii. p. 348, sq.

² "There is yet at York an instance of this prelate's popularity; for in the Shoemakers' Company is kept a bowl called a ~~Chapeur~~ *Chapeur* bowl, edged round about with silver, double gilt, with three silver feet, cherub's heads, to it. Round the rim of one side is this inscription, *Recharde Arche Beshope Scrope grant unto all tho that drinkis of this cope XLti dayes to pardon*. Every feast day, after dinner, the company have this bowl filled with spiced ale, and, according to ancient custom, the bowl is drank round amongst them." Drake, *ibid*.

portions, appears to date between 1284 and 1340. The present nave was begun in the year 1291, but not finished till 1360, under Bishop Thoresby, by whom the present choir was also begun, which was, however, not completed till 1472. About this time the central or lantern tower was finished; and very shortly afterwards the upper story of the north-west tower, the south-western having been finished probably about thirty years earlier.¹

And now we must bid farewell to this venerable old city, and pass on to two others which, less important in many respects, still may rival York by their early position in the history of our constitution and intellectual development—Winchester and Oxford.

¹ See Penny Cyclopædia, Art. York.

WINCHESTER,

THE OLD CAPITAL OF ENGLAND.

THE origin of this city¹ is lost in a chaos of fabulous traditions. By the Britons, it is said to have been called *Caer Gwent*, or the White City; the Romans, by whom it was first conquered, called it *Venta Belgarum*; the Saxons, its next masters, gave it the name of *Witanceaster*, which has become Winchester.² In Latin writers it is called *Wintona*.

Like York, Winchester appears to have been a favourite station of the Romans; and the massive walls of flints and mortar by which it was enclosed, are attributed to their authorship. Under Cerdic, it became, in 519, the capital of the West Saxon kings, until the coronation of Egbert, as first king of all England, made it to this country what London afterwards became. After various struggles, London became the capital of Canute's dominions, and Winchester of those of Edmund Ironside, till Edmund's death, in 1016, restored Canute to full sovereignty, and Winchester to its ancient undivided prerogative.

The pleasing pages of Milner furnish many an interesting legend concerning this old city, during the period which we have thus rapidly reviewed; and the reader of "*King Arthur*" will find many a neighbouring locality consecrated with some quaint story of the "*Knights of the Round Table*;" but we must look

¹ The best authority, and the one to which I am almost exclusively indebted, is Milner, *History of Winchester*, 4to; I shall therefore avoid making superfluous references.

² Cf. Milner, v. i. p. 71, *note* 2.

only to the more clearly historical fortunes of Winchester; for interesting as are her legendary claims, her real ones are no less so.

But we may glance, for the sake of illustrating mediæval customs, at two matters intimately connected with the history of Winchester. To this day, the palace-castle of Wolvesley remains as a standing proof of the curious tribute of wolves' heads imposed upon the Welsh by King Edgar, and which, we are assured, was ordered to be paid here, to the number "of three hundred per annum." Tradition says, that, after the space of three years, this destructive tribute had so thinned the numbers of these formidable creatures, that not a wolf was to be had for hunting or money.

The same prince, whose wise care for his subjects was manifested in the most active and useful endeavours for their welfare, was also the originator of the *Winchester Measure*, a name still applied to the standard legal measure, and which he, aware of the inconvenience and impositions arising from the want of a given standard, ordered to be observed throughout his dominions. His attempt to prevent the drunkenness to which the Danes were addicted, by compelling each to drink within the limits of a peg, marking his share in the common drinking-cup, may remind one of the custom of selling beer "by the yard."

But the reign of this prince derives, as regards Winchester, its greatest glory from St. Ethelwold. This pious prelate and accomplished architect, whose name is gloriously remembered in the magnificent piles at Ely and Peterborough, rebuilt the cathedral at Winchester, which, founded, as is supposed, by Lucius, an early British king and convert, had suffered from the violence of Cerdic. Hither he transferred the relics, and erected the shrines of St. Swithin, Birinus, Brinstan, and others. The crypts beneath the east end of the church still remain as he left them. He also rebuilt and re-established the Abbey of Benedictine nuns, founded by Edward the Elder; and aided King Edgar to rebuild

another monastery of the same sect, which gave a beginning to the town of Rumsey.

Charitable and noble-minded as was this prelate, he was equally distinguished by the practical good sense which directed the efforts which public spirit had prompted. Great inconvenience had been experienced from the want of water, which then only flowed in a single current at the eastern end of the city. St. Ethelwold accordingly made sufficient canals, one of which begins near the village of Worthing, thus distributing water through the greater part of the city.

In A.D., 1002, Winchester acquired an unenviable notoriety as the scene of the horrible massacre of the Danes, after the marriage of Ethelred with Emma, "the fair maid of Normandy." The dreadful vengeance which fell upon the English at the hands of the conquering Swayne, did not prevent the revival of the disgraceful wantonness of the Hochtide sports, which continued till of late years.¹

The successor of Ethelwold, St. Elphege II., was well worthy of the high dignities he enjoyed. His zeal and charity knew no bounds, and his life was breathed out while vainly striving to screen the English from the vengeance of their Danish foes. "Being reserved by God to witness that heavy calamity which befel his city in 1015, from the wide-wasting Danes, he acted the part of the good shepherd in its utmost extent, exhorting, comforting, and assisting his flock, and opposing himself to the fury of the barbarians. He was seen to rush between the murderers and their helpless victims, crying out to the former, 'If you are men, spare at least the innocent and the unresisting; or, if you want a victim, turn your swords upon me; it is I who have so often reproached you with your crimes, who have supported and redeemed the prisoners whom you have made, and have deprived you of many of your soldiers, by converting them to Christianity.' The person and the merit of St. Elphege were well known

¹ See Milner, v. i. p. 171, sq., and notes.

to the Danes; having been sent upon different embassies to them, and rendered them many charitable offices. Hence they did not dare to strike him, but were content with seizing upon him, and committing him to close custody, intending to extort an enormous sum for his ransom. During his confinement of seven months, the Pagans, being alarmed at an epidemical distemper which afflicted them, were upon the point of releasing him, without any ransom. At length, however, their avarice prevailing, they sent for him to Greenwich, where their fleet then lay, and put the question finally to him, whether he was prepared to pay the 3,000 marks of gold, which they had imposed as his fine. His answer was, that all the money which he could command, had been spent upon the poor, and that if he had more, it would be their property; in a word, that he had no gold to bestow upon those in whose presence he stood, except that of pure wisdom, which consisted in the knowledge of the living God. Being provoked at this answer, they beat him to the ground, and began to overwhelm him with stones, and the horns of slaughtered oxen; whilst he, raising his eyes to heaven, thus addressed himself to his divine master:—"O good shepherd, do thou watch over the children of thy church, whom, with my last breath, I recommend to thee." Our saint having pronounced this prayer, and continued to suffer, a Dane, by name Thrun, whom he had the day before baptized, moved by a cruel hand of pity, struck him on the head with his battle-axe, and completed his martyrdom.¹

In 1032, Alwyn received the mitre of this see, whose treacherous calumnies of Queen Emma have been handed down to us, together with the romantic story of the fiery ordeal she underwent.² The year 1054 witnessed the awful punishment of one of the real criminals. While St. Edward was keeping the festival of Easter

¹ Ibid. p. 174, sq.

² The evidence for and against this story are summed up by Milner, p. 182, sq. *note*.

at the regal city of Winchester, it chanced that the butler, in carrying in a dish, slipped with one foot, but recovered himself with the other. "Thus," said Earl Godwin, jestingly, "does brother assist brother." The king suddenly thought of the suspicions entertained against the earl, relative to the death of Prince Alfred, and replied in a bitter and penetrating tone:—"So might I have been now assisted by my brother Alfred, had not Earl Godwin prevented it." Thereupon the earl, holding up the morsel he was about to eat, invoked a grievous curse upon himself, wishing that it might choke him, if he spoke not the truth. Suffocation and death speedily overtook him; and the king, recognizing the finger of God in the visitation, bade his servants "take out that dog, and bury him in the high road." The sons of the earl, however, procured his private interment in the cathedral.

Like York, Winchester was destined to groan under the stern yoke of the Norman conqueror. The curfew-bell first sounded in this city; and, although the custom has long since become a dead letter, it is heard within her walls even to the present day.

Another most arbitrary act was the desolation of the New Forest in the neighbourhood—an act which, "although less calamitous in its effects than the cruelties exercised at Yorkshire, seems even more monstrous from the frivolousness of the cause."¹ A tract, well inhabited, and containing no less than thirty-six parish churches, was then laid waste, and given up to the beasts of the chase. A greater satire upon the childish attempts made to defend the scandalous game-laws still in force can scarcely be imagined than the retrospection of an age when Christian churches were pulled down in order to form a royal preserve! It is, however, but just to confess that policy, as well as love of hunting, led the Conqueror to take these violent steps. He required a safe place of retreat for his Norman soldiery, on the

¹ Hallam, v. ii. p. 94.

coast fronting their own country, in case of a general insurrection.

Despite these disadvantages, the importance of Winchester increased, and, tyrant as William unquestionably was, this city doubtless reaped the benefits as well as the evils of his tyranny. Here he continued to hold his court, and the natural result was an increase of commercial prosperity unequalled throughout the kingdom. It was the centre of taxation, for within its walls was kept the dreaded and hated "Domesday Book."¹ It was hither that the immense treasures, levied by means more or less constitutional, from all parts of the kingdom, were brought; and it was to this city that Rufus hastened at his father's death to get possession of the royal treasury—the contents of which he employed partly in agreement with the remorseful wishes of his deceased sire, partly in order to enhance his own popularity.

I cannot omit one anecdote in the life of the Archbishop Walhelin, who, with a liberality hitherto unparalleled, undertook the rebuilding of the cathedral in 1079. Not only had the old cathedral materially suffered at the hands of the Danes, but the Normans, upon their entrance into the island, had introduced a new style of ecclesiastical building, combining greater extent, loftiness, and massiveness of structure. The prelate, who was rapidly expending his whole substance in carrying out his noble design, found timber so deficient that he was compelled to apply to William the Conqueror for more supplies. William gave him leave to take as much timber from Hempage-wood, about three miles from the city, as he could cut down and carry away in three days. The bishop took full advantage of this uncertain scale of permission; and, having collected an ample staff of workmen, he set to with such diligence that, within the prescribed time, not a tree was left standing. The king was absent at the time, and, on returning, was struck with astonish-

¹ Anciently called the "Roll of Winchester."

ment at missing his favourite wood. On learning what had taken place, his anger knew no bounds; but Walhelin, having obtained an interview with some difficulty, fell at the feet of the king, and represented that he had only availed himself of the permission granted him, declaring that he had rather resign his bishopric, and return to his old situation as chaplain, than lose his royal master's favour. William, well knowing his sincerity and zeal, was at once disarmed of his resentment, and contented himself with saying, "Most assuredly, Walhelin, I was too liberal in my grant, and you were too exacting in the use you made of it."¹

In the year 1098, Rufus, being then in Normandy, made a preremptory demand for money, and Walhelin, despairing of raising it without invading the funds appropriated to the church or the poor, sickened and died. Rufus soon after seized upon the bishopric itself, and kept possession of it till 1100, when he met with his untimely end. "A proof of the bad opinion which the people entertained of the deceased monarch is, that they interpreted the fall of a certain tower in the cathedral, which happened the following year, and covered his tomb with its ruins, into a sign of the displeasure of heaven that he had received Christian burial."²

Under the reign of Henry I. and the good Queen Matilda, Winchester enjoyed its full glory. But, in 1102, a terrible accident seemed likely to threaten great confusion to the country at large. A fire broke out in the centre of the city, and not only destroyed a large portion of the city, but numbers of valuable documents and charters, which could never be recovered. The mint had been destroyed, but was speedily rebuilt; and Henry, finding that the current specie of the realm was being continually debased by the fraudulent practices of those who had the management of similar establishments throughout the country, resolved to concentrate the whole coining system at

¹ Milner, v. i. p. 194, sq.

² Ibid. p. 198.

Winchester. With this view he summoned all the coiners throughout England to repair to Winchester by Christmas day, 1125. After a careful examination, they were all found guilty of corrupt practices, except three persons of that profession in Winchester. The offenders received the severe but customary punishment of mutilation, and the loss of their right hands; while the artists of Winchester were entrusted with the charge of making a new coinage to supply the whole kingdom, all the base money being cut to pieces and re-coined.

During this reign, the state of Winchester might have been envied by that of the greatest cities of the Continent. The centre of authority and fashion, distinguished by the magnificence of its buildings and the illustrious personages who tenanted them—enriched with monastic and ecclesiastical buildings, both numerous and superb—it likewise enjoyed the yet more important advantages of populousness and extent. Its suburbs then extended, in every direction, a mile further than at present; it was the favourite thoroughfare from the eastern to the western parts of the kingdom, and was resorted to from every part of it on account of its fairs. It possessed an extensive manufactory for woollen goods, especially men's caps, and an extensive traffic with the Continent for wine and other commodities. "But," observes Milner,¹ "our city, amongst others, is an instance that civil, no less than natural bodies have their periods of increase, maturity, and decay; and henceforward we shall have to relate the steps by which this city, though still for a considerable time one of the most interesting and important places of the kingdom, advanced towards the last-mentioned of these states.

"The first step, however, towards this decay, was not a natural, but an accidental cause, produced by that very evil, which the event that had caused so much joy in this city at the commencement of the present reign,

¹ P. 208.

was supposed to have averted; viz., a disputed succession. Had our Matilda never lived, or had her daughter, the empress, died, England would probably have escaped one of the most dreadful civil wars, and this city one of the most heavy calamities that ever they suffered."

Winchester suffered¹ severely during the war between Stephen and Matilda; bloodshed deluged the streets, and fire destroyed many buildings, among which were the Royal Palace, the Abbey of St. Mary, Hyde Abbey, and about forty churches.

Under Henry II., who, though crowned at Westminster, preferred Winchester as a place of residence, the city began to recover its former high estate, although, in later years, the growing importance of London gradually sapped its prosperity. In his reign, besides other privileges, Winchester was created a mayoralty, a privilege which London did not receive until the tenth year of King John's reign. In gratitude for this grant, and for other marks of royal favour, the citizens of Winchester gave a splendid entertainment to the King of Scotland and his four sons, while on a visit to our monarch.

The character of Henry de Blois, who had swayed the see of Winchester during the troublous period above described, is one which, setting aside the unpopular part he took in the civil war, would seem to present an example of almost every clerical or social virtue. A contemporaneous writer and fellow-bishop,² speaking of the works he constructed for the benefit of his see, says, "that besides building several castles, he made vast lakes, and constructed aqueducts, which were, in the beginning, conceived to be impossible, and that he collected all the most rare and wonderful productions of nature that could be met with; some of which, sur-

¹ The particulars of these quarrels, and of the synod at Winchester, too long to be inserted here, may be read in Lingard, v. ii. ch. iv. p. 167, sq.

² Giraldus Cambrensis, quoted by Milner, v. i. p. 223.

passing all belief, are specified by authors of credit. He was a watchful guardian of his cathedral church and monastery, having recovered much property that had been unjustly alienated from them, and increased it by many presents of his own. He likewise improved the fabric of his cathedral; and, in particular, he collected together the remains of the illustrious personages who had been there interred, into mortuary chests, which he disposed in the most honourable manner round the sanctuary. He was no less liberal to the convent of Taunton, founded by his predecessor; and by a singular expedient, he became the benefactor of all the poor parishes of his diocese. It had been desired in a synod at which he presided, that no chalices of tin or other metal, except gold or silver, should be used at the altar, and whereas many priests in the country neglected to furnish their churches with such chalices, under the pretext of poverty, the next time a free gift or tax from the clergy was required, he ordered that each rector of a parish should, for his quotum, contribute one silver chalice, of a weight prescribed. These being brought in, he ordered them to be returned to the several parishes, and there made use of; undertaking himself to raise the sum necessary for the wants of the State. His principal work, however, and that which has most contributed to perpetuate his memory in this city, was the foundation of the church and hospital of St. Cross, at a place where, in the time of the Saxons, a small convent had stood. Here thirteen poor men were decently provided for, with necessaries of every kind; and one hundred others, the most indigent, belonging to this populous city, each day were furnished with a plentiful meal.”¹

Of this latter interesting and much-abused institution there remains to this day sufficient to be a disgrace to ecclesiastical mismanagement. Although the plea of “founder’s kin,” and the other ridiculous restrictions can be urged readily enough, when the object is to pre-

¹ Milner, p. 223, sq.

serve a heirloom of collegiate preferment, or exclude competent men from a fellowship, no plea of law or conscience can prevent the misappropriation of anything, provided the ecclesiastical law holds sufficiently good to ruin any one who is foolish enough to advocate the cause of juvenile education, or common charity. A glance at Rochester or St. Cross, furnishes matter for the bitterest satire upon the clergy that their worst enemies could desire.

To return to the prelate of whom we were speaking. His abstemiousness and charity increased to such a degree in his old age, as scarcely to leave himself or his servants the means of procuring one slender meal during the day. His loss of sight he bore with the greatest resignation, and closed his life amid severe mortifications and constant prayer, in the year 1171. He was buried before the high altar of the cathedral.

The coronation of Richard II. gave occasion to a contest, which shows the rising power of London, and the rivalry between the two cities. It had been a constant custom, at the coronation of the sovereign, for the chief nobility of the kingdom to attend and perform certain honourable services, attached to their respective dignities. "Among these haughty barons," says Milner, "the magistrates of these two cities were admitted, as their representatives, to fill two important offices; namely, to officiate as wine butler, and as clerk of the kitchen, at the coronation feast. The former of these offices was the more honourable, and from many circumstances, appears to have originally belonged to the citizens of Winchester. On the present occasion, however, the Londoners obtained the preference, probably in consideration of the sum they paid at obtaining certain charters, which were now granted to them. Thus the citizens of Winchester were obliged to be content with the inferior office of superintending the kitchen. The fact is, they waived their claim, but did not surrender it. On the other hand, to prevent their being discontented, the new monarch presented them with an ample

charter, confirming and enlarging the ancient privileges of the city."¹

Under John, Winchester became the scene of much injustice and extortion; that contemptible monarch using the most arbitrary means for raising money, and more particularly oppressing the Jews. In pursuit of this object, he, however, endowed Winchester with the great and unprecedented privileges of a corporation, "by virtue of which," says Milner, "our city became, in a certain sense, a little independent state in the heart of the kingdom, the chief citizens electing their own magistrates, framing laws for their own government, and even collecting and applying to their own use the royal issues that had hitherto been collected by the sheriff of the county, for the benefit of the crown. Thus, Winchester became the first of all corporate cities or places in the kingdom, in the strictest sense of the term, nearly two years before the present metropolis had even obtained the privilege of being governed by a mayor."

I have not leisure to enter into the sufferings which Winchester underwent during the reign of Henry III. The king and the barons occasionally gained possession of its castles, and carried on the work of destruction throughout the city. Nevertheless, during his long reign, he had never forgotten the duty he owed to the city of his birth, and many valuable privileges accrued to its inhabitants through his good will.

Accordingly, although the rivalry of London was becoming daily more apparent, Winchester flourished exceedingly during his reign. It was the ordinary residence of the king, where he constantly kept up a royal establishment, held many parliaments, and transacted the weightiest concerns of the nation. Hence we find it still emphatically termed by contemporary writers, a royal city. It appears, also, that the chief officers of state had houses in Winchester; and that the public records continued still to be kept here, as

¹ Milner, v. i. p. 227, sq.

the principal royal mint certainly was. The wealth, talents, and piety of her bishops in general, were also of great benefit to the city, by their public works and charities, and by the important parts which they sustained in the affairs of the kingdom. But what contributed most to the prosperity of this city, was its extensive trade and commerce; it being the general mart and point of union between England and the king's foreign dominions through the neighbouring port of Southampton, with which it communicated by the short canal that had been opened in the preceding reign. The chief article of exportation was, of course, the manufacture of this city, woollen cloths; of importation, claret wine. This commerce was also greatly encouraged and supported by the privileged fairs held here; particularly, as we have said, that of St. Giles' Hill, then the greatest in the kingdom. But this was the fated term of Winchester's greatness. If she had descended one degree in the scale of relative importance at the death of the first Henry, she sunk two degrees lower before the loss of her native king, Henry III."¹

Edward I. paid great attention to Winchester. On the 12th of January, 1276, just after his return from the Holy Land, he came to offer up his prayers in the cathedral, and afterwards took great pains to assuage some disorders which threatened the peace of the city. Three years after, he paid a longer visit, continuing there for the space of nearly six months.

"The most important business," says Milner, "that he transacted at this time in our city, which was still one of the chief minting places in the kingdom, was an improvement in the current coin. For, whereas, before this time, no pieces of less value than pennies were struck, and these marked with a double cross on the reverse, by which means they might, when necessary, be broken into halfpennies and farthings; and, whereas, this mode of dividing the pieces, gave occasion to great

¹ Ibid. p. 263, sq.

waste and fraud; the king now gave orders for the coining of halfpence and farthings, which was so great a novelty in the nation, that the prophecies of Merlin were ransacked, in order to discover where he had foretold it."¹

On another occasion, this prince held an important parliament in this city, at which the celebrated *Statutes of Winchester* were passed.

Soon after the complete conquest of Wales,² Winchester had well nigh lost the royal favour, through the unfortunate escape of one Bernard Pereres, who was security for the fidelity of the city of Bayonne. Margaret, however, the reigning queen, interceded so effectually, that she procured a remission of the penalties enjoyed, the restoration of the civic privileges, and chose Winchester for her residence during her husband's last expedition into Scotland.

Into the subsequent fortunes and present condition of this noble old city, it is not my purpose to enter; but a notice of Winchester would be utterly incomplete, without some brief mention of its greatest ornament, William of Wykeham. Endowed with talents well calculated to set aside the difficulties attendant on obscure birth, he attracted the notice of Lord Uvedale, constable of the castle, who gave him his education. This was conducted, first at the place of his birth, and afterwards at a school in the city, which stood on the very ground where he afterwards founded his college. As a student, his piety was as remarkable as his diligence, and, as he daily progressed in all secular studies, he never forgot the deeper cares of his soul.

¹ P. 268.

² David, its last native prince, was executed for high treason, and his body divided into four quarters, one of which was exposed at York, two others at Bristol and Southampton, and the head at London. "This circumstance," observes Milner, "trifling as it may seem, points out the relative importance of the chief places of the kingdom at this period. In fact, Winchester was no longer in a condition to dispute the point of dignity or rank with London."

Like many ecclesiastics of his time, he devoted considerable attention to the study of architecture; and when, at the death of William de Edington, he succeeded to the bishopric (being at the same time Lord High Chancellor of England), he immediately set about repairing the various castles or seats belonging to the see of Winchester, and then about the grand design that seems to have been uppermost in his thoughts, namely, the foundation of two great colleges, in which students might be educated "for the honour of God, and the increase of his worship; for the support and salvation of the Christian faith, and for the improvement of the liberal arts and sciences." The magnificent buildings at Winchester and at Oxford, little as it is to be feared they can now be regarded as fulfilling the spirit of their noble founder's intention, are glorious and never-to-be-forgotten memorials of this great prelate.

He also rebuilt the grand nave of the cathedral, and paid the greatest attention to the reformation of the monks and other clergy. St. Cross, then, as of late years, the prey of injustice and rapacity, was by him restored to its first charitable purposes. After a life spent in the practice of every virtue, and in the enjoyment of the highest honours and most undiminished popularity, both with Church and State, this great and useful man died in 1404, and was buried in a beautiful chantry, which he had erected for himself in the cathedral, occupying the fifth arch from the west end.¹

¹ This chantry is described at length by Milner, v. ii. p. 25, sq., who observes, that "the situation of this chapel is prejudicial to the symmetry of the church; but the founder was determined in the choice of this spot for his burial by his having conceived there those sentiments of tender piety which he retained throughout his life."

OXFORD.

“ And in the yere eght hundred foure score and tweyn,
 The Pope Martyne graunte to Kyng Aluerede
 To founde and make a studye than ageyne,
 And an universite for clerks in to rede,
 The whiche he made at Oxonford in dede,
 To that entent that clerkes by sapience
 Agayne heritiks shulde make resistence.”¹

It is far from my intention to present the reader with a *rechauffé* of the Oxford guide-books, and histories of colleges, in the present article. All I wish to do, is briefly to give some notion of the position of Oxford in the middle ages, avoiding, for peculiar reasons, much allusion to her subsequent or present condition.

The popular story respecting the foundation of the University of Oxford by King Alfred belongs to legendary, rather than historical lore. It is satisfactorily proved, that Anglo-Saxon schools were founded there at a much earlier period. That Bellesite or Beaumont, the French corruption of Bellus Mons,² the site of which was afterwards taken into the parishes of St. Giles and St. Mary Magdalen, in the north suburbs of the present city, was the ancient Oxford, seems satisfactorily proved by Wood, who quotes the following curious MS. account by Rouse. Speaking of Memprick, who was king over the Britons about a thousand years before Christ, this antiquarian observes:—“ No good thing is remembered of him, but only that he begat an honest son and heir named Ebrauk, and that he built a noble city, and called it after his name, Caer-Mem-

¹ JOHN HARDYNG.

² The site of the present *Beaumont Street* and its adjacent neighbourhood.

prick, but afterwards in following times it was called Bellesite, then Caer-Bossa, at length Rydychen, and last of all by the Saxons, Oxenford, from a certain ford running near it. In which afterwards arose a famous general study, derived from the University of Greeklade, and situated between the rivers Thame¹ and Cherwell, meeting there. This city as it appears, was like to that of Jerusalem, for Mount Calvary, where Christ suffered, was near the walls of the said place, but now it is contained within the walls. So now without Oxford is a certain large plain, contiguous to the walls, and it is called Bellemont, which signifies the same that Pulcher Mons doth, and this after a manner doth agree with one of the ancient names of the city of Oxford before mentioned. Whence 'tis, that many do suppose the University of Greeklade to have been translated to the said Bellemont or Bellesitum, when the Britains reigned in this isle before the coming of the Saxons, and that the church of St. Giles, then known by the name of another saint, was the place of creating graduates, as Mary's Church within the walls is now."²

But if the claims of Alfred to be founder of this university be fallacious, he cannot be deprived of the credit of having been one of its most liberal and energetic benefactors to the places of education here established. Ingram well observes, that "the only difference in the statements of writers appears to be, that some use the plural number instead of the singular, in describing this endowment of the Saxon monarch."³ The following passage of Asser, the contemporaneous biographer of this great king, not only settles the question as to the previous existence of the university in some form, but is useful in giving us an excellent idea of its state towards the conclusion

¹ Rather, the Isis.

² In Wood, *History and Antiquities of Oxford*, ed. Gutch, v. i. p. 15.

³ Ingram's *University College*, p. 2.

of the ninth century, and the character of Alfred's policy in interfering therewith.¹

"This same year (A.D. 886) there arose a most dangerous and pernicious dissension at Oxford, between Grimbold and those great clerks that he brought with him, on the one side, and those old school-men whom he there found, on the other side; who upon his coming refused altogether to embrace the rules, orders, and forms of reading prescribed and begun by him. For three years' space the variance and discord between them was not great; howbeit there lurked a secret hatred, fostered and festered among them, which broke out afterwards in most grievous and bitter manner, as was most evident. For the appeasing whereof, the most invincible K. Alfred being, by a message and complaint from Grimbold, certified of that discord, went to Oxford to determine and end this controversy; where also himself in person took exceeding great pains in giving audience to the quarrels and complaints of both sides. Now, the main substance of all the contention stood upon this point. Those old school-men hotly avouched that before Grimbold coming to Oxford, learning generally flourished there, although the scholars and students were fewer then in number than in former time, by reason that most of them through the cruelty and tyranny of the Pagans were expelled. Moreover, they proved and declared, that by the undoubted testimony of old chronicles, that the orders and ordinances of that place were made and established by certain godly and learned men, as namely, Gildas, of holy memory, Melbrin, Nennius, Kentiyn, and others; who, all of them, studied and followed their books there until they were aged persons, managing and governing all things there in happy peace and concord: and also that St. German came to Oxford, and abode there half a year what

¹ It is, however, fair to state, that the authenticity of this passage has been questioned by Camden, and by Hallam, v. ii. p. 480, *note*.

time he travelled through Britain, with a purpose to preach against the Pelagian heresies, who wondrous well allowed of their former orders and ordinances. This noble king, with incredible and unexampled humility, heard both parts, most diligently, exhorting them, in most earnest wise (interlacing godly and wholesome admonition), to keep mutual society and concord one with another. And so the king departed with this mind, hoping they would all of both sides obey his counsell, and embrace his orders. But Grimbald, taking this unkindly and to the heart, forthwith went his waies to Winchester Abbey, newly founded by Alfred. Shortly after he caused his own tomb to be translated to Winchester, wherein he purposed, after he had run his race in this life, that his bones should be bestowed, in an arched vault made under the chancel of St. Peter's Church in Oxford: which church, verily, the same Grimbald had built from the very foundation out of the ground, with stone most curiously wrought and polished."¹

One of the best evidences, however, for the antiquarian respectability of Oxford as a place of religious education, is in connection with the life of St. Frideswide, out of the remains of whose monastery the present cathedral of Christ Church was built. Daughter of a wealthy alderman, or viceroy, of Oxford, she had early imbibed a passion for devotional pursuits, and at length not only became a nun herself, but induced twelve other virgins of respectable families to follow her example. On the death of his wife, her father, seeking consolation from a work of piety, set about the erection of a conventual church, around which various "inns," devoted to religious studies. St. Frideswide, whose shrine still adorns the "Latin Chapel"² of our cathedral, is said to have died Oct. 19th, A.D. 740.

To return to Wood's account. During the incursions

¹ In Wood, v. i. p. 21.

² See the Engraving.

of the Danes, Oxford suffered severely—so much so that, in A.D. 876, at which time they wintered there, nothing was left to indicate her pristine beauty save the venerable and sacred structure of St. Frideswide. Having restored the dilapidated buildings, he is said to have founded public schools for various arts and sciences, and erected certain places within the walls of Oxford to entertain those who should profess and learn them. But as to what the precise buildings thus erected were, we have no sufficient knowledge. The common report, assigning the foundation of University College to this prince, is now generally exploded.

The Saxon church erected by St. Frideswide was considerably enlarged and beautified by King Ethelred, pursuant to a vow which he had made after the slaughter of the Danes, who had fled thither for refuge after the memorable massacre on St. Brice's day. Ingram observes :—

“Whether any portion of the present cathedral or its precincts existed before the time of Ethelred, cannot now be ascertained; but that a *tower* formed a part of the plan of the edifice, as restored and enlarged by that Saxon monarch, we may conclude from a passage of William of Malmsbury, who wrote a little more than a century afterwards. He says expressly that the Danes, being repulsed in an attempt to revenge the death of two of their chiefs, *fled into the tower* of St. Frideswide's Church for refuge; and whatever injury was then done, he states to have been instantly repaired. The height of this tower of King Ethelred is clearly ascertained by the difference observable in the masonry and general character of the additional story which was raised by the Norman builders to carry the spire. The Saxon windows, most of which are blocked up with masonry, were of much smaller dimensions, and without columns.”

Passing over various intermediate changes, we come to the alteration of the cathedral to something nearer its present form.

“It seems to be clearly ascertained that the relics of St. Frideswide were ‘translated from an obscure to a more noted place in the church’ in the year 1180. By this time, therefore, we may conclude that the main fabric of the church was finished. This was the very year in which Philip was constituted prior; and, consequently, very little remained for him to do except to pen an account of the imposing solemnity, at which, he informs us, the king, archbishop, bishops, and nobles, were present; and divers *miracles* were ‘then and after wrought both on clerical and laical people.’

“The fame of the ‘patroness of Oxford’ having soon extended far and near, rich offerings were made at her *altar*, and many endowments were added to those which had been already secured to them by charter; so that, in the course of the two succeeding centuries, we find not only a beautiful chapter-house, formed out of the ruins of the old church (the ‘obscure’ place in which the altar of St. Frideswide was originally consecrated)—of which the Saxon portal remains still at the western extremity, having survived the flames which, in the exaggerated language of our historians, so repeatedly consumed the whole city—but certain aisles and chapels also were constructed on the north side of the choir of the present cathedral, one of which has been observed to resemble the chapter-house so much in the details of its architecture that there can be no doubt of the period when it was added, though the purpose for which it was built has not been ascertained. It is probable, however, that it was intended to receive the new shrine of St. Frideswide—which, having been some time prepared, was in the year 1289 solemnly dedicated as a more splendid receptacle for her relics, and deposited near the spot where the old shrine was, which, being smaller, appears, if we may trust to the expression of Thomas Wikes in his chronicle, to have been placed within the new one.

“From this period to that of the Reformation, the honours of the place increased. Sermons were preached

at St. Frideswide's cross, and the University authorities went in annual procession to her altar. Even a more superb and elegant shrine was afterwards constructed about the year 1480."¹

About A.D. 1289, a double aisle was built for the reception of St. Frideswide's altar and shrine, and various additions were made from time to time. Upon the death of Lady Elizabeth de Montacute, who was a great benefactress to the priory, a chantry of two secular priests was founded here, to celebrate mass daily for her soul, for those of her first and second husbands, and for the souls of all her children, parents, and friends. "For this lady," says Dugdale, "there is yet standing a beautiful monument of marble, with her portraiture thereon cut to the life, on the north side of the quire." This monument still remains in very fair preservation.

Into the subsequent changes by which the ecclesiastico-collegiate establishment of Christ Church has risen into its present condition I do not enter, as the proceedings of Wolsey during the reign of Henry VIII. are too well known to be detailed here. The tasteless alterations which the cathedral has undergone would be sufficient to deprive it of all interest, had not the attention of recent antiquarians traced out the vestiges of its ancient condition and dimensions. Even now, if the frightful stalls that deform the choir were removed, and the organ placed in the south transept, Christ Church cathedral would no longer be the almost proverbial mark for critical derision. The organ, in its present position, forms a complete and most ineffective partition between the nave and the choir, and is simply too loud for the latter, while its real power evaporates into the least employed part of the cathedral.

¹ Ingram, *l. c.* p. 20, sq., who observes respecting the shrine: "It affords a strong presumption of the late period of the construction of this work, that the upper compartment is carved in wood, and that the arches, both above and below, are so flattened as to exhibit the elliptical form so often seen in continental gothic."

To return to the general state of Oxford in its academical infancy—during the devastation of the Danes, letters naturally became almost utterly forgotten. Edmund Ironside is traditionally reported to have been murdered at Oxford in the year 1016, although other recent authors state that he died at London of a natural death.

The condition of Oxford at the time of the Conquest is thus described by Wood:—"The number of houses were more than seven hundred and fifty, besides twenty-four about the walls, so that the city was wont to pay to the king for tribute, and other ordinary customs, xx lib. per an., and six sextaries or measures of honey, besides x lib. in money to the earl of the province, which is I conceive the same we call the fee-farm rent. As for the number of people it contained I cannot justly tell you; howbeit, from several authors, it appears that there were now twelve hundred burgesses or burghers, that is such as were of the gild or corporation, or such as we now call freemen. And, doubtless, seeing there were so many houses and burgesses, as also a mint and several gilds or fraternities, or preses also, or governor or constable, as it shall be elsewhere shewed, it cannot be otherwise supposed, but that there was a great resort to Oxford by students or merchants, or both, to support the said houses and burghers, the place itself being not in a capacity of living otherwise, whether by common roads through, or religious places in it."¹

In the year 1075, a large number of Jews settled in Oxford, having emigrated from Rouen in Normandy. Following their wonted habits they soon amassed wealth, erected a synagogue, and numerous students lived in houses held by them. In time to come these "halls" received names, which in the seat of orthodoxy sound strange enough; for instance, Lombard Hall, Moses' Hall, Jacob's Hall.

A long range of learned men, not indeed free from

¹ Wood, v. i. p. 128.

the superstitions which, perhaps, in all ages must be the prevailing evil of a collegiate establishment, begin to grace Oxford. Calenius, William of Malmesbury, Celsus Armachanus, Robert de Betun, and several others, gladden the restoration of letters that followed the dreary waste of Danish barbarism.

The year 1111 is remarkable for the exclusion of married seculars from the then decayed priory of St. Frideswide, and introducing single men of the university in their places—an example which was followed by the neighbouring abbey of Osney.

Under Stephen, the history of Oxford becomes involved in indistinctness. All we can ascertain is, that the city, in common with those we have already described, suffered severely in the civil wars of the time, being besieged on more than one occasion. The condition of the scholars was, doubtless, one of penury, distress, and uncertainty. Nevertheless, Oxford, even in these times of trouble, could furnish the celebrated Vacarius with temptations enough to introduce the study of the civil law. "Divers persons," says Wood,¹ "flocked to hear his doctrine, and those that would become his disciples, whether rich or poor, with a zealous pretence to obtain knowledge, he freely taught, and afterwards at the suggestion of the poorer sort, composed nine books gathered from the codes and digests, which were sufficient to decide all controversies handled in the schools, especially to those that knew them."

In 1160, complaints were rife against the law studies, as having contributed to the decline of theology and philosophy. This, if we consider the subsequent blending of this study with that of the scholastic divinity, and the number of terms borrowed from the Roman law by Roman Catholic formulists, certainly appears a strange charge.

In 1184 Wood tells us that "the astrologers of several nations had, for some time before this, prognosticated that the world should be destroyed much about this

¹ P. 151.

year. Anselm, a monk of Worcester, who seemed with the generality to be troubled, concerned himself much in the matter; for so it was that a layman of the monastery then, who never learned Latin, or knew anything that belonged to a scholar, did seem on a sudden to be much troubled in mind, so that, laying himself down on his back, in the fashion of a cross, with his arms spread, before an altar in the church, continued in that posture as a dead man for nine days and as many nights. On the tenth day he arose, and uttered before the monks divers prophecies." These were faithfully published (as far as publication could be effected without a printing-press) by the university of Paris, to whom, following Anthony Wood's example, we willingly leave them.

During the year 1190, Oxford suffered severely by fire, the church of St. Frideswide sustaining considerable injury. It is amusing to hear of the Oxford people "taking example from the Londoners"¹—who were themselves to be the victims of the most frightful conflagration that ever changed the aspect of a city—but our historian quaintly informs us, that "our inhabitants and burghers of Oxford having attained experience by this and other fires in King Stephen's time, took example from the Londoners; that whereas their houses were built of wood and straw, began afterwards to build with stone and slate. In those places also where lived poor people, that could not be at the charge to build in that manner, they for the most part erected an high stone wall between every four, or six, or more houses." In fact, the present houses in Oxford seldom boast much stone beyond a huge mass of chimney-masonry, the houses themselves being mainly constructed of wood and plaster. The following remarks are amusing:—

"Upon the coming up of this fashion of building with stones, such tenements that were so built, were for the better distinction from others called and written '*aulæ lapidiæ et aulæ tegulatæ*.' Some of these appear

¹P. 171.

to have been in being before this time, and seem to have been built after the deplorable fire that happened in K. Stephen's time. Some of these halls, that were not slated, were, if standing near those that were, stiled thatched halls, and in evidences, 'Aulæ cum stamine conspectæ.' Likewise, when glass came into fashion, for before that time our windows were only latticed, that hall that had its windows first glazed, was stiled, for difference sake, 'Aula vitrea'—glazen hall. In like manner, 'tis probable that those that had leaden gutters, or any part of their roofs of lead, were stiled and written, 'Aulæ plumbæ,' for several of that name I find in ancient evidences. Those halls, also, that had staples to their doors (for our predecessors used only latch and catch) were written staple halls, 'Aulæ stapulinæ,' or 'Aulæ cum stapellis.' But concerning the derivation of these last halls, I know our citizens will not believe it, because they have been of old possessed with an opinion that Oxford hath been a staple town, and that those halls, with divers others, were employed for no other use but to harbour and receive staple commodities."

And now for a few illustrations of "town and gown." Rows, especially at that mistaken ceremony of Guy Fawkes' Day, are common enough now-a-days, but the "roaring boys" of the old school certainly *ingloriously* surpassed all that subsequent times have displaced in this respect. In the year 1209, a most unfortunate and unhappy incident fell out at Oxford. "A certain clerk, as he was recreating himself, killed by chance a woman; which being done, he fled away for fear of punishment, that he thought must necessarily follow. But the fact being soon spread throughout the town, the mayor and several burghers made search after him, and having at length received intelligence in what inn or hall he was resident, made their repair thither, and finding there three other clerks, laid hold on them, and though innocent of the fact, yet cast them into prison. After they had remained there

certain days, King John (no great lover of the clergy), being then in his manor of Woodstock, commanded the said three (some say only two) scholars to be led out of the town, and there to be hanged by the neck, 'in contempt of ecclesiastical liberty.' Whereupon, the scholars of the university being much displeased at this unworthy act, they, to the number of three thousand (as well masters as juniors) left Oxford, so that not one (as some say) remained behind, but either went, some to Cambridge, some to Reading, and others to Maydstone in Kent, to make a further progress in their studies. These things being done, intelligence was immediately sent to the diocesan (the Bishop of Lincoln), and at length to the Pope, who having heard the matter with patience, did forthwith interdict the town; that is, commanded all religious service to cease, church-doors to be shut up, none to be buried in consecrated ground, none to have the sacrament administered to them, only at the point of death, &c. The king also, as I conceive, was in a manner forced to seize upon the liberties of the benchers, and to take the town into his hands, lest in doing nothing in the matter he should displease the clergy, and so, consequently, the Pope. Howsoever it was, we cannot imagine to the contrary, but that this dispersion was a great stop to the progress of literature, and the more, because that such as lived remote and beyond the seas never returned again, but either went to their respective homes or to Paris."

The year 1248 presents a more serious example of these riots, which I will relate in the words of the same author:—

"On May-day—a time when mechanics and youth are at liberty, and consequently mischief is committed by them—a noble scholar of good conversation, passing through the street in the evening by St. Martin's Church, certain of the burghers, without any cause or fault committed, set upon, and mortally wounded him. But he, endeavouring to avoid them, the butchers and

other people flung dirt, garbage, and stones at him; and by that time he could get to All Saints' Church door, fell down in a manner dead; so that being carried to his house, soon after expired. The baillives of the town, who, according to their office, should have inquired after the authors of this murder, were found so much negligent in it, that they seemed to be abettors of the malefactors. Hereupon, the university was so sensibly moved at it, that they solemnly vowed to cease from their ordinary and extraordinary lectures, if competent justice was not executed on the malefactors; and further, also, if the like should for the future happen, they would altogether secede from the study of Oxford, and settle it in another place. In the meantime reserving the body unburied, they first sent an account of the matter to the king; but what order he took about it, it appears not. At the same time, also, they acquainting Dr. Grosstest, Bishop of Lincoln, their diocesan, with the same business. He forthwith authorized Mr. Rob. de Marisco, canon of Lincoln, and now or soon after Archdeacon of Oxford, to go to that place, and there in all churches to publish the form of excommunication with lighted candles and bells solemnly tolling, against all those that had disturbed the peace of the church and university, and had laid violent hands on the said clerk, and mortally wounded him. Also that he, with other faithful and sworn persons, do make a just inquiry into the fact, which being done and published, and an inspection made into the composition lately made by Nicholas, Bishop of Fragehati, between the university and burghers, he proceeded to due justice, &c.

"According to this command, the said Mr. R. de Marisco went to Oxford, and examined in full the matter; but the return I have not yet seen, and therefore know not as yet any punishment inflicted by him on the malefactors. All that appears is, that the goods of a vintner, who had a hand in the murder, were seized on by command from the king to the sheriff of the

county, and that part of his wine, as much as came to three hogsheds (for six were seized on), were distributed among the Minorite Fryers, Master of St. John's Hospital, and Maud, the wife of Geffry de Langelee." ¹

The following privileges, granted to the university the preceding year, are strangely characteristic of the barbarous riots then prevalent in Oxford:—

1. "That if any injury is done to a scholar, an inquisition is to be made of it, as well by the adjacent villages, as burghers of Oxford.

2. "That if a scholar should be slain by any of the said burghers, the whole commonalty of Oxford should be punished for it.

3. "That the Jews of Oxford receive not of the scholars above twopence in a seven-night, for the use of one pound.

4. "That so often as the mayor and bailives of Oxford take their oath in their common place, the commonalty shall give notice of it beforehand to the chancellor, that he or else another person that he shall appoint, be present at the taking of the said oath, &c.; but if he nor his deputy cannot be present, they shall proceed notwithstanding, to the said oath.

5. "That the aldermen should be chosen to do justice in the absence of the provosts, according as William de York had ordained it.

6. "That every burgher or inhabitant answer for his family, if any thereof do injury to any scholar.

7. "That the chancellor of the university be present at the assaying of bread and ale, so often as 'tis made by the burghers," &c.

It is easy to perceive, that not a few of the most serious abuses to which the recent commission has drawn prominent attention, were as common in Oxford hundreds of years back, as at the present moment. Poor as was the university, money-lenders were not wanting—if villanous decoctions of logwood and gooseberries help to impoverish the pockets and the constitutions

¹ Wood, p. 237, sq.

of modern Oxonians, the beer of the thirteenth century appears to have demanded "proof" at the hands of the chancellor — while, instead of an occasional broken head, earned in a town and gown row in the "Turl," not a few lives appear to have been sacrificed in the small civil wars of these classic Cavaliers and Round-heads.

About the same period, we find a conspicuous instance of the growing influence of the university, in clearing away the ignorance and jargon which an exclusive attention to scholastic divinity, was so well calculated to foster. The Cistercian monks, finding themselves objects of ridicule to the more enlightened men of the time, especially to those whose wits had been sharpened by the study of the Roman law, "obtained a privilege from the apostolic see, that it should be lawful for them to have so much liberty allowed, that they might frequent the schools of Paris, or any other place, where the university of scholars flourisheth." Although this petition was not agreeable to the known antipathy of St. Benedict to literary studies, the pontiff gave it his assent. "As for the state of learning," however, observes Anthony Wood, "it was not without much corruption, especially in metaphysics and logic, written by, or under the name of Aristotle, which (especially the first) brought many errors into religion, occasioned by his entities and essences." I have already, in the introduction to this work, taken some notice of the influence of the Aristotelian literature upon the middle ages, and of the advantages it possesses over that of the Platonic school. Perhaps the vitality of the Stagirite's influence is best proved by the prominence of his writings in our present academical system.

Riots, almost equivalent to a civil war, continued to take place; and Oxford, on some occasions, was literally in a state of siege, and at others, almost emptied of her students by some revolutionary migration. Those who know the *emeutes* occasionally headed by the students of

the French and German universities, would find the Oxford men of the olden time not a whit behindhand in the power and willingness to create a riot. The throne itself was, in some cases, little indebted to Alma Mater for its security; and, when no other object of enmity presented itself, the students "fell to quarrelling among themselves; that is to say, those of the north parts of England with the Irish, and those of South Wales (and others joined to them) with the clerks of North Wales and Scotland."

The year 1268 deserves notice as the probable epoch of the founding of Merton College. The importance of the measures adopted by its illustrious founder, Walter de Merton, is well set forth by Ingram.¹ "His sagacity and wisdom led him to profit by the spirit of the times; his opulence enabled him to lay the foundation of a nobler system; and the splendour of his example induced others, in subsequent ages, to raise a superstructure at once attractive and solid. The students were no longer dispersed through the streets and lanes of the city, dwelling in isolated houses, halls, inns, or hostels, subject to dubious control and precarious discipline; but placed under the immediate superintendence of tutors and governors, and lodged in comfortable chambers. This was little less than an academical revolution; and a new order of things may be dated from this memorable era." If, however, we may believe the statements of Wood, it was long ere these benefits became general, although the enactment of new statutes calculated to restrain abuses, and to enlarge the studies of the university, was calculated to produce a gradual, yet permanent improvement.

In 1289, Wood, who has devoted much time to showing up the conduct of the Jews (whose influence in Oxford would certainly astonish those who know the present stringent, yet ineffectual, laws against money-borrowing or bill-accepting in the university), gives us the following abstract of their "enormities:"—1. "Their

¹ Ingram's Merton College, p. 2.

extortion had on scholars and burghers, especially the former, which" (he curiously adds) "I suppose was the reason why the Jewry was robbed, and much treasure taken away from the Jews, as before under the year 1244, and elsewhere. 2. Their violation of the cross, in a solemn procession of the university and town, as in 1268. 3. Their counterfeiting the seal of the abbot and convent of Osney in the time of Roger de Coventry, the abbot, to the great detriment of that place. 4. Their stubbornness in refusing to be subject to the chancellor's jurisdiction, and the sheriff of Oxford his custody and regulation of them. 5. Their enticing the young scholars and the children of the inhabitants to be of their religion, forcing them also to be circumcised." A universal banishment of the Jews throughout the kingdom followed.

The year 1292 is celebrated for the death of the great Roger Bacon, to whose memory some notice is due in these pages.

Born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, he spent his earliest years in Oxford, making a progress in grammar and logic that caused him to be regarded as a juvenile prodigy. "At riper years," continues Wood, "he made an entrance into natural philosophy, and therein made such a curious search, that all looked upon him to have something in him supernatural. Whatsoever was read to, or imposed on him by his masters (of whom St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, was one), was with great ingenuity received and forthwith conquered. Being thus qualified to the admiration of his contemporaries, he went to the most famous University of Paris, the place at this time, and long before, whither the English, and mostly the Oxonians, retired. In his company went several learned men, who in a virtuous emulation made a very fruitful progress in arts and sciences; but our friar, being of a greater ability than they, he made a strange proficiency in capacity, languages, mathematics, medicine, law, history, and other arts and sciences. In all which, being

at length accounted eminent, he became the ornament of that university, and was by the chief members thereof dignified with the title of master or professor of the sacred writ."

Being thus loaded as it were with learning and honour, he returns to his country, and his nursing mother, the University of Oxford, who, for the great respect she had for him, incorporated him in the said degree. So that having now nothing to do but to attend to religion and learning (for he was exempt from all secular employment by virtue of a friar's habit, which he had several years before taken upon him in the convent of the Franciscans, in St. Ebbe's parish), he applied himself to the study of nature, to the unravelling of her secrets, to the study of languages, and also of those sciences which few or none of his age understood or heard of. He tells us himself that he had laboured in his youth in sciences, the languages, and several learning. Also that he had sought friendship of all wise men among Latins, and had caused young men to be instructed in Tongues, Figures, Numbers, Tables, Instruments, and in many useful matters. He had examined also all things that were necessary for his study; he knew what was likely to hinder, what to help him; but he could not obtain those helps for want of ability. Nevertheless, if any one would undertake those things that he propounded, he doubted not but that he would complete the greatest part of them. During the twenty years that he had laboured in the study of wisdom he had expended more than two thousand pounds in purchasing books, instructing his scholars, and making those experiments which excited wonder all over Oxford. He showed his public spirit too, not only in imparting many valuable secrets to his hearers, but he thought it a great kindness if any one would come and learn of him.¹

¹ This account is substantially that of Anthony Wood, but with many alterations in the language, where its obscurity was

Admirable were the ways which Bacon followed in all arts and sciences, and from them making wonderful discoveries, followed with strange events, he passed not only with the vulgar people, but such as were accounted able scholars, for a necromancer, or one that busied himself in diabolical magic." The story of the brazen head, which, by an admirable illusion, appeared to speak, is well known, and those who have entered into the particulars of his active and inquiring life, will not be inclined to look upon the following prophecies, put, by an ingenious flight of imagination, into the mouth of Roger Bacon, as at all unsuited to the real aspirations of his scientific genius :—

"Bridges unsupported by arches can be made to span the foaming torrent. Man shall descend to the bottom of the ocean safely breathing, and treading with firm step on the golden sands never brightened by the light of day. Call but the secret power of Sol and Lune into action, and I behold a single steersman sitting at the helm, and guiding the vessel which divides the waves with greater rapidity than if she had been filled with a crew of mariners toiling at the oars. And the loaded chariot, no longer encumbered with the panting steed, darts on its course with resistless force and rapidity. Let the pure and simple elements do thy labour. Bind the eternal enemies, and yoke them to the same plough. Make the contraries unite, and teach the discordant influences to conjoin in harmony. Bid the antagonists to conquer each other, and do thou profit by their mutual victories. These are my words, though spoken in parables. Open the treasury of nature,—above, below, around you are the keys."¹

The clever author from whom these "glimpses of likely to prove troublesome. Hallam, v. ii. p. 490, *note*, after speaking of this account as "copious and sensible," observes: "I am a little surprised that Anthony should have found out Bacon's merit. It is like an oyster judging of a line-of-battle ship. But I ought not to gibe at the poor antiquary when he shows good sense."

¹ Sir F. Palgrave.

the future" are borrowed, proceeds to give a yet more animated picture of the future age of steam and iron:—

"Whatever we now effect by human or animal strength, by nerve and muscle, or by the action of stream or gale, will be operated by a servant who will never tire, a slave who will never rebel, a vital force which will never slacken, never slumber, never rest, and susceptible of indefinite increase. Easily as the beldame twines the single thread, ten thousand spindles may be made to revolve in ceaseless whirl through night and day. Self-moving, the loom will cover the mazy web. The hammer which even the arm of Cyclops could not yield, vibrates like a reed through the yielding air.

"Whatever ministers to the luxury or the convenience of mankind will be increased in quantity, as well as reduced in cost; that the objects which now the sovereign's wealth can scarce obtain, will be accessible to all who are but one grade removed from absolute poverty. Such will be results of machinery."

It would be easy to select many a delightful illustration of Bacon's character and pursuits from this charming story, but neither my own limits, nor my wish that all my readers should pay proper attention to the pages of the "Merchant and Friar," allow of my so doing. But the life of Roger Bacon is a sufficiently glorious example to refute the charge so often laid against university studies, that they necessarily tend to shackle the mind with a host of conventional prejudices, and have little effect on science save the baleful one of putting a stop to inquiry, and discouraging anything like new views of science or social welfare.

Wood, whose appreciation of Roger Bacon is at variance with the narrow-minded views which he generally displays, well observes that, "the noble studies of our friar, being out of the road of the lazy clergy of his time, were vehemently at first suspected for such as might prejudice the Church. Reuclin and

Budæus, the one for his Hebrew and the other for his Greek, were, as is very well known, hated exceedingly, because they had learned and taught what monks and friars were mostly strangers to; and, indeed, we cannot but think that in this and some following ages it was a dangerous thing to be learned; especially to know more than those that took up most of their time in the duties of religion—I mean those in orders—who commonly stunted themselves to a hackneyed form of learning, and esteemed Greek and Hebrew, and anything that had an angle or diagram in it, as pernicious, and to be avoided as damnable. So that our famous friar being singular in his generous studies, and not understood but by few here at home, was the reason, I conceive, why his works were censured, and why they refused a place in their libraries to receive them. Nay, their malice was so inveterate against him that, seeing they could do but little good by vilifying him as a necromancer, they forsooth must accuse him of heresy.”¹ This charge, it has been remarked, “appears to be by no means so well founded as a Protestant would wish.”² Throughout the whole of his writings Bacon is a strict Roman, declaring his unqualified submission to the will of the pontiff, and his opinion that all science should be considered only with a direct reference to theology. But, at the same time, to the credit of his principles, considering the book-burning, heretic-hunting age in which he lived, there is not a

¹ Wood, v. i. p. 337 sq. Compare Hallam, l. c. “The knowledge displayed by Roger Bacon and by Albertus Magnus, even in the mixed mathematics, under every disadvantage from the imperfection of instruments, and the want of recorded experience, are sufficient to inspire us with regret that their contemporaries were more inclined to astonishment than to emulation. These inquiries, indeed, were subject to the ordeal of fire, the great purifier of books and men; for if the metaphysician stood a chance of being burned as a heretic, the natural philosopher was in no less jeopardy as a magician.”

² Penny Cyclopædia, Art. Bacon, where a most able and useful account of his life and works will be found.

word of any other force except that of persuasion. He takes to have both authority and reason for every proposition that he advances; perhaps, indeed, he might have experienced forbearance at the hands of those who were his persecutors, had he not so clearly made out prophets, apostles, and fathers, to have been partakers of his opinions. . . . Indeed, the whole scope of the first part of the *Opus Magnum* is to prove, from authority and from reason, that philosophy and Christianity cannot disagree; a sentiment altogether of his own revival, in an age in which all philosophers, and mathematicians in particular, were considered as at best of dubious orthodoxy.”¹

That there is much absurdity—inseparable from the imperfect knowledge of the times he lived in—to be met with in the writings of Bacon, cannot be denied; but, as the writer just quoted justly observes, “We must draw a wide difference between the things which Bacon relates as upon credible authority, and the opinions which he professes himself to entertain from his own investigations. . . . Before the art of *printing* there was very little *publishing*²: a book which was written in one country, found its way but slowly into others, one copy at a time; and a man of learning seldom met those with whom he could discuss the probability of any narrative. The adoption of the principle that a story must be rejected, because it is strange, would then have amounted to a disbelief of all that had been written on physics: a state of mind to which we cannot conceive any one of that age bringing himself. Nor can we rightly decide what opinion to form of Bacon as a philosopher, until we know how much he rejected, as well as how much he believed. These remarks apply particularly to alchemy: he does not say that he had made gold himself, but that others had asserted themselves to have made it; and his

¹ Ibid. p. 243.

² This fact has been admirably employed in Sir Francis Palgrave’s “Merchant and Friar,” ch. ii. p. 45, sq.

account of the drink by which men had lived hundreds of years, is a relation taken from another."

Bacon died at the advanced age of eighty, and, it has been stated, in imprisonment. This, however, seems to be an exaggeration.¹

So bad was the state of discipline in Oxford at the end of the thirteenth century, that even the force of arms could scarcely restrain the students within due bounds. The authority of the chancellor and deputies was set at nought; battles and riots, attended with a serious loss of human life, took place in the very churches, and the city might at times be said to be in a perfect state of siege. Nor was the condition of Oxford, as a town, an enviable one, for in the year 1300 we read that, "upon complaint made by the university concerning the badness of the ways in and near Oxford, and of the great store of filth that laid in the streets to the corruption of the air, and so consequently to the prejudice of the health of the scholars, the king, by his breve, dated 18th March, directed to the mayor and bailiffs, commanded them to mend and repair the floor or pavement of the town in every street and lane, and remove all soil laying in them, and *hogs which did increase it.*" So much for the sanatorial regulations of our forefathers.

Wood gives a no less pitiful account of the state of learning about the same time. "Their Latin was barbarous, and what they spoke or wrote was in a common or hackney disputing style. Their disputations, also, and lectures were after the old way or novel form, and what they acquired was also laid upon an unsure foundation. No other reason appears for this great neglect, or rather decay of learning, than the provisions which the Pope now and before made of the ecclesiastical preferments in this realm, to confer, not on the natives, but such as were strangers to the country and tongue, and sometimes to learning itself; whence 'twas that—

¹ See Wood, v. i. 339.

‘Oxoniam multi veniunt, redeunt quoque stulti.’¹

Those of good parts were by them totally cashiered, and the great care of parents for the breeding up of children was now neglected; and all that had spent their time in expectation, were at last forced to be content with the habit of a friar.”¹

Nevertheless, at the beginning of this king’s reign, thirty thousand clerks are said to have lodged in Oxford—a number which can only be accounted for under the old system, by which, besides halls (at that time upwards of 300 in number), students were permitted to dwell in “taverns, victualling-houses, and in poor cabins under the town wall, in the turrets of the said wall converted into lodging, and in chambers over the common gates that led into the town.”

I cannot help treating my readers to an Oxford tale of mediæval superstition, placed by Anthony Wood in the year 1318, and which is amusing enough to relieve these annals of learning, ignorance, fighting, and fragments of statutes, from some of their unavoidable tedium:—“A certain writer or transcriber, named Edward, having a cat that was his familiar, did publicly assert at Oxford, about the feast of Pentecost, that he was the true heir of England, and coming to the king’s palace without the north gate, which Edward II. had lately given to the Carmelite friars, commanded them to depart thence, for that it did belong to the crown of England. ’Tis said that he was a young man of a beautiful countenance; that he was trained up in learning in the university, and that he brought a dog and a cat into the king’s hall, and then sending for the mayor of the town and others, as well clerks as laics, did openly confess before them, that he was the legitimate son of the King of England lately deceased, and that he was the right heir to the kingdom. Whereupon the townsmen being about to seize upon him, he fled into the church of the said Carmelite friars, trusting

¹ “*Many come to Oxford fools, and go away the same.*”

² Wood, p. 371.

there to be safe through the immunity of the place, because it had been built by the king's predecessor. But remaining stiff in his folly, and maintaining eagerly before them that he was the right heir, some of the burghers plucked him out by force, tied him on a horse's back, and sent a guard with him to the king, then with his court at Northampton. The next day the king caused him to be examined, and finding him to be a notorious cheat, he was condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. Soon after he was carried out into the country to a place called Coppedike; or, as some say, Coppeddethorn, between Northampton and Killingworth, and being there ready to suffer, did openly protest that he was the son of the late king, and that the king that now was was the son of the queen's housekeeper; for the same night that the queen was brought to bed of a son, the housekeeper's wife was brought to bed of another; but the queen's nurse being careless of the child, let it fall from her lap into the fire, and before she could take it out, the side of it was burnt and shrunk. So that she, fearing the great displeasure of the king and queen, went and changed the burnt child for that of the housekeeper; but the burnt child outgrowing his wound and thriving, was there now to suffer before them. Among other things that he then said was, that he had in his house a spirit in the likeness of a cat, which spirit did always tell him that he was the true son of the king, and that he should be King of England."¹ In these days, such infatuation would be more mildly and more sensibly punished; but the thousands of victims to the witch mania of our forefathers, are a painful stain upon the pages of English history.

Oxford appears, in the latter part of the fourteenth century, as the scene of the spreading of the doctrines of Wickliff; and in the year 1388, soon after his death, Wood mentions an act of parliament made to the effect, "that scholars of the university that go a begging, must have letters testimonial from their chancellor;"

¹ Ibid. p. 397, sq.

the reason of which, he supposes, "was because many Wyclevists, under pretences of begging and wandering, would take liberty to spread their doctrines further."¹

I may conclude my observations on Oxford, by observing that, although almost every trace of the original loose system of discipline and administration, has given place to a more regular organization, there is still a sufficient license, on some occasions, to remind one of old times. If Oxford is still the scene of an occasional riot, things were far worse in times past; and, even were we to glance at her comparatively-recent history, we should find a repetition of certain untoward events quite sufficient to establish her continuous identity with the Oxford of the middle ages.

But whether Oxford is all that she might be, is, alas! a subject too much the theme of discussion at the present moment, to admit of being treated in other than a controversial spirit. Such a tone I have no desire to adopt, in a work which is meant to instruct, rather than to revolutionize; and people have already learned enough from the recent commission, to be able to perceive how far Alma Mater does her duty, and in what instances the cupidity, ignorance, or conventional prejudices of an obsolete race of men have stifled her energies, robbed her of her best influence, and made her the deformed representative of the old world of intellect, rather than the mother and mistress of a living literature.

¹ Ibid. p. 519.

TOLEDO.¹

"WHERE is the king, Don Juan? where
Each royal prince and noble heir
Of Aragon?
Where are the courtly gallantries?
The deeds of love and high emprise,
In battle done?
Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume—
What were they but a pageant scene?
What but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb?

"Where are the high-born dames, and where
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,
And odours sweet?
Where are the gentle knights that came
To kneel and breathe love's ardent flame,
Low at their feet?
Where is the song of the Troubadour?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore?"²

Ay, where are they all? So do we feel when from far over the rushing, rolling waves there steal the broken sounds of a guitar wafted from the land of olives, stiletos, comedies of the "Capa y Espada," Spanish bonds, Spanish flies, Spanish onions, Spanish liquorice, and Spanish nuts. What do the notes of the

¹ I owe this and the following articles on Spain to the kindness of Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, Esq.

² Longfellow's Translation of the Coplas of Manrique:

guitar express to our historic, dreamy brain? Let us see.

Guitars were not always heard in the land; and, indeed, if they had been heard—to speak after the manner of the Hibernians—there was not always any one in the land to listen. There was a time, in sunny Spain, when nobody took a *siesta* after dinner, simply because there happened to be nobody there to take one. There has been a period antecedent to the manufacture of liquorice; and as liquorice is only good for colds, and savages are the only people not subject to colds, this period must have seen savages in the land.

We have a repugnance to savages, and we confess it. Consequently we never approached this æra sufficiently closely to learn anything about it; for which reason, we cannot say much about those times. It appears to be certain, however, that there was, somewhere about this age, a tribe of people whose principal, if not only business, was preparing archæological riddles for the antiquarians of a remote period, by giving names to a number of places, which, as they had no particular meaning at first, are a convenient preserve for all sorts of ludicrous etymologies and foolish conjectures. Aldrete, Mendoza, and Mariana¹ will furnish examples of sufficient absurdity with reference to the name Spain, Espagne, España, Hispania, the meaning of which, it has been determined by an important German philologist,² is totally irrecoverable.

We are not here writing an antiquarian work, or we might go deeply into the question as to who the name-givers were, and whether or no the ancient Iberians, the first nation of which there is any distinct notice in existence, are to be considered the primitive colonizers of the peninsula. It is enough for our purpose to think so, and to bear in mind the simple and probable

¹ Aldrete, *Origen de la Lengua Castellana*, iii. c. 2, f. 28; Mendoza *Guerra de Granada*, iv. p. 295; and Mariana, *Hist.* i. c. 12.

² *Prüfung der Untersuchungen über die Urbewohner Hispaniens*, von Wilhelm von Humboldt, p. 60.

fact, that the Iberians were a powerful people spread over the whole country, fierce and painted, potent in spears, bows, and arrows, and dwarfish in respect of knives, forks, and academies of science.

It would almost seem as if we had hit upon such a person in the "Tartus" of the legend of King Rocas given us in the "General Chronicle of the King Don Alfonso;" and as this legend is alike interesting with respect to the early foundation of Toledo, and to the science of natural history, from the dragon mentioned in it, it may be as well to place it here, premising, however, that whatever be its truth, we can only speak of it as emanating from "an old Spanish authority."¹

"There was a king who had to name Rocas; he was of the east country, from Edom, wherein was Paradise; and for the love of wisdom he forsook his kingdom, and went about the world seeking knowledge. And in a country between the east and the north he found seventy pillars; thirty were of brass, thirty of marble, and they lay upon the ground, and upon them was written all knowledge and the nature of things. These Rocas translated, and carried with him the book in which he had translated them, by which he did marvels. He came to Troy when the people under Laomedon were building the city, and seeing them, he laughed. They asked him why, and he replied, That if they knew what was to happen, they would cease from their work. Then they took him and led him before Laomedon, and Laomedon asked him for why he had spoken these words; and Rocas answered, That he had spoken truth; for the people should be put to the sword, and the city be destroyed by fire. Wherefore the Trojans would have slain him; but Laomedon, judging that he spake from folly, put him in prison, to see if he would repent. He, fearful of death, by his art sent a sleep upon the

¹ *Chronica General del Rey Don Alfonso*, quoted by Southey on Roderick p. 668 of the collected works.

guards, and filed off his irons, and went his way. And he came to the seven hills by the Tyber, and there, upon a stone, he wrote the letters Roma; and Romulus found them, and gave them as a name to his city, because they bore a resemblance to his own.

“Then went King Rocas westward, and he entered Spain, and went round it and through it till, coming to the spot where Toledo stands, he discovered that it was the central place of the country, and that one day a city should there be built; and there he found a cave, into which he entered. There lay in it a huge dragon; and Rocas in fear besought the dragon not to hurt him, for they were both creatures of God. And the dragon took such love towards him that he always brought him part of his food from the chase, and they dwelt together in the cave. One day an honourable man of that land, by name Tartus, was hunting in that mountain, and he found a bear, and the bear fled into the cave, and Rocas in fear addressed him as he had done the dragon, and the bear quietly lay down, and Rocas fondled his head; and Tartus following, saw Rocas, how his beard was long, and his body covered with hair, and he thought it was a wild man, and fitted an arrow to his bow and drew the string. Then Rocas besought him in the name of God not to slay him, and obtained security for himself and the bear under his protection. And when Tartus heard how he was a king, he invited him to leave that den and return with him, and he would give him his only daughter in marriage, and leave him all that he had. By this the dragon returned. Tartus was alarmed, and would have fled, but Rocas interfered, and the dragon threw down half an ox, for he had devoured the rest, and asked the stranger to stop and eat. Tartus declined the invitation, for he must be gone. Then said Rocas to the dragon, My friend, I must now leave you, for we have sojourned together long enough. So he departed, and married, and had two sons; and for love of the dragon he built a tower over the cave,

and dwelt there. After his death, one of his sons built another; and King Pirros added more building, and this was the beginning of Toledo."

The influence of the people of whom we gain a glimpse in the Tartus of the preceding legend, upon the character of the future Spanish nation, while it was very small, yet certainly existed, and the Iberian tongue has left a few slight traces in the present grand and sounding language of the country. Like the Saxons and the Britons, the ancient Iberians and the immigrating Celts contended and gave way; a portion of the former race departed and fled to the northern fastnesses on the bay of Biscay, where they continue an archaic and peculiar family even to the present hour;¹ the others, as a large portion of the Britons must have done, were incorporated with the conquerors, forming together that Celtiberian nation, brave and hospitable, but warlike withal, whose acquaintance the Phœnicians, those excellent jack-tars of antiquity, subsequently made, and whose military prowess the Carthaginians first,² and then the Hellenes and Romans learned to respect and admire.

It is a remarkable fact that while Spain is much behind the rest of Europe now, which is to be attributed more especially to the proud yet majestic Toryism of

¹ Their archaic character, indeed, led to the creation of a special title at a later time, that of "Prince of the Asturias," which, "appropriated," says Prescott (Ferdinand and Isabella vol. ii. p. 312. n.), "to the heir apparent of Castile, was first created for the Infant Don Henry, afterwards Henry III., on occasion of his marriage with John of Gaunt's daughter in 1388. It was professedly in imitation of the English title of Prince of Wales; and the Asturias were selected, as that portion of the ancient Gothic monarchy which had never bowed beneath the Saracen yoke"—the Wales, in fact, of Spain. C. F. Mendoza, *Dignidades*, lib. iii. c. 23.

² Mariana (*Hist.* lib. i. c. 19 sqq.), and Depping (*Hist. Générale de l'Espagne*, tom. i. pp. 64-96), contain the fullest accounts, while Heeren (*Ideen*, b. ii. th. i. pp. 85 and 172-199) has gathered the classical notices of the Carthaginian conquest together.

the modern Spaniard, the inhabitant of that country, as we shall presently see, were the first of all the nations of Europe to gain political freedom, to a modified extent, under the early Roman conquerors,¹ to a greater degree under Vespasian,² and finally, to a still more important extent, under the constitution which, by the aid of Prescott and the ancient chroniclers, we shall now proceed to examine.

"The Visigoths," says Prescott,³ "who overran the Peninsula in the fifth century, brought with them the same liberal principles of government which distinguished their Teutonic brethren. Their crown was declared elective by a formal legislative act. Laws were enacted in the great national councils, composed of the prelates and nobility, and not unfrequently ratified in assembly of the people. Their code of jurisprudence, although abounding in frivolous details, contained many admirable provisions for the security of justice;⁴ and the degree of civil liberty which it accorded to the Roman inhabitants of the country, far transcended those of most of the other barbarians of the north. In short, their simple polity exhibited the germ of some of those institutions which, with other nations, and under happier auspices, have formed the basis of a well-regulated constitutional liberty.

"But while in other countries the principles of a free government were slowly and gradually unfolded, their development was much accelerated in Spain by an event which, at the time, seemed to threaten their total extinction—the great Saracen invasion at the beginning of the eighth century." This, in fact, led to the concentration of the mental energies of the race, and, while politically deprived of national existence,

¹ Livy, l. xliii. c. 3.

² Pliny, *Hist. Nat.*, l. vii. c. 44.

³ Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. i. p. 4.

⁴ Compare with the Visigothic code, the ordinances of the Burmese given at length by Sangermano, *Description of the Burmese Empire*, pp. 127-221, and analyzed in my "*Burma and the Burmese*," book i. chap. ii. pp. 26-29.

curtailed of territory, and confined to the narrow bounds of the Asturian hills, they imbibed a more free, equal hardihood of character, very dissimilar to the effeminacy naturally induced by a prolonged and doubtful monarchy.

The same author proceeds¹:—"An entire reformation in these habits was necessarily effected in a situation where a scanty subsistence could only be earned by a life of extreme temperance and toil, and where it was often to be sought sword in hand, from an enemy far superior in numbers. Whatever may have been the vices of the Spaniards, they cannot have been those of effeminate sloth. Thus a sober, hardy, and independent race was gradually formed, prepared to assert their ancient inheritance, and to lay the foundations of far more liberal and equitable forms of government than were known to their ancestors."

There were two objects on which the mind of the early Spaniard was intently fixed. The first was the desire of wiping away the taint on the national scutcheon caused by the occupation of their country by a race foreign alike in race, feeling, and religion, regarding whose resistless course so many fanciful legends had been invented, so many prophecies sought.² The second, induced by that religious fervour the consequence of the growing ascendancy of the priesthood, was the frantic hatred of the new heresy, which in its youthful vigour dashed from the sandy deserts of the Orient to the extreme verge of the Occident, carrying away and destroying everything, like the simoom of the land where it arose.

Well does Mr. Prescott sum up all the feelings of the unfortunate Spaniard of that time³:—"Pent

¹ Page 8.

² As, for example, the celebrated story of the tower of Rodrigo, where the Moors are represented. An account of it may be found in the *Chronica del Rey D. Rodrigo*, part i. c. 28, 30.

³ Page 9.

up in his barren mountains, he beheld the pleasant valleys and fruitful vineyards of his ancestors delivered over to the spoiler; the holy places polluted by his abominable rites; and the crescent glittering on the domes which were once consecrated by the venerated symbol of his faith. His cause became the cause of Heaven. The Church published her bulls of crusade, offering liberal indulgences to those who served, and paradise to those who fell in battle against the infidels. The ancient Castilian was remarkable for his independent resistance of papal encroachment; but the peculiarity of his situation subjected him, in an uncommon degree, to ecclesiastical influence at home. Priests mingled in the council and the camp, and, arrayed in their sacerdotal robes, not unfrequently led the armies to battle. They interpreted the will of heaven, as mysteriously revealed in dreams and visions. Miracles were a familiar occurrence. The violated tombs of the saints sent forth thunders and lightnings to consume the invaders; and, when the Christians fainted in the fight, the apparition of their patron, St. James, mounted on a milk-white steed, and bearing aloft the banner of the cross, was seen hovering in the air to rally their broken squadrons, and lead them on to victory. Thus, the Spaniard looked upon himself as, in a peculiar manner, the care of Providence.¹ For him the laws of nature were suspended. He was a soldier

¹ The care of Providence, because outward circumstances appeared to be less favourable to him than to the more fortunate inhabitants of other countries. But no! he was indeed more peculiarly the care of Providence, because he helped himself: he did not waste years of life that might be active in gloomy theorizing, or in pining lamentation; he felt strongly, and acted strongly; the effects were visible at once, and his energy, though often misguided, was sure to be triumphant at last. Mr. Prescott observes in a note, that "the crusades in Spain were as rational enterprises as those in the east were vain and chimerical. Pope Pascal II. acted like a man of sense, when he sent back certain Spanish adventurers who had embarked in the wars of Palestine, telling them that 'the cause of religion would be much better served by them at home.'"

of the cross, fighting, not only for his country, but for Christendom. Indeed, volunteers from the remotest parts of Christendom eagerly thronged to serve under his banner; and the cause of religion was debated with the same ardour in Spain, as in the plains of Palestine. Hence the national character became exalted by a religious fervour, which, in later days, alas! settled into a fierce fanaticism. Hence that solicitude for the purity of the faith, the peculiar boast of the Spaniards, and that deep tinge of superstition for which they have ever been distinguished above the other nations of Europe."

Even at a much more recent period, the chivalrous spirit of the Spaniard retained some of those peculiarities which the absorbing passion of faith had induced; and we find Ranke, in setting out upon a narration of the remarkable career of Loyola, justly remarking of Spanish knight-errantry (if these Iberian crusades can so be named), that it "was the only one in the world that still retained something of its religious character. The war with the Moors, scarce ended in the Peninsula, and still carried on in Africa; the vicinity of the subjugated Moors who remained in Spain, and with whom the victors continued to hold an intercourse characterized by all the rancours of discordance in faith; and the adventurous expeditions against other unbelievers beyond the ocean, all fostered and perpetuated this spirit. It was idealized in books like *Amadis de Gaul*, full of a simple, enthusiastic, loyal gallantry."¹ We shall subsequently find reason, however, to diverge in some degree from the remarks of both historians. Political causes, we think it will be seen, predominated among the Spaniards, as well as in the rest of Europe, although to a much less extent. There is one point ably insisted upon by some, and that is, that while we are looking on Spain and its feelings, we must ever remember to estimate them rather by African or Arab customs than by those of Europe.

¹ Ranke, *History of the Popes* (Kelly's translation), book ii. 48.

There can be little doubt that this strange position of the nation matured, in a most frightfully preternatural and unhealthy manner, similar political institutions to those which under the sober skies of Germany assumed that form known as the Hanseatic League, which is still in full force at the present hour, although in a somewhat modified degree. Combinations of an almost republican character existed in Spain for national security, at the bidding and under the continued patronage of the reigning monarch. "From the exposure of the Castilian towns," says Prescott,¹ "to the predatory incursions of the Arabs, it became necessary, not only that they should be strongly fortified, but that every citizen should be trained to bear arms in their defence. An immense increase of consequence was given to the burgesses, who thus constituted the most effective part of the national militia. To this circumstance, as well as to the policy of inviting the settlement of frontier places by the grant of extraordinary privileges to the inhabitants, is to be imputed the early date, as well as liberal character, of the charters of community in Castile and Leon."² These, although varying a good deal in their details, generally conceded to the citizens the right of electing their own magistrates for the regulation of municipal affairs." The inward organization of the towns being thus committed to the townspeople, and a greater subdivision of political labour having taken place, an organization was formed, which, as it made up in energy what it wanted in system, was calculated to afford much satisfaction, and to obviate the conservatism of the nobility; and "while the inhabitants of the great towns in other parts of Europe were languishing in feudal servitude, the members of the Castilian corporations, living under

¹ Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. i. p. 16.

² The latter charter, according to Marina, the earliest of all, was granted to Leon by Alfonso V. in 1020. C. F. Marina, *Ensayo Historico-Critico sobre la Antigua Legislacion de Castilla*; Madrid, 1808, pp. 80-82.

the protection of their own laws and magistrates in time of peace, and commanded by their own officers in war, were in full enjoyment of all the essential rights and privileges of freemen."

I dwell most emphatically on this portion of Spanish early history, as it is in the constitution of these towns that we can first trace the attempts of man to assert his own rights, and those of his friends and fellows, in the face of the royal council, and in an honest, plain-spoken way to put forth "stubborn facts," and separate the false from the true. It was the first attempt at a parliament—the first step from insecurity, such as nations even now experience, into security; it was the first time that a king, absolute and infallible by the ordinances of his kingdom, gave a royal word that no matter what the speech, the tongue should not be cut out—no matter how severe the truth, the true man should not be made to feel that the former preponderance of authority and precedent existed still. No matter what parliaments are now, or were but a little while ago, the fact was certain, that *then* they were for the common people—that then "our honourable friend" was a "horn-fisted" citizen—an honest burgher bringing plain good sense to alter what seemed wrong, and to applaud and improve what appeared good. Such, according to the ancient charters, was the first Spanish parliament.

But before proceeding to speak of this subject, it may not be inappropriate to lay before the reader the remarks of so excellent a writer as Hallam on this subject:—

"A more interesting method," observes this historian,¹ "of securing the public defence was by the institution of chartered towns or communities. These were established at an earlier period than in France and England, and were in some degree of a peculiar description. Instead of purchasing their immunities, and almost their personal freedom, at the hands of a master, the burgesses of Castilian towns were invested with

¹ History of the Middle Ages, vol. i. p. 373, sq.

civil rights and extensive property, on the more liberal condition of protecting their country. The earliest instance of the erection of a community is in 1020, when Alfonso V., in the Cortes at Leon, established the privileges of that city, with a regular code of laws, by which its magistrates should be governed. The citizens of Carrion, Llanes, and other towns, were incorporated by the same prince. Sancho the Great gave a similar constitution to Naxara. Sepulveda had its code of laws in 1076, from Alfonso VI.; in the same reign Logrono and Sahagun acquired their privileges, and Salamanca not long afterwards. The fuero, or original charter of a Spanish community, was properly a compact, by which the king, or lord, granted a town and adjacent district to the burgesses, with various privileges, and especially that of choosing magistrates and a common council, who were bound to conform themselves to the laws prescribed by the founder. These laws, civil as well as criminal, though essentially derived from the ancient code of the Visigoths, which continued to be the common law of Castile till the fourteenth or fifteenth century, varied from each other in particular usages, which had probably grown up and been established in these districts before their legal confirmation. The territory held by chartered towns was frequently very extensive, far beyond any comparison with corporations in our own country, or in France; including the estates of private land-holders, subject to the jurisdiction and control of the municipality, as well as its inalienable demesnes, allotted to the maintenance of the magistrates, and other public expenses. In every town the king appointed a governor to receive the usual tributes, and watch over the police and the fortified places within the district; but the administration of justice was exclusively reserved to the inhabitants and their elected judges. Even the executive power of the royal officer was regarded with jealousy; he was forbidden to use violence towards any one without legal process; and, by

the fuero of Logrono, if he attempted to enter forcibly into a private house, he might be killed with impunity. These democratical customs were altered in the fourteenth century, by Alfonso XI., who vested the municipal administration in a small number of *gurats* or *regidores*. A pretext for this was found in some disorders to which popular elections had led; but the real motive, of course, must have been to secure a greater influence for the crown, as in similar innovations of some English kings.

“In recompense for such liberal concessions, the incorporated towns were bound to certain money payments, and to military service. This was absolutely due from every inhabitant, without dispensation or substitution, unless in cases of infirmity. The royal governor, and the magistrates, as in the simple times of primitive Rome, raised and commanded the militia; who, in a service always short, and for the most part necessary, preserved that delightful consciousness of freedom, under the standard of their fellow-citizens, and chosen leaders, which no mere soldier can enjoy. Every man of a certain property was bound to serve on horseback, and was exempted in return from the payment of taxes. This produced a distinction between the *caballeros*, or noble class, and the *pecheros*, or payers of tribute. But the distinction appears to have been founded only upon wealth, as in the Roman equites, and not upon hereditary rank, though it most likely prepared the way for the latter. The horses of these *caballeros* could not be seized for debt; in some cases they were exclusively eligible to magistracy; and their honour was protected by laws which rendered it highly penal to insult or molest them. But the civil rights of rich and poor in courts of justice were as equal as in England.”

The institution of the Cortes was undoubtedly a step forward in the path of political freedom, but, unfortunately, although an extent of liberty was granted through its members to the people, which is astonishing

to us, unless we observe the tether which the king still held; the people snapped too eagerly at the bait, and thus an opportunity of progress was lost, and after a too brief, and far too brilliant light, the holy flame of liberty sank, and we do not find it reviving for many many years. The only restraint which the "masses" still retained upon those who acted wrong, whether higher than themselves or equal, consisted in the "Hermidad," or "Holy Brotherhood," a species of Vehmgericht, working in secret, and, though often acting in diametrical opposition to the laws of the kingdom, it was authorized and admitted as a legitimate form of executive justice.

During the unfortunate revolutions under Henry IV. of Castile, when the most violent disturbances prevailed in every quarter of the country, it was the unshackled and seemingly fitful working of the Hermidad which alone saved Castile. Its ramifications were of the most extensive nature, and its action so perfectly free, that all were kept in restraint by it. "The organization of one of those popular confederacies, known under the name of *Hermidad*, in 1465," observes Prescott,¹ "which continued in operation during the remainder of this gloomy period, brought some mitigation to these evils, by the fearlessness with which it exercised its functions even against offenders of the highest rank, some of whose castles were razed to the ground by its orders." At that time the cause of the people had sunk to the lowest depth, and even the Hermidad relaxed its strong grasp upon the actions of the nobles, and gradually lapsed into powerlessness.

At a later period indeed, when most of the privileges of the corporate towns had become obsolete, and when Spain, for the first time for many centuries, found itself under the government of one family, the Hermidad was revived, but not by the people, for the people's cause had withered; and though Spain was yet to see happy

¹ Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. i. p. 167.

days, and to be sensible of the respect of other nations, yet the corporate bodies were never again to feel their own dignity, and to exult in the influence which they possessed, the protection they were able to afford.

Happily for the Spaniards, moderate and kind were the monarchs who rescued them from anarchy. Great and good, they worked for the people, and the people were sensible of it. The names of these princes were Ferdinand and Isabella; and, however we may lament the bigoted persecutions to which their authority was lent, we cannot but ever hold them dear, for they, and they only of their age, saw the value of moderate reform and the preference to which it was entitled over radical revolutionism. Among the many salutary institutions which they created or re-established, we find the community of the Holy Brotherhood occupying a prominent position.

“The project for the re-organization of this institution was introduced into the Cortes held the year after Isabella's accession at Madrigal, in 1476. It was carried into effect by the *junta* of deputies from the different cities of the kingdom, convened at Dueñas in the same year. The new institution differed essentially from the ancient *Hermandades*, since, instead of being partial in its extent, it was designed to embrace the whole kingdom; and instead of being directed, as had often been the case, against the crown itself, it was set in motion at the suggestion of the latter, and limited in its operations to the maintenance of public order. The crimes reserved for its jurisdiction were all violence or theft committed on the highways, or in the open country, and in cities by such offenders as escaped into the country; housebreaking; rape; and resistance of justice. The specification of these crimes shows their frequency; and the reasons for designating the open country as the particular theatre for the operations of the *Hermandad*, was the facility which criminals possessed there for eluding the pursuit of justice, espe-

cially under shelter of the strongholds or fortresses with which it was plentifully studded."¹

Thus it became a kind of mounted police, not confined to any particular district of the country, and while its operations were more definite, and men lived in less fear of it, it certainly lost some of the wild romance connected with it, after it had been legally instituted as a government affair. The *Quaderno de las Leyes Nuevas de la Hermandad*, copies of which are exceedingly rare, contain the ordinances in connection with the *Santa Hermandad* and its councils. "By the activity of this new military police, the country was in the course of a few years cleared of its swarms of banditti, as well as of the robber chieftains whose strength had enabled them to defy the laws." Its vitality, however, soon failed, and after a brief existence of twenty-two years it lapsed in 1498 into an ordinary system of police.

"If we look," observes Ticknor,² "at the condition of Spain in the centuries that preceded and followed the formation of its present language and poetry, we shall find the mere historical dates full of instruction. In 711, Roderic rashly hazarded the fate of his Gothic and Christian empire on the result of a single battle against the Arabs: then just forcing their way into the western part of Europe and Africa. He failed; and the wild enthusiasm which marked the earliest age of the Mahomedan power achieved almost immediately the conquest of the whole of the country that was worth the price of a victory. The Christians, however, though overwhelmed, did not entirely yield. On the contrary, many of them retreated before the fiery pursuit of their enemies, and established themselves in the extreme north-western portion of their native land, amidst the mountains and fastnesses of Biscay and Asturias. There, indeed, the purity of the Latin tongue, which they had spoken for so many ages,

¹ Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. i. p. 247.

² History of Spanish Literature, vol. i. p. 6.

was finally lost, through that neglect of its cultivation which was a necessary consequence of the miseries that oppressed them. But still, with the spirit which so long sustained their forefathers against the power of Rome, and which has carried their descendants through a hardly less fierce contest against the power of France, they maintained, to a remarkable degree, their ancient manners and feelings, their religion, their laws, and their institutions; and, separating themselves by an implacable hatred from their Moorish invaders, they there, in those rude mountains, laid deep the foundations of a national character—of that character which has subsisted to our own times.

“As, however, they gradually grew inured to adversity, and understood the few hard advantages which their situation afforded them, they began to make incursions into the territories of their conquerors, and to seize for themselves some part of the fair possessions, once entirely their own. But every inch of ground was defended by the same fervid valour by which it was originally won. The Christians, indeed, though occasionally defeated, generally gained something by each of their more considerable struggles; but what they gained could be preserved only by an exertion of bravery and military power hardly less painful than that by which it had been acquired. In 801 we find them already possessing a considerable part of Old Castile, but the very name now given to that country, from the multitude of castles with which it was studded, shows plainly the tenure by which the Christians from the mountains were compelled to hold these early fruits of their courage and constancy. A century later, or in 914, they had pushed the outposts of their conquests to the chain of the Guadarrama, separating New from Old Castile, and they may, therefore, at this date, be regarded as having again obtained a firm foothold in their own country, whose capital they established at Leon. From this period the Christians seem to have felt assured of final success.

In 1085, Toledo, the venerated head of the old monarchy, was wrested from the Moors, who had then possessed it 363 years; and in 1118, Saragossa was recovered; so that, from the beginning of the twelfth century, the whole Peninsula, down to the Sierra of Toledo, was again occupied by its former masters; and the Moors were pushed back into the southern and western provinces, by which they had originally entered. Their power, however, though thus reduced within limits, comprising scarcely more than one-third of its extent when it was greatest, seems still to have been rather consolidated than broken; and after three centuries of success, more than three other centuries of conflict were necessary before the fall of Granada finally emancipated the entire country from the loathed dominion of its unbelieving conquerors.

“ But it was in the midst of this desolating contest, and at a period too when the Christians were hardly less distracted by divisions among themselves than worn out and exasperated by the common warfare against the common enemy, that the elements of the Spanish language and poetry, as they have substantially existed ever since, were first developed. For it is precisely between the capture of Saragossa, which ensured to the Christians the possession of all the eastern part of Spain, and their great victory on the plains of Tolosa, which so broke the power of the Moors that they never afterwards recovered the full measure of their former strength—it is precisely in this century of confusion and violence, when the Christian population of the country may be said, with the old chronicle, to have been kept constantly in battle array, that we hear the first notes of their wild, national poetry, which come to us mingled with their war-shouts, and breathing the very spirit of their victories.”¹

And it is in these ballads that we shall find refreshment after the dry details of constitutional rights

¹ Compare also the excellent historical *resumé* of Hallam, Middle Ages, chapter iv. vol. i. pp. 368—372.

which we have now passed in review. Here we must again take Ticknor for a guide, for no English writer has offered a better sketch of their purport and history than he. Speaking of the peculiar measure, *asonante*, he remarks, that "for a long time, of course, these primitive national ballads existed only in the memories of the common people, from whom they sprang, and were preserved through successive ages and long traditions only by the interests and feelings that originally gave them birth. We cannot, therefore, reasonably hope that we now read any of them exactly as they were first composed and sung, or that there are many to which we can assign a definite age with any good degree of probability. No doubt we may still possess some which, with little change in their simple thoughts and melody, were among the earliest breathings of that popular enthusiasm which, between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries, was carrying the Christian Spaniards onward to the emancipation of their country; ballads which were heard amidst the valleys of the Sierra Moreña, or on the banks of the Turia and the Guadalquivir, with the first tones of that language that has since spread itself through the whole Peninsula. But the idle minstrel, who, in such troubled times, sought a precarious subsistence from cottage to cottage, or the thoughtless soldier, who, when the battle was over, sung its achievements to his guitar at the door of his tent, could not be expected to look beyond the passing moment; so that, if their unskilled verses were preserved at all, they must have been preserved by those who repeated them from memory, changing their tone and language with the changed feelings of the times and events that chanced to recall them. Whatever, then, belongs to this earliest period, belongs, at the same time, to the unchronicled popular life and character of which it was a part; and although many of the ballads thus produced may have survived to our own day, many more, undoubtedly, lie buried with the poetical hearts that gave them birth.

"This, indeed, is the great difficulty in relation to all researches concerning the oldest Spanish ballads. The very excitement of the national spirit that warmed them into life, was the result of an age of such violence and suffering, that the ballads, if produced, failed to command such an attention as would cause them to be written down. Individual poems, like that of the Cid, or the works of individual authors, like those of the Archpriest of Hita or Don John Manuel, were of course cared for, and, perhaps, from time to time, transcribed. But the popular poetry was neglected. Even when the special 'Cancioneros,' which were collections of whatever verses the person who formed them happened to fancy, or was able to find, began to come in fashion, during the reign of John the Second, the bad taste of the time caused the old national literature to be so entirely overlooked, that not a single ballad occurs in either of them."¹

It were easy to enlarge upon so fertile a subject as the ancient ballad literature of Spain, but a few specimens will convey a better idea of their nature than a detailed description can give. One of those so gracefully translated by Ticknor, the "*Fonte frida, fonte frida*," I shall select for our purpose:—

Cooling fountain, cooling fountain,
Cooling fountain, full of love!
Where the little birds all gather,
Thy refreshing power to prove;
All except the widowed turtle
Full of grief, the turtle-dove.
There the traitor nightingale
All by chance once passed along,
Uttering words of basest falsehood
In his guilty, treacherous song:
"If it please thee, gentle lady,
I thy servant-love would be."
"Hence! begone, ungracious traitor;
Base deceiver, hence from me!
I nor rest upon green branches,
Nor amidst the meadow's flowers;
The very wave my thirst that quenches
Seek I where it turbid pours.

¹ History of Spanish Literature, vol. i. p. 109.

No wedded love my soul shall know,
 Lest children's hearts my heart should win;
 No pleasure would I seek for, no!
 No consolation feel within;
 So leave me sad, thou enemy,—
 Thou foul and base deceiver, go!
 For I thy love will never be,
 Nor ever, false one, wed thee, no!"

But when we approach the subject of ballad literature our thoughts instinctively revert to that interesting period of the geography of imagination when valiant knights ranged over mountains, crossed seas and lakes, and, more fortunate than geologists of modern days, found new and strange specimens of animated nature at every step, which, even in the shape of mere fossils, would have caused the heart of our Dr. Mantell to leap with joy. Their sympathies were not with them, however, and to prevent their eating up the "ladye fair" of the glorious knight (who was probably at that moment thousands of miles away in some undiscovered continent), the latter at once ran them through, and, like the hero of Bunyan's romance, "they went on their way." There were two elements in the early history of knight-errantry, the real and the ideal; the former of which we shall proceed to examine.

It matters little to us at the present day, whether the Cid—the only real historical personage of any celebrity who was actually and truly a knight-errant—accomplished all the feats ascribed to him. We have no manner of concern with him, except as the exponent of a peculiar psychological condition. The stories of which he forms the nucleus are as little likely to be all true of him as the many actions and doughty feats ascribed to Charlemagne, on which I have already expressed an opinion in a former part of this work.¹ We are the happy inheritors of the vast store of glad-some legend, and if we cannot understand them all, let us be content with such as can be understood, not forgetting, however, to try to understand the rest.

¹ See "Aix-la-Chapelle," p. 16, n. 1.

The remark of Dr. Exauvillez already quoted, applies equally well to the *Cid*. It does, indeed, "require faith" for these tales, and sometimes faith of most Romanist calibre.

"The *Cid* himself," observes a late writer,¹ "who is to be found constantly commemorated in Spanish poetry, was born in the north-western part of Spain, about the year 1040, and died in 1099, at Valencia, which he had rescued from the Moors. His original name was Ruy Diaz, or Rodrigo Diaz; and he was by birth one of the considerable barons of his country. The title of *Cid*, by which he is almost always known, is believed to have come to him from the remarkable circumstance, that five Moorish kings or chiefs acknowledged him in one battle as their *Seid*, or their lord and conqueror; and the title of *Campeador*, or champion, by which he is hardly less known, though it is commonly supposed to have been given to him as a leader of the armies of Sancho the Second, has long since been used almost exclusively as a popular expression of the admiration of his countrymen for his exploits against the Moors. At any rate, from a very early period, he has been called *El Cid Campeador*, or The Lord Champion. And he well deserved the honourable title; for he passed almost the whole of his life in the field against the oppressors of his country, suffering, so far as *we know*, scarcely a single defeat from the common enemy, though, on more than one occasion, he was exiled and sacrificed by the Christian princes to whose interests he had attached himself.

"But, whatever may have been the real adventures of his life, over which the peculiar darkness of the period when they were achieved has cast a deep shadow, he comes to us in modern times as the great defender of his nation against its Moorish invaders, and seems to have so filled the imagination and satisfied the affections of his countrymen, that, centuries after his death, and even down to our own days,

¹ Ticknor, Spanish Literature, vol. i. p. 12, sq.

poetry and tradition have delighted to attach to his name a long series of fabulous achievements, which connect him with the mythological fictions of the Middle Ages, and remind us almost as often of Amadis and Arthur as they do of the sober heroes of genuine history.

“The poem of the Cid partakes of both these characters. It has sometimes been regarded as wholly, or almost wholly, historical. But there is too free and romantic a spirit in it for history. It contains, indeed, few of the bolder fictions found in the subsequent chronicles and in the popular ballads. Still, it is essentially a poem; and in the spirited scenes at the siege of Alcocer and at the Cortes, as well as in those relating to the Counts of Carrion, it is plain that the author felt his license as a poet. In fact, the very marriage of the daughters of the Cid has been shown to be all but impossible; and thus any real historical foundation seems to be taken away from the chief event which the poem records. This, however, does not at all touch the proper value of the work, which is simple, heroic, and national. Unfortunately, the only ancient manuscript of it known to exist is imperfect, and nowhere informs us who was its author. But what has been lost is not much. It is only a few leaves in the beginning, one leaf in the middle, and some scattered lines in other parts. The conclusion is perfect. Of course there can be no doubt about the subject or purpose of the whole. It is the development of the character and glory of the Cid.”

Replete with the utmost truth of a knight-errant is the whole character of the Campeador. Like hero of ancient days, he is resistless in the fight, and generous as he is brave. His heart seems always to be in the right place; and the blows and knocks, which in his capacity of knight-errant and adventurer he is of course bound to bear, never appear to have soured his temper in the least. Of this fine poem, so full of interesting and spirited story, Ticknor truly remarks¹ :—

¹ Spanish Literature, vol. i. p. 15.

“In truth, we do not read it at all for its mere facts, which are often detailed with the minuteness and formality of a monkish chronicle; but for its living pictures of the age it represents, and for the vivacity with which it brings up manners and interests so remote from our own experience, that, where they are attempted in formal history, they come to us as cold as the fables of mythology. We read it because it is a contemporary and spirited exhibition of the chivalrous times of Spain; given occasionally with an Homeric simplicity altogether admirable. For the story it tells is not only that of the most romantic achievements, attributed to the most romantic hero of Spanish tradition, but it is mingled continually with domestic and personal details, that bring the character of the Cid and his age nearer to our own sympathies and interests. The very language in which it is told, is the language he himself spoke, still only half developed; disencumbering itself with difficulty from the characteristics of the Latin; its new constructions by no means established; imperfect in its forms, and ill furnished with the connecting particles in which resides so much of the power and grace of all languages; but still breathing the bold, sincere, and original spirit of the times; and showing plainly that it is struggling with success for a place among the other wild elements of the national genius. And, finally, the metre and rhyme into which the whole poem is cast are rude and unsettled; the verse claiming to be of fourteen syllables, divided by an abrupt cæsural pause after the eighth, yet often running out to sixteen or twenty, and sometimes falling back to twelve; but always bearing the impress of a free and fearless spirit, which harmonizes alike with the poet’s language, subject, and age; and so gives to the story a stir and interest which, though we are separated from it by so many centuries, bring some of its scenes before us like those of a drama.”

Let us take as a specimen of the fine dramatic

throughout the work that scene in the Cortes which passed in the city of Toledo, the rise of which has already been recounted in these pages. It had just at that time been won back for Christendom; and the Christian dominion in Spain, flowing back to its ancient limits in the Visigothic period long gone by, was being re-established in the city of the dragon and Rocas. The Cortes is summoned to the frontier, to strike the greater awe into the hearts of the barbarian Moors. Can we not imagine the gallant Cid to have been charging them in this manner:—

“Their shields before their breasts, forth at once they go,
 Their lances in their rests, levelled fair and low,
 Their banners and their crests waving in a row,
 Their heads all stooping down towards the saddle bow;
 The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard afar,—
 ‘I am Ruy Diaz, the champion of Bivar;
 Strike amongst them, gentlemen, for sweet mercy’s sake!’
 There where Bermudez fought midst the foe they brake,—
 Three hundred bannered knights, it was a gallant show.
 Three hundred Moors they killed, a man with every blow;
 When they wheeled and turned, as many more lay slain;
 You might see them raise their lances and level them again.
 There you might see the breast-plates, how they were cleft
 in twain,
 And many a Moorish shield lie shattered on the plain;
 The pennons that were white marked with a crimson stain,
 The horses running wild whose riders had been slain.”¹

Well, the Cid, after behaving thus gallantly in the field, proceeds to Toledo. Amongst the first of the grandees who arrive there is Don Garcia Ordoñez, the Campeador’s deadly foe. He witnesses the arrival of the conqueror, attended by a hundred knights, his companions in the regaining of Valencia. They are completely armed, in case of an attack; but wear rich cloaks and gorgeous dresses to conceal their weapons. Rodrigo comes to demand satisfaction, in the presence of his fellow nobles, for the base treatment his daugh-

¹ This is the translation of J. Hookham Frere, Esq., some time British Minister in Spain; the lines may be found in the appendix to Southey’s “Chronicle of the Cid.”

ters have received from their husbands, the Counts of Carrion. He is met by Alfonso with the utmost respect; and all testify their gratitude to him, except the partizans of his opponents. But with all this gorgeous simplicity, there is a ludicrous tinge, not very remarkable, if the times were considered, commingled. "The Cid," observes Sismondi,¹ "instead of immediately relating the insult of which he complains, reminded the judges that, at the time when he gave away his daughters in marriage, he had bestowed upon those whom he believed his sons-in-law two swords of great price, Colada and Tizon, which he had won, the one from the Count of Barcelona, the other from the King of Morocco. He demands that the Infants, who had returned his daughters to him, should likewise restore this property, which had ceased to belong to them, and which formed a trophy of his valour." Thus, the Cid regains his property; and then, and not till then, does he demand satisfaction for his honour, and vengeance for his wrongs. Hereupon rises a stormy discussion, indeed; torrents of vituperation, sarcastic observations concerning twitched beards, cowardly knights, and untoward adventures in the mire, mingled with quaint proverbs, such as Sancho Panza himself might have been proud of, form the staple of conversation; and, when heads are a little less hot, this changes to fine compliments and brave rejoinders. The description of the opening of the lists, well compared, by Ticknor, with a passage in Chaucer's "Knight's Tale,"² is truly fine and chivalric:—

"The heralds and the king are foremost in the place;
 They clear away the people from the middle space;
 They measure out the lists, the barriers they fix,
 They point them out in order, and explain to all the six:—

¹ History of the Literature of the South of Europe, vol. ii. pp. 108, 109. (Roscoe's translation.)

² V. 2601, ed. Tyrwhitt.

'If you are forced beyond the line where they are fixed and traced,

You shall be held as conquered, and beaten and disgraced.'

Six lances' length on either side an open space is laid;

They share the field between them, the sunshine and the shade.

Their office is performed, and from the middle space

The heralds are withdrawn, and leave them face to face.

Here stood the warriors of the Cid, that noble champion;

Opposite, on the other side, the lords of Carrion:

Earnestly their minds are fixed each upon his foe.

Face to face they take their place, anon the trumpets blow;

They stir their horses with the spur, they lay their lances low,

They bend their shields before their breasts, their face to the saddle bow.

Earnestly their minds are fixed, each upon his foe.

The heavens are overcast above, the earth trembles below

The people stand in silence, gazing on the show."

The concluding remarks of Ticknor upon the poem are so just that we cannot help submitting them to the reader in this place:¹—

"These are amongst the most picturesque passages in the poem. But it is throughout striking and original. It is, too, no less national, Christian, and loyal. It breathes everywhere the true Castilian spirit, such as the old Chronicles represent it, amidst the achievements and disasters of the Moorish wars; and has very few traces of an Arabic influence in its language, and none at all in its imagery or fancies. The whole of it, therefore, deserves to be read, and to be read in the original; for it is there only that we can obtain the fresh impressions it is fitted to give us of the rude, but heroic period it represents: of the simplicity of the government, and the loyalty and true-heartedness of the people, of the wide force of a primitive religious enthusiasm; of the picturesque state of manners and daily life in an age of trouble and confusion; and of the bold outlines of the national genius, which are often struck out where we should least think to find. It is, indeed, a work, which, as we read it, stirs us with the

¹ Spanish Literature, vol. i. p. 20.

spirit of the times it describes ; and, as we lay it down, and recollect the intellectual condition of Europe when it was written, and for a long period before, it seems certain that, during the thousand years which elapsed from the time of the decay of Greek and Roman culture, down to the appearance of the ‘ *Divina Commedia*,’ no poetry was produced so original in its tone, or so full of natural feeling, picturesqueness, and energy.” Yes, there is, indeed, no poem like the “*Chronicle of the Cid* ;” it is the text-book of true chivalry, as “*Amadis de Gaula*,” and his tribe, are of the false !

When men were less brave, or, rather, when the necessity for that species of aimless courage no longer existed, chivalry, as pure, legitimate chivalry, died ; the country was no longer in peril, and so your true knight-errant, who defended his own country, and did not rush madly into everybody else’s, ceased to exist also. Still, the passion for the marvellous, which is never wholly extinct in any nation, and is only quiescent when the calm and glorious pursuit of intellectual truth arises, continued, and had to be satisfied. “*The ballads of Spain*,” it has been well remarked,¹ “belonged, originally, to the whole nation, but especially to its less cultivated portions. The chronicles, on the contrary, belonged to the proud and knightly classes, who sought, in such picturesque records, not only the glorious history of their forefathers, but an appropriate stimulus to their own virtues, and those of their children. As, however, security was gradually extended through the land, and the tendency to refinement grew stronger, other wants began to be felt. Books were demanded that would furnish amusement less popular than that afforded by the ballads, and excitement less grave than that of the chronicles. What was asked for was obtained, and probably without difficulty ; for the spirit of poetical invention, which had been already thoroughly awakened in the country, needed only to be turned to

¹ Ticknor, vol. i. p. 198.

the old traditions and fables of the early national chronicles, in order to produce fictions allied to both of them, yet more attractive than either. There is, in fact, as we can easily see, but a single step between large portions of several of the old chronicles, especially that of Don Roderic, and proper romances of chivalry." There is no doubt that the very decline of actual adventure, except beyond the great sea so lately thrown open to Castilians (and even there to Castilians only), caused the demand for these fictitious achievements. Guerilla warfare, which rises in our estimation when it is long past, or afar off, is by no means desirable when near at hand, and when we ourselves are still exposed to it. Thus, though the chronicles told the Spaniards of the earlier part of the fifteenth century that Spain had been precisely in the same condition for ages, and that predatory incursions, like those gallant forays of the knights of romance, had been going on then; and, though their own eyes showed them similar feats enacting in their own time, their every-day occurrence lent them no charm; and they required them to be etherealized, and made impossible, ere they would look upon them with a favourable eye. This led to the production of those fictions which solitary old gentlemen, in bedgown and slippers, expended much to collect, and strove hard to imitate. The noble exploits of "Amadis de Gaula," "Tirante the White," "Palmerin de Oliva," and the rest of that ilk, probably did more to discourage the spirit of true chivalry, than did the hardships which its votaries had to undergo.

The Amadis de Gaula is the most important and best of all these romances, while, at the same time, it is one of the oldest. Space will not permit us to enter into the particulars of the work, nor indeed is it wholly Spanish; though to all intents and purposes it has become identified with Spain. It was written in Portuguese by Vasco de Lobeira between 1385 and 1403, and translated into Spanish by Garcia Ordoñez de Montalvo between 1492 and 1504. "In German,"

we learn from Ticknor, "it was known from 1583, and in English from 1619; but the abridgment of it by Southey¹ is the only form of it in English that can now be read. It was also translated into Dutch; and Castro, somewhere in his 'Bibliotheca,' speaks of a Hebrew translation of it." The same writer has finely summed up its character in the following manner²:—

"The great objection to the *Amadis* is one that must be made to all of its class. We are wearied by its length, and by the constant recurrence of similar adventures and dangers, in which, as we foresee, the hero is certain to come off victorious. But this length and these repetitions seemed no fault when it first appeared, or for a long time afterwards. For romantic fiction—the only form of elegant literature which modern times have added to the marvellous inventions of Greek genius—was then recent and fresh; and the few who read for amusement rejoiced even in the least graceful of its creations as vastly nearer to the hearts and thoughts of men educated in the institutions of knighthood, than any glimpses they had thus far caught of the severe glories of antiquity." Add to this, the fact that critical taste did not then exist, and that the very novelty of the idea was in itself a relief from the jejuneness of the ballads, and we have a very good reason why *Amadis de Gaula* was a popular book; I am not sure if it would not be so now.

In looking onward in the stream of Spanish history we cannot but be struck with the impetus which the discovery of America gave to the literature of the country. The despatches of the admiral in the Indian seas, and the letters of the conqueror of Mexico, rise into epics occasionally, from the simple grandeur with which the new and marvellous scenes are described; and we cannot see the true poetical feeling of the Spaniards, although quiescent, more plainly than in those documents. The capture of Granada, to which we shall hereafter return,

¹ London, 1803, 4 vols. 12mo.

² Spanish Literature, vol. i. p. 208.

also lent fresh vigour to Spanish romance; and the exploits of the heroes on both sides are recounted in the poetical productions of the period, in a good, bad, or indifferent manner. Yet, as it has been remarked by the historian of Spanish literature, "everything, indeed, announced a decided movement in the literature of the nation, and almost everything seemed to favour and facilitate it."¹

The precursor of that style of romance so familiar to us now in a more chastened form, as found in Dickens and Thackeray, and a species of narrative more allied to *Gil Blas* than any other work now read, was the *Lazarillo de Tormés* of Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, afterwards well known as the Spanish political agent at the Council of Trent,² as the historian of the war with Granada, and the munificent patron of classical literature.³

This romance is to be dated about 1520, in the commencement of the reign of Charles V., while Castilian manners still retained the fresh tinge of old fashions, lost when the emigration to America brought new families on the scene of action. "*Little Lazarus*" is born in a mill on the river Tormés, and grows up under very unfavourable circumstances; arriving first at the dignity of guide to a blind beggar. From this responsible position, however, he rises until he becomes husband of the housekeeper of a worthy vicar. But the vicar, somewhat like "my uncle" *Gil Perez*, is avaricious, and poor *Lazarillo* is put to his wit's end for schemes to cheat his master into giving him food sufficient. His next master is still less desirable; here *Lazarillo* has to support both himself and his master by stealth.

¹ Vol. i. p. 407.

² See Buckley's *History of the Council of Trent*.

³ It is worthy of remark that to him we owe the first complete edition of *Josephus*, which was printed from a manuscript in his library. Of him it is related, that when he was commanded by Solymán to ask any favour he liked, he merely requested the sultan to give him some Greek manuscripts, which he said was an ample recompense for anything he might have done.

Subsequently he becomes footman to seven tradesmens' wives at once, and this part of the work certainly abounds in amusing stratagems. But unfortunately the ending of the novel (which, in an artistic point of view, is no ending) is jejune and unsatisfactory, leaving all parties in an unsettled state.

Ticknor's criticism is concise and pointed:—"Its object is—under the character of a servant, with an acuteness that is never at fault, and so small a stock of honesty and truth that neither of them stands in the way of his success—to give a pungent satire on all classes of society, whose condition Lazarillo well comprehends, because he sees them in undress, and behind the scenes. It is written in a very bold, rich, and idiomatic Castilian style, that reminds us of the 'Celestina;' and some of its sketches are amongst the most fresh and spirited that can be found in the whole class of prose works of fiction; so spirited, indeed, and to free, that two of them—those of the friar and the seller of dispensations—were soon put under the ban of the Church, and cut out of the editions that were permitted to be printed under its authority. The whole work is short; but its easy, genial temper, its happy adaptation to Spanish life and manners, and the contrast of the light, good-humoured, flexible audacity of the old Castilian character, gave it from the first a great popularity."¹ Indeed, this work fully entitles the author to the designation of the Spanish Fielding, to whom in the spirit of this novel he is much akin, while immeasurably above the Englishman in position, attainments, and political worth. Lazarillo may be considered in one point of view as an exponent of the latest deterioration of the knight-errants; and, while he fully acts up to the opposite extreme of the true knights, the companions of Ruy Diaz of Bivar, he is not much worse than some of those mediæval *chevaliers d'industrie*, who were softened and enchanted into Amadis and Duardoses. Why should not the

¹ Spanish Literature, vol. i. p. 471.

outline of these characters be considered real, just as much as were the features of the fraternity of *pícaros* who figure in the society of gentlemen like Lazarillo?

But what are we to say of that poor misguided gentleman, truly enthusiastic and sincere in his professions of chivalry, whose fame has filled the world, and whose unhappy studiousness caused him many, many days of pain and trouble? If the Knight of the Rueful Visage had lived at the time of the Campeador, had he fought beside Alonzo de Aguilar against the Moors, had he hobnobbed with Lazarillo, he would have been another Cid, a second Aguilar, a duplicate Rolando. His mind was weak, but naturally noble; lugubrious in *teint*, but faithful as the Indian's dog. He lived in an age, as many another man of natively noble mind has done, when he saw penuriousness, bad faith, and evil living. He never could have led the way to a reform of these ills; but had he known one who felt these things might be mended, he would have followed his banner gladly, and done good service, quitting for ever the dreamy land of which his solitary life and breeding had made him a denizen. The mind, having nothing very interesting to occupy itself with, immediately at hand, naturally chafes, and looks either forward or back. The stronger spirit looks intensely into the space just before him, and devises plans for the realization of a better state of things; the weaker either mystifies itself in the extreme illimitability of the future, or recurs to the past, real or ideal. Thus it was with the poor gentleman of La Mancha. He was one of those spirits who can never be first without failing, but whose innate feeling of emulation prevents being last. The works of chivalry which surrounded him filled his mind, and he artificially imbibed their tone as he would have imbibed the tone of anything had it become familiar to him. Strong powers of imagination, and too much faith, were the rocks he split upon; and though his imagination was not creative, yet it was suggestive, and a retentive memory caused many of his ideas. He

was as well read in the chronicles as in the romances; and I think it not improbable that the adventure of the windmills was suggested to Cervantes by a passage in the poem of the Cid, of which text and translation are given below.¹

The purpose of the Don Quixote has often been canvassed, but I think it is very simple. Cervantes saw that there were two paths which a man might choose—the unpractical, and the practical; the former had been falsely invested with many noble attributes; these it was Cervantes' aim to render ridiculous; the latter were basely administered, and these he places in a plain prominent light. His eminent perception of the ridiculous enabled him to destroy the credit of these compositions for ever; while the broad hint given to the other side of the social picture remained long unappreciated, because the satire was still too subtle for the age. Ere I quit the subject, I shall offer some of the remarks of the excellent Ticknor to the reader:—

“His purpose in writing the Don Quixote has sometimes been enlarged by the ingenuity of a refined criticism, until it has been made to embrace the whole of the endless contrast between the poetical and the prosaic in our natures—between heroism and generosity on one side, as if they were mere illusions; and a cold selfishness on the other, as if it were the truth and reality of life. But this is a metaphysical conclusion, drawn from views of the work at once imperfect

¹ “Have we no news stirring from the Cid, Ruy Diaz of Bivar? Has he been to Riodivirna *to besiege the windmills there?* Does he tax the millers for their toll? or is that practice past? Will he make a match for his daughters, another like the last?”

Sanchez, tom. i. p. 359.

“¿ Quien nos darie nuevas de mio Cid, el de Bivar?
¿ Fues' á Riodouirna *los molinos picar?*
E prender maquilas como lo suele far':
Quil darie con los de carrion à casar'?”

and exaggerated; a conclusion contrary to the spirit of the age, which was not given to a satire so philosophical and generalising, and contrary to the character of Cervantes himself, as we follow it from the time when he first became a soldier, through all his trials in Algiers, and down to the moment when his warm and trusting heart dictated the dedication of *Persiles* and *Sigismunda* to the Count de Lemos. His whole spirit, indeed, seems rather to have been filled with a cheerful confidence in human virtue, and his whole bearing in life seems to have been a contradiction to that discouraging and saddening scorn for whatever is elevated and generous, which such an interpretation of the *Don Quixote* necessarily implies.”¹

We have now seen Toledo in very various guises. We first learned how it arose under the wonderful protection of a dragon and an enchanter. We attended at the stormy Cortes, at which the true knight of Bivar argued vehemently; we have roamed in its “back slums” with *Lazarillo*, and we perceive in the *Don*, a portrait of one of its modern inhabitants; we have now nothing more to do than to see it as it is at the present day.

The most recent description of the city of Toledo is that of Mr. Hoskins,² the Ethiopian traveller, and I shall here offer a portion of it to my readers:—

“La Puerta del Sol is a picturesque Moorish gate and tower. A pointed horse-shoe arch forms the entrance, and within this three more are visible. The interlacing brick arches above, and also the circular ones, are very rich; a battlement fringes the top of the tower. We then passed the church of *Santiago*, which is curious for its architecture; the tower is of the time of the Moslems, and ornamented with two small windows with Moorish arches. Proceeding to the *Puerta de Visagra*, which is handsome, we visited the old Moorish gate immediately below it, called La

¹ Spanish Literature, vol. ii. p. 98.

² Spain as it is, vol. ii. chap. viii. p. 130, sq.

Puerta Sodado, which is very picturesque, with horse-shoe arches, and perpendicular open slits to shoot arrows out of. Walking along the fine Alameda, we came to the Hospital de Afuera, the *façade* of which is not finished, but the portal is good. It was built by the Cardinal Juan de Tavera, and is one of the many useful institutions erected by the primates of Toledo. The patio is magnificent; the circular arches of the lower colonnade are supported by gray granite columns of the Doric order; the Ionic columns above sustain elliptical arches. There are double columns at the angles, and the ornaments are simple and pleasing. This fine patio is divided by an open colonnade, which has a good effect, and leads to the chapel, which is lofty and handsome. In the centre is a beautiful tomb, by Berruguete, of the founder, the Cardinal Primate, and his statue, lying on the top, has a calm and noble expression. The four cardinal virtues are represented at the angle. Beneath the latter are eagles, and between them cherubs, scrolls, and *bas-reliefs*, more commendable for the composition than their execution. The wooden retablo is a clever imitation of marble, and the design by El Greco, good, but his paintings are bad; and the paintings in the chapel adjoining, by the same artist, no better.

“Passing by the remains of an ancient Roman circus, the form of which can be distinctly traced for a considerable distance by some of the arches *gradini* and which are still remaining (of rubble-work, united by cement as hard as stone,) we came to the church of El Cristo de la Vega, in which were buried the tutelars of the city, St. Ildefonso and St. Lescadia, who was born in 306, and cast from the rocks above by Dacian. The entrance is pretty, through a cemetery destined for the monks, and over the neat entrance into the chapel is a charming marble statue of St. Lescadia, by Berruguete. The interior is not worth visiting, but the oval exterior is beautiful being covered with sunk brick arches. In the lowest

arch they are double, and circular in their form ; in the next, honey-combed, and horse-shoe arches within them ; the third row consists of double horse-shoe arches, and the highest of double circular arches, and although they are only of brick, the effect is very good.

“The view is fine from here of the ruined palace of Wamba, with its broken walls and windows, rising on the rocks ; the Puerta del Cambron, and the pinnacles of San Juan de los Reyes. Below, close to the river, is an alcoba, a square Moorish tower, with a pointed arched entrance ; a finer arch, fronting towards the river ; and one opposite, similar to it, supported by columns. The lower part is dilapidated, and was, they say, a bath, hence the tower is called Los Banos de Florinda, for here she is said to have been bathing when Don Roderick saw her through the last arch I have described. Supposing his palace to have been where the ruined walls are still standing, and this arch open, as it is at present, Florinda’s charms might be seen. Alas ! that the want of a blind should have caused such woes : nearly eight hundred years of Moorish dominions, and so many battles before the infidels were driven back into Africa. On one of the columns of this arch is an Arabic inscription. Below the alcoba is another little tower, and the beautiful Moorish bridge of St. Martin, with its fine centre arch and tower at the end. . . . Toledo is a charming place for the antiquarian and architect. In every street and corner something Moorish is to be seen, some decorations, arches, and windows, to remind us of her palmy days ; the ruins and dilapidations all around recall to our recollections the times when her archbishops received annually about thirteen millions of reals, whereas now they have only eight thousand dollars, the income of the canons formerly, when her clergy were the richest in the world, when manufactories of silk gave employment and wealth to thousands, when her plains were cultivated, and not almost a desert as they are now.

“Then the twisting, winding streets are utterly impassable without a guide; never, even in Spain, have I seen such narrow passages, some of the projecting roofs actually hanging over each other, the bright sky, the colour of lapis-lazuli, scarcely visible above. Toledo is dreadfully hot in the autumn; but even now, only the third week in May, we feel the benefit of these narrow, shady alleys, and would not change them for the widest streets, and largest squares in the world. Good houses are plentiful, sometimes covered with faded frescoes; every one has their separate residence, and some of the courts are handsome, and always beautifully clean.”

YUSTE,

THE CONVENT-PALACE OF CHARLES V.

“Y el emperador, que antes no solia
 Caber en todo el mundo de aposento,
 En Yuste, en nuestra España un abadia,
 Se recogio à la fin à un aposento :
 Y alli (puesto en el ciel un pie) bivia,
 Mas qu'en su cielo Jupiter contento,
 En religion sin habito biviendo
 A quantos havia monges excediendo.”

“So Charles the emperor, whose mighty reign
 The globe itself scarce held within its bound,
 At Yuste, a fair abbey of our Spain,
 A lowly home and quiet haven found :
 Here, half his heart in heaven, did he remain,
 Tranquil as Jove with sovran glories crown'd,
 In all things, save the hood, a holy friar,
 In Christian graces peerless in the choir.”¹

IF it be interesting for those whose path lies not amidst heroic deeds, to study the lives of those who do perform them, it is not less delightful for the actors in the noble scenes of life to retreat, observe the confusion that their absence causes on the stage, see the manager coming forward to make incoherent excuses, and enjoy the social gin and water, or (an' it please you to be mediæval) the pottle of good burnt sack, without tasting the lime of responsibility.

It is not unfrequent, however, for the person who willingly puts off his crown and sceptre, and hangs up the ermined cloak in the wardrobe, to lock it carefully, and put the key securely into his private pocket; and

¹ *Carlo Famoso de Don Luys Capata, Valencia, 1566, p. 287.*

sometimes the cloak comes out for an airing, and to be ridden of the moths. The case has been different, however, and the history of Spain will furnish us with an instance of such a proceeding, in the willing abdication and retirement of Charles V., when in the zenith of his greatness; and, though it is most probable that much of his previous power remained in his hands, yet it is a curious question as to the reasons which could have actuated such extraordinary conduct. Yet, when we come to consider the simplicity of the tastes manifested by the great Emperor in his retirement, we can see that a feeling had sprung up within him that he would endeavour, as far as he might, to enjoy the sweets of the middle station, without yielding up the entire power which circumstances, joined with his own sagacity, had placed within his grasp.

This very important and interesting period of his life has just been placed before us by Mr. Stirling, in his "Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.," and as a contrast to the gay colours which abound in the history of Spain—as a relief after the obscurity of the darker transactions of that eventful time—the simple and somewhat sober hues of the Emperor's life in the cloister, which possessed no terrors for him who, bound by no vow, could leave it as quickly as he chose, are worthy of a passing glance in these pages.

The monastery of Yuste, dedicated to St. Jerome, stands in the lovely valley of Plasencia, on the north side, and towards the eastern extremity, some two leagues from Xarandilla. "The site is a piece of somewhat level ground, on the lower slope of the mountain, which is clothed, as far as the eye can reach, with woods of venerable oak and chestnut. About an English mile to the south, and lower down the hill, the village of Quacos nestles unseen amongst its orchards and mulberry gardens. The monastery owes its name, not to a saint, but to a streamlet, which descends from the Sierra, behind its walls, and its origin to the piety of one Sancho Martin, of Quacos, who granted, in 1402.

a tract of forest land to two hermits from Plasencia. Here these holy men built their cells, and planted an orchard; and obtained, in 1408, by the favour of the Infant Don Fernando, a bull, authorizing them to found a religious house of the order of St. Jerome. In spite, however, of this authority, while their works were still in progress, the friars of a neighbouring convent, armed with an order from the Bishop of Plasencia, set upon them, and dispossessed them of their land and unfinished walls; an act of violence against which the Jeromites appealed to the Archbishop of Santiago. The judgment of the primate being given in their favour, they next applied for aid to their neighbour, Garci Alvarez de Toledo, Lord of Oropesa, who accordingly came forth from his castle of Xarandilla, with his azure and argent banner, and drove out the intruders. Nor was it only with the strong hands that this noble protected the new community; for, at the chapter of St. Jerome, held at Guadalupe, in 1415, their house would not have been received into the order, but for his generosity in guaranteeing a revenue sufficient for the maintenance of a prior and twelve brethren, under a rule in which mendicancy was forbidden. The buildings were also erected mainly at his cost, and his subsequent benefactions were munificent and many. He was, therefore, constituted, by the grateful monks, protector of the convent, and the distinction became hereditary in his descendants, the Counts of Oropesa."¹ Thus arose Yuste, afterwards to be the retreat of a mighty monarch, whose hobby was to play at private life.

Whatever may have influenced Charles V. in adopting so remarkable a course, yet we cannot but laugh at the idea that he became an ascetic in his retreat. That he cared for his comfort is easily seen from the key that Stirling gives us to this remark of Sandoval—

“His apartments,” observes that writer,¹ “seemed

¹ Stirling's *Cloister Life*, p. 70.

² *Histor. de Carlos Quintos*, tom. ii. p. 825.

rather to have been newly pillaged by the enemy, than for a great prince; the walls were bare, except in his bedchamber, which was hung with black cloth; the only valuables in the house were a few pieces of plate of the plainest kind; his dress, always black, was usually very old; and he sat in an old armchair, with half a seat, and not worth four reals."

The observations of Stirling are too conclusive to be omitted. "He liked black cloth, instead of arras, for his bed-room hangings; but he had brought from Flanders suits of rich tapestry, wrought with figures, landscapes, or flowers, more than sufficient to hang the rest of the apartments; the supply of cushions, eiderdown quilts, and linen, was luxuriously ample; his friends sat on chairs covered with black velvet; and he himself reposed, either on a chair with wheels, or in an easy chair, which is described as having six cushions and a footstool belonging to it. Of gold and silver plate, he had upwards of thirteen thousand water ounces; he washed his hands in silver basins, with poured from silver ewers; the meanest utensil of his chamber was of the same noble material; and, from the brief descriptions of his cups, vases, candlesticks, and salt-cellars, it seems probable that his table was graced with several master-pieces of Tobbia and Cellini."² Besides this, that his "rooms" at Yuste were adorned with paintings by Titian, his reliquarium with costly bits of saints, and his small, but choice library with gorgeous bindings, and we obtain some idea of the general splendour of the imperial chambers.

But those walls were not long to contain that spirit which had been so restless during all its previous career: his retirement from action and the excitements of the most powerful court in Europe, seem not to have been favourable to his health, and in little more than a year from the time of his arrival at the convent, he was seized with that illness which ended his days. Probably it was better for him to have a brief space

¹ Cloister Life, p. 81.

spared him for those meditations, which, though they may never have been wanting, were somewhat ousted by the cares and temporalities imposed upon by his elevated station. At any rate he appears to have prepared himself, and the final scene of his life is touching enough. It took place on the 21st of September, 1558, at about two o'clock in the morning.

"Towards eight o'clock in the evening," observes the historian of his last hours,¹ "Charles asked if the consecrated tapers were ready; and he was evidently sinking rapidly. The physicians acknowledged that the case was past their skill, and that all hope was over. Cornelio retired; Mathisio remained by the bed-side, occasionally feeling the patient's pulse, and whispering to the group of anxious spectators, 'His Majesty has but two hours to live—but one hour—but half an hour!' Charles meanwhile lay in a stupor, seemingly unconscious, but now and then mumbling a prayer and turning his eyes to heaven. At length, he raised himself and called for 'William.' Van Male was instantly at his side, and understood that he wished to be turned in bed, during which operation the emperor leaned upon him heavily and uttered a groan of agony. The physician now looked towards the door, and said to the archbishop, who was standing in its shadow, '*Domine jam moritur!*' My lord he is now dying! The primate came forward with the chaplain Villalva, to whom he made a sign to speak. It was now nearly two o'clock in the morning of the 21st of September, St. Matthew's Day. Addressing the dying man, the favourite preacher told him how blessed a privilege he enjoyed in having been born on the feast of St. Matthias the Apostle, who had been chosen by lot to complete the twelve, and in being about to die on the feast of St. Matthew, who for Christ's sake had forsaken wealth, as his Majesty had forsaken imperial power. For some time the preacher held forth in this pious and edifying strain. At last

¹ Cloister Life, p. 207, sq.

the emperor interposed, saying, 'The time is come : bring me the candles and the crucifix.' These were cherished relics, which he had long kept in reserve for this supreme honr. The one was a taper from Our Lady's shrine of Montserrat, the other a crucifix of beautiful workmanship, which had been taken from the dead hand of his wife at Toledo, and which afterwards comforted the last moments of his son at the Escorial. He received them eagerly from the archbishop, and taking one in each hand, for some moments he silently contemplated the figure of the Saviour, and then clasped it to his bosom. Those who stood nearest to the bed now heard him say quickly, as if replying to a call, '*Ya voy Señor,*' 'Now, Lord, I go.' As his strength failed, his fingers relaxed their hold of the crucifix, which the primate therefore took, and held it up before him. A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed ; after which, with his eyes fixed on the cross, and with a voice loud enough to be heard outside the rooms cried '*Ay, Jesus!*' and expired." So perished a man whose bravery and native grace stand in singular contrast to his bigoted policy and stingy generosity.

Mr. Richard Ford, with whose excellent handbook most travellers in Spain are acquainted, thus describes a visit he paid to Yuste¹ :—

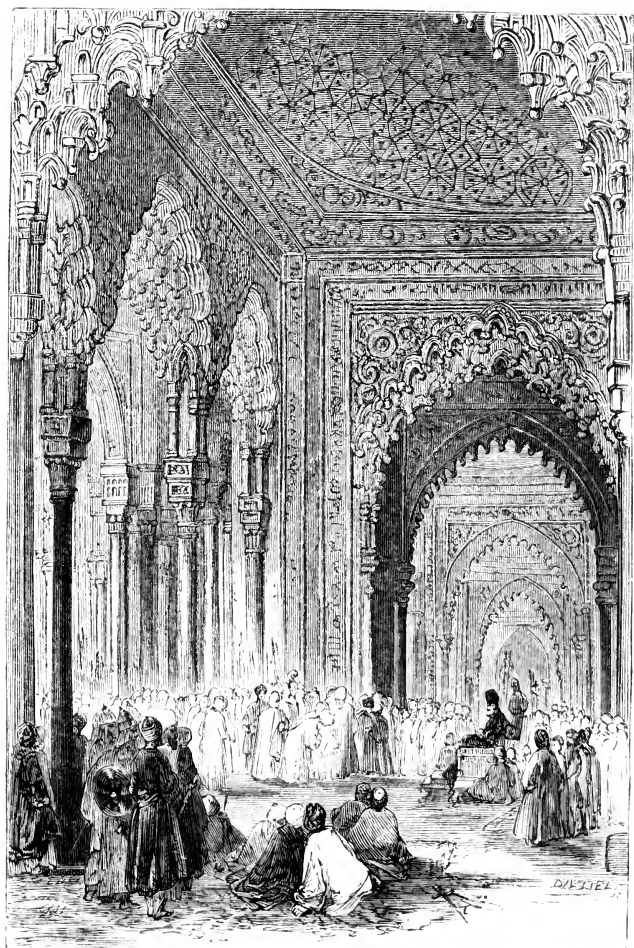
"Never again will it be the lot of travellers to be welcomed like ourselves by these worthy men, to whom news and a stranger from the real living world was a godsend. The day was passed in sketching and sauntering about the ruined buildings and gardens with the good-natured garrulous brotherhood : at nightfall supper was laid for the monks at a long board, but the *prior* and *procurador* had a small table set apart in an alcove where 'bidden to a spare but cheerful meal, I sat an honoured guest' ; as the windows were thrown open, to admit the cool thyme-scented breeze, the eye

¹ Handbook for Travellers in Spain, p. 277 (second edition, 1847).

in the clear evening swept over the boundless valley and the nightingales sang sweetly in the neglected orange-garden, to the bright stars reflected like diamonds in the ink-black tank below us; how often had Charles looked out on a stilly eve on this self-same and unchanged scene where he alone was now wanting! When supper was done, I shook hands all round with my kind hosts, and went to bed, in the chamber where the Emperor breathed his last. All was soon silent, and the spirit of the mighty dead ruled again in his last home; but no Charles disturbed the deep slumber of a weary insignificant stranger; long ere daybreak next morning, I was awakened by a pale monk and summoned to the early mass, which the prior in his forethought had ordered. The chapel was imperfectly lighted, and the small congregation consisted of the monk, my sunburnt muleteer, and a stray beggar, who, like myself, had been sheltered in the convent; when the service was concluded, all bowed a farewell to the altar, on which the dying glance of Charles had been fixed, and departed in peace; the morning was gray and the mountain air keen, nor was it until the sun had risen high that its cheerful beams dispelled the cowl, and relaid the ghost of Charles in the dim pages of history."

The window is ruined through which the body of Charles V. was lowered, and the winds wander wilfully through the chambers where royalty once delighted to tend flowers that died sooner than his measures, and hear music as bad as their effect.

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THE ALHAMBRA.

GRANADA, AND THE ALHAMBRA.

"Aquí ya de laurel, ya de jazmines
Coronados los vieron los jardines
Que ahora son zerozales y lagunas.
La casa para el César fabricada,
Ay! yace de lagartos vil morada:
Casas, jardines, Césares murieron,
Y aun las piedras que de ellos escribieron."

"Where blooming laurels and the bright jess'mine
Luxuriant gardens deck'd—of wealth a sign—
The wildernesses but remain to me,
So sad to see!

The house for potent Cæsar built, still there,
Is of vile lizards creeping round the lair!
Houses, gardens, Cæsars, too, all fell;
Yes, e'en the stones that did their story tell,
Have crumbled into death, as well!"²

THESE lines of Rioja, applied by him to Italica, are almost as applicable to the silent city of the fallen Moorish Cæsars, once sovereigns swaying an undisputed sceptre over many a league, which valiant Spanish heroes fought for inch by inch, and gained once more for Christendom.

The Alhambra,³ of whose desolate glories we all have heard, and whose ruins some of us have gazed upon, either in the streets of Granada itself, or in the noble plates of Owen, was founded in 1248, by Caliph

¹ *Francisco de Rioja.*

² *Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie.*

³ "Alhambra, proh! dii immortales! qualem regium! unicam in orbe terrarum crede!"—PETER MARTYR.

Ibnulahmar, and the work was ended by his grandson, Muhammad III., about 1314; and it was the pride of the succeeding Muhammedan princes to adorn this noble heirloom, as it has been equally the pride of its Spanish governors to deface and destroy it. But the masterly sketch of the history of the place by Ford, will convey the best idea of its fate.¹ After detailing the miseries suffered by the Moors from the tyranny of the obstinate and proselytizing Ximenes, he proceeds:—

“The persecuted Moriscos were amply revenged by the French. The rout of Ocaña gave Granada to Sebastiani; then the strong mountain pass of Alcalá el Real were abandoned, without firing a shot, by Friere, and thus the invaders conquered the kingdom of Granada in fewer days than the Spaniards had employed centuries. Sebastiani desolated the Alhambra; indeed, French desecration and gunpowder has left masses of ruins on this Acropolis—this Windsor Castle of Granada. The degradation, however, of this palatial fortress dates from the very day after the Conquest, when the ‘purifications’ of Isabella’s monks, that is, the white-washings and removals of Moslem symbols, commenced; then the iron forged at Gothic Toledo shattered the gossamer fabric of the Moor. What Ferdinand and Isabella began, their grandson, Charles V., carried out, who proceeded to remove by wholesale ‘the ugly abominations of the Moors.’ He modernized and rebuilt portions, put up heavy ceilings, cut out over-wide fire-places, took down the Moorish Tarkish, ran up partitions, opened and blocked up passages, and converted the dwelling of an oriental sybarite into lodgings for a chilly Flemish gentleman. His son, and the Philips, simply neglected the Alhambra, which, in the absence of damp, would have stood for ages; for here scarcely the sepulchre is shaded by a lichen. The palace shared in the decline of the monarchy, and was made in 1664, an extra-judicial asylum for debtors; thus poverty crept into the ‘rules’

¹ Ford, Handbook, pp. 125-128.

of the King's house. It was next given up to invalid soldiers, prisoners, and convicts, and, in a word, made a den of thieves.

“The Alhambra, for the first two centuries after the Conquest, scarcely attracted the attention of other European nations; indeed, to travel except on compulsion, was not then the fashion. The names of visitors begin to be inscribed on the walls about 1670. After nearly a century more of neglect, the Alhambra was put into a sort of repair, by Richard Wall, the Irish ex-minister of Charles III. Unfortunately, it was well selected in 1791, at that king's death, as the prison of Aranda, who was displaced from the ministry to make way for the minion Godoy, when the apartments of Charles V. were white-washed, and all the rich Italian arabesques obliterated. The governor, one Savera, at that time resided in the suite of rooms over the mosque, from which every vestige of Moorish taste was swept away. He placed his kitchen and filthiest appurtenances in a Moorish mirador, where marble and gilding yet linger amid abominations indescribable. Charles IV. next gave this petty appointment to a Catalan, named Don Luis Bucarelli, who had been wounded in a battle with the French, and was half-witted and bed-ridden. He had five daughters, who married paupers of other parts of the Alhambra, and were all quartered in it; they laid their hands on every thing that could be moved or sold. In vain were representations made by foreigners to the wittol, Charles IV.; he desired ‘that the old man should not be worried;’ so plunder, thus authorized, did its worst during the remainder of Bucarelli's life. He was succeeded by Don Lorenzo Velasco y Navara, who, endeavouring to correct some abuses, became unpopular with the contador, or the treasurer, who, on Godoy's downfall, managed to effect his dismissal on the plea of his being a protégé of the ex-minister. The hereditary office of contador had been purchased by the Prado family of Philip V., and was held by one Don Jose

Prado forty years; he being the worst holder ever known, except his son Antonio. Albeit malpractices, and petty larcenies, are venial sins in most Spanish unjust stewards, yet such were the mortal offences of the son, that he was actually turned out of the office. This family of caterpillars had pretty well eaten up the patrimony of the Alhambra, while the remaining sums destined for repairs, &c., were divided, as usual, by the other authorities. About 1808, Don Ignacio Montilla was appointed governor. His wife kept her donkey in the beautiful chapel, and made the Patio de la Mezquita a pen for her sheep. But Ocaña soon brought in the wolf, and Sebastiani arrived in January, 1810. Montilla, for the sole crime of not presenting himself to this potentate, was imprisoned in the Comares tower, and only saved from instant execution by some Poles, who were quartered in the Alhambra. His friends then got 'La Pancia,' at whose house Sebastiani was lodging, to intercede. The lady was rich and beautiful. Mammon allied to Venus subdued the General's heart, and, in this rare instance, he departed from 'salutary rigour,' and was guilty of clemency. To the Alhambra, this Corsican destructive showed no mercy, as he treated it as his kinsman and model Buonaparte did the Kremlin.

"The French next proceeded to convert it into a *place d'armes*, for which purpose they demolished countless houses, turned the Moorish mosques and Christian churches into magazines, and the convents into barracks; they tore up the Moorish pavement of blue and white, in the Court of Lions, and made a garden there, like that of a *badaud guinguette* at Paris. The shrubs blocked up size and space, and concealed beauties of every kind, while their roots injured the intricate vein-work of pipes by which the fountains played, and their watering destroyed the rooms below. Not contented with this, on evacuating the Alhambra, September 17th, 1812, they mined the towers, and blew up eight in number, many of which were models

of Moorish art; they intended to have destroyed them all at one fell swoop, as their parting legacy, but their agent, Don Antonio Farses, an Afrancesado, took fright, and ran away after his protectors. The French retreated at nine in the morning, and Farses had, like an unpunctual Spaniard, only commenced the blowing up at eleven; the fusés were put out by an invalid soldier, named José Garcia. Let these deeds be held in everlasting remembrance.

“Montilla now returned; but when Ferdinand VII. reached Madrid he left his post, like most Spaniards, to job for a better place. Then it was one Villa Ecusa was directed to collect all that the French had not taken away, for they had made the Alhambra their receiving-house, just as they had used the Alcazar of Seville. He was assisted in his commission by Don Jose Prado, the contador, and Antonio Maria Prieto y Venencio, the ‘escribano :’ *verbum sat*. They gutted the Alhambra, they tore off door-locks and bolts, took out even panes of glass, and sold everything for themselves, and then, like good patriots, reported that the invaders had left nothing. The Court of Lions was now impassable from ruin; some of the animals were broken and thrown on the ground. Then stepped in the second founder of the Alhambra—not a commissioner of taste—‘rien, par même académicien’—but an humble female peasant, Francisca di Molina, whom Montilla had appointed portress. She is the Doña or Tia Antonia of Washington Irving, and, with her niece, Dolores, and Mateo Ximenez, will live immortalized by his pen. The Tia Frusquita was cross and crabbed; Dolores, ill-favoured and mercenary; and Mateo a chattering blockhead; out of such worthies genius has made heroes and heroines, for the power of romance can gild the basest metals. Montilla has granted to Tia the use of the Adarves and the garden, and she made money by showing the place and dressing pic-nic dinners, until some ultra-bacchic festivities caused that permission to be withdrawn.”

But it is to a dear and familiar writer that we must turn for a dreamy look at the old palace of the Moorish caliphs, as it is now. Washington Irving will himself walk round its ruined halls with us:—

“The Alhambra has been so often and so minutely described by travellers, that a mere sketch will probably be sufficient for the reader to refresh his recollection; I will, therefore, give a brief account of our visit to it this morning after our arrival in Granada.

“Leaving our posada of La Espada, we traversed the renowned square of the Vivarrambla, once the scene of Moorish jousts and tournaments, now a crowded market-place. From thence we proceeded along the Zacatin, the main street of what, in the time of the Moors, was the great bazaar, where the small shops and narrow alleys still retain the oriental character. Crossing an open place in front of the palace of the captain-general, we ascended a confined and winding street, the name of which reminded us of the chivalric days of Granada: it is called the Calle, or street of the Gomeres, from a Moorish family famous in chronicle and song. This street led up to a massive gateway of Grecian architecture, built by Charles V., forming the entrance to the domains of the Alhambra. . . .

We now found ourselves in a deep, narrow ravine, filled with beautiful groves, with a steep avenue, and various footpaths winding through it, bordered with stone seats, and ornamented with fountains. To our left, we beheld the towers of the Alhambra beetling above us; to our right, on the opposite side of the ravine, we were equally dominated by rival towers on a rocky eminence. These, we were told, were the Torres Vermejos, or vermillion towers, so called from their ruddy hue. No one knows their origin. They are of a date much anterior to Alhambra: some suppose them to have been built by the Romans; others, by some wandering colony of Phœnicians. Ascending the steep and shady avenue, we arrived at the foot of a huge square Moorish tower, forming a kind of barbican,

through which passed the main entrance to the fortress. Within the barbican was another group of veteran invalids, one mounting guard at the portal, while the rest, wrapped in their tattered cloaks, slept on the stone benches. This portal is called the Gate of Justice, from the tribunal held within its porch during the Moslem domination, for the immediate trial of petty causes, a custom common to the oriental nations, and occasionally alluded to in the sacred Scriptures."

The great vestibule, or porch of the gate, he then proceeds, is formed by an immense Arabian arch, of the horse-shoe shape, which rises half the height of the tower. On the keystone is engraven a gigantic hand. Within, on the keystone of the portal, is sculptured, in like manner, and very appropriately, a gigantic key. Those who pretend to some knowledge of Mahometan symbols, say that the hand is the emblem of doctrine, and the key, of faith; the latter, they add, was emblazoned on the standard of the Moslems during their forays, in opposition to the Christian emblem of the cross. A different explanation, however, and one more in unison with the notions of the common people, was given to Irving by his attendant.

According to him, a tradition had been handed down from the "oldest inhabitant," that the hand and key were magical devices on which the fate of the Alhambra depended. The Moorish king who built it was a great enchanter, or, as some believed, had sold himself to the devil, and had laid the whole fortress under a magic spell, by force of which it had remained standing for several centuries, in defiance of storms and earthquakes, while almost all other buildings of the Moors had fallen to ruin. This spell was to endure until the hand on the outer arch should grasp the key, when the whole pile would tumble to bits, like the skeleton in the fantoccini, and all the treasures buried by the Moors would be exposed.

"Notwithstanding this ominous prediction, we ventured to pass through the spell-bound gateway, feeling some little assurance against magic art in the protection of the Virgin, a statue of whom we observed above the portal.

"After passing through the barbican, we ascended a narrow lane, winding between walls, and came on an open esplanade within the fortress, called the Plaza de los Albigas, or place of the Cisterns, from great reservoirs which undermine it, cut in the living rock by the Moors, for the supply of the fortress. Here also is a well of immense depth furnishing the purest and coldest of water; another monument of the delicate taste of the Moors, who were indefatigable in their exertions to obtain that element in its crystal purity.

"In front of this esplanade is the splendid pile commenced by Charles V., intended, it is said, to eclipse the residence of the Moslem kings. With all its grandeur and architectural merit, it appeared to us like an arrogant intrusion; and, passing by it, we entered a simple, unostentatious portal, opening into the interior of the Moorish palace.

"The transition was almost magical: it seemed as if we were at once transported into other times, and another realm, and were treading the scenes of Arabian story. We found ourselves in a great court, paved with white marble, and decorated at each end with light Moorish peristyles: it is called the court of the Alberca. In the centre was an immense basin, or fishpond, a hundred and thirty feet in length by thirty in breadth, stocked with gold fish, and bordered by hedges of roses. At the upper end of this court rose the great Tower of Comares.

"From the lower end we passed through a Moorish archway into the renowned Court of Lions. There is no part of this edifice, that gives a more complete idea of its original beauty and magnificence than this; for none has suffered so little from the ravages of time. In the centre stands the fountain, famous in song and

story. The alabaster basins still shed their diamond drops; and the twelve lions which support them, cast forth their crystal streams as in the days of Boabdil. The court is laid out in flower-beds, and surrounded by light Arabian arcades of open filigree work, supported by slender pillars of white marble. The architecture, like that of all the other parts of the palace, is characterized by elegance rather than grandeur; bespeaking a delicate and graceful taste, and a disposition to indolent enjoyment. When one looks upon the fairy tracery of the peristyles, and the apparently fragile fretwork of the walls, it is difficult to believe that so much has survived the wear and tear of centuries, the shocks of earthquakes, the violence of war, and the quiet though no less baneful pilferings of the tasteful traveller; it is almost sufficient to excuse the popular tradition, that the whole is protected by a magic charm.

“On one side of the court, a richly-decorated portal, opens into a lofty hall, paved with white marble, and called the Hall of the Two Sisters. A cupola admits the light from above. The lower part of the walls is covered with beautiful Moorish tiles, on some of which the escutcheons of the Moorish monarchs are shown. The upper part is faced with the fine stucco-work, invented at Damascus, consisting of large plates, cast in moulds, and artfully joined, so as to have the appearance of being laboriously fashioned by the hand into light and fanciful arabesques, mingled with texts of the Koran, and poetical inscriptions, in Arabian and Kufic characters. These decorations of the walls and cupolas are richly gilded, and the interstices pencilled with lapis lazuli and other brilliant and enduring colours. On either side of the hall are recesses for divans and sofas. Above an inner porch is a balcony, which communicated with the ladies' apartments. The latticed jalousies still remain, whence the dark-eyed beauties of the harem might gaze unseen upon the entertainments of the hall below.

"On the opposite side of the Court of Lions," concludes Irving, "is the Hall of the Abencerrages; so called from the gallant cavaliers of that illustrious line, who were here perfidiously massacred. There are some who doubt the whole truth of this story; but our humble attendant, Mateo, pointed out the very wicket of the portal through which they are said to have been introduced, one by one; and the white marble fountain in the centre of the hall, where they were beheaded. He showed us also certain broad ruddy stains in the pavement, traces of their blood, which, according to popular belief, can never be effaced. From the Court of Lions we retraced our steps through the Court of the Alberca, or Great Fishpool; crossing which, we proceeded to the Tower of Comares, so called from the name of the Arabian architect. It is of massive strength and lofty height, domineering over the rest of the edifice, and overhanging the steep hill-side which descends abruptly to the banks of the Darro. A Moorish archway admitted us into a vast and lofty hall, which occupies the interior of the tower, and was the grand audience-chamber of the Moslem monarch, thence called the Hall of Ambassadors. It still bears the traces of magnificence. The walls are richly stuccoed, and decorated with arabesques; the vaulted ceiling of cedar wood, almost lost in obscurity, from its height, still gleams with rich gilding and the brilliant tints of the Arabian pencil. On three sides of the saloon are deep windows, cut through the immense thickness of the walls; the balconies of which look down upon the verdant valleys of the Darro, the streets and convents of the Albaycin, and command a prospect of the distant Vega."

Don Pascual de Gayangos, a gentleman who has made Moorish lore doubly brilliant and welcome, thus translates one of the remarkable poems remaining on the walls of the Alhambra :¹—

1. I am the garden, and every morning I appear

¹ The bracketed words give an idea of the arrangement of the architectural decorations.

decked out in beauty. Look attentively at my elegance; thou wilt reap the benefit of a commentary on decorations. 2. For by Allah! the elegant buildings (by which I am surrounded) certainly surpass all other erections in the propitious omens attending their foundations. 3. How many delightful prospects I enfold! How many objects in the contemplation of which a highly gifted mind finds the gratification of its utmost wishes! 4. Here is the wonderful cupola, at sight of whose beautiful proportions all other (cupolas) vanish and disappear. 5. To which the constellation of the Twins extends the hand of salutation, and to converse with which the full moon deserts her station in heaven. 6. Nay, were they both to abide (here), in its two aisles, they would hasten to pay it such homage as would satisfy all the neighbours around. 7. No wonder if the stars grow pale in their high stations, and if a limit be put to the duration (of the light). 8. Here, also, is the portico, enfolding every beauty. Indeed, had this palace no other (ornament), it would still surpass in splendour the high region of the sky. 9. For how many are the gorgeous robes in which thou (O, Sultan!) hast attired it, which surpass in brilliancy of colour the vaunted robes of Yemen. 10. To look at them one would imagine them to be so many planets revolving on (the arches of this court, as on) their orbits, in order to throw in the shade (even) the first rays of morning. 11. Here are columns ornamented with every perfection, and the beauty of which has become proverbial (columns). 12. Which when struck by the rays of the morning sun, one might fancy, notwithstanding their colossal dimensions, to be so many blocks of pearl. 13. Indeed, we never saw a palace more lofty (than this) in its exterior, or more brilliantly decorated in the interior, or having more extensive apartments. 14. Markets (they are) where those provided with money are paid in beauty, and where the judge of elegance is perpetually sitting to pronounce sentence. 15. Which when the breath of

the zephyr expires before the noontide rays, appear surrounded by a light which throws into the shade all other lights. 16. Between me and victory the closest relationship exists; but the most striking resemblance (between us two) is the splendour (we both bear).

These lines seem of another world: so strange and indistinct are their sounds to our modern utilitarian minds. They do tell of glories departed, of disappointed hopes; and as they echo amidst the dead stones, they sadden us more than the saddest tale that the villagers tell of Boabdil and his hosts. The gay strains fall muffled on the ear, and the gloom is doubly gloomy.

A late traveller in Spain, to whose graphic pages we have been more than once indebted, thus describes the view which may be seen from the Torre de la Vela¹:—

“After the mind is weary of the enjoyment of examining this mine of Moorish art, there cannot be a greater relief or a greater delight than to ascend the Torre de la Vela, where you see around you a splendid panorama, embracing every beauty distinguishable from the windows and terraces I have mentioned. It is a view which must dwell in the recollection for ever. On one side is seen the Homage Tower; beyond it is the Generalife—the white shining villa—with its magnificent cypresses and beauteous gardens; and above in the Moorish ruins, the Sillo del Moro, where the king might well delight to sit, and exult in the beauty and riches of his Vega.

“Beyond the palace of Charles V. are seen the church of St. Helen, the beautiful shady walks of the Alhambra, tenanted with nightingales, the magnificent Sierra Nevada, some Moorish arches, a splendid cedar, the Campo Santo, and the luxuriant Vega, seventy miles in circumference, with white farms, sparkling amidst the verdure, which the Moors might well compare to ‘oriental pearls set in a cup of emeralds.’

“Looking towards the very picturesque Vermilion

¹ Hoskins, Spain as it is, vol. i. p. 227, sq.

Tower, at the end of the Alhambra, beyond it is seen the dome of a convent, and two towers of St. Augustine's church, and the mountains leading into the grand range of the Alpujarras; the Xenil river, with its umbrageous banks; and to the right the little hill, called the Last Sigh of the Moors, where the conquered King Abdillah took leave of Granada and happiness; then the immense town, forming a semicircle around the Alhambra, with its cathedral and promenades; and in the distance Santa Fé, where the Christians were encamped; Soto di Roma, the country seat of Charles V., which now belongs to the Duke of Wellington, and yields him, they say, 5,000*l.* a year; the Gorge of Loja, the Sierra de Elvira, and Parapanda, the barometer of Granada; beyond, and more picturesque than these hills, which are low, the defile of Mactin. Looking towards this range, the Vega appears extremely rich, the colouring more brilliant even than usual. Plantations of the prickly pear-trees, mulberries, cypresses, oranges, &c. surround the town, in which there is scarcely a house of any size that has not its little garden, redolent with fruit and flowers. It is indeed a splendid view; and great as must every one's expectation be in visiting Granada, disappointment need not be dreaded here; and when one thinks of the celebrated siege, of the gallant challenges which were given and accepted on this Vega, celebrated as the arena, for more than two centuries, of Moorish and Christian chivalry, every inch of its soil, as has been truly said, fertilized with human blood, and reflects on the misfortunes of the gallant defenders of this glorious palace, one cannot but feel the thrilling associations are like the lapis lazuli sky above, which gives a vivid colouring to the scene unequalled in colder and more prosaic lands."

"Such," concludes Ford,¹ "is the Alhambra in its decayed and fallen state, unvisited save by the twittering martlet, who, like the stranger, comes with the spring, and flies away with the last smile of summer;

¹ Handbook, p. 142.

now it is but the carcass of what it was when vivified by a living soul ; now it is the tomb, not the home, of the Moor. It may disappoint those who, fonder of the present and a cigar than of the past and the abstract, arrive, heated with the hill, and are thinking of getting back to an ice, a dinner, and a siesta. Again, the nonsense of annuals has fostered an over-exaggerated notion of a place which, from the dreams of boyhood, has been fancy-formed as a fabric of the Genii. Few airy castles of illusion will stand the prosaic test of reality, and nowhere less than in Spain. But to understand the Alhambra, it must be lived in, and beheld in the semi-obscure evening, so beautiful of itself in the south, and when ravages are less apparent than when flouted by the gay day-glow. At twilight it becomes entirely a vision of the past ; daylight dispels the dreamy, haunted air, and we begin to examine, measure, and criticise, while on a still summer night all is again given up to the past and to the Moor ; then, when the moon, Dian's bark of pearl, floats above it in the air, like its crescent symbol, the tender beam heals the scars, and makes them contribute to the sentiment of widowed loneliness. The wan rays tip the filigree arches, and give a depth to the shadows, and a misty, undefined magnitude to the saloons beyond, which sleep in darkness and silence, broken only by the drowsy flight of some bat. The reflections in the ink-black tank glitter like subaqueous silver palaces of Undines ; as we linger in the recesses of the windows, below lies Granada, with its busy hum, and the lights sparkle like stars on the obscure Albaicin, as if we were looking down on the reversed firmament. The baying of a dog, and the tinkling of a guitar, indicating life there, increase the desolation of the Alhambra. Then, in proportion as all here around is dead, do the fancy and the imagination become alive. The halls and courts seem to expand into a larger size ; the shadows of the cypresses on the walls assume the forms of the dusky Moor, revisiting his lost home in the glimpses of the moon, while the

night-winds, breathing through the unglazed windows and myrtles, rustle as his silken robes, or sigh like his lament over the profanation of the unclean infidel and destroyer."

Poetical and bright are the legends which the Moors have left us on the ruined walls of the Alhambra; sickly and saddening is the utter desolation that the careless, wilful hand of man has brought around. The palace of the kings of Granada reminds us of the woeful picture that a faded, rouge-potted "young" lady of seventy presents to our view.

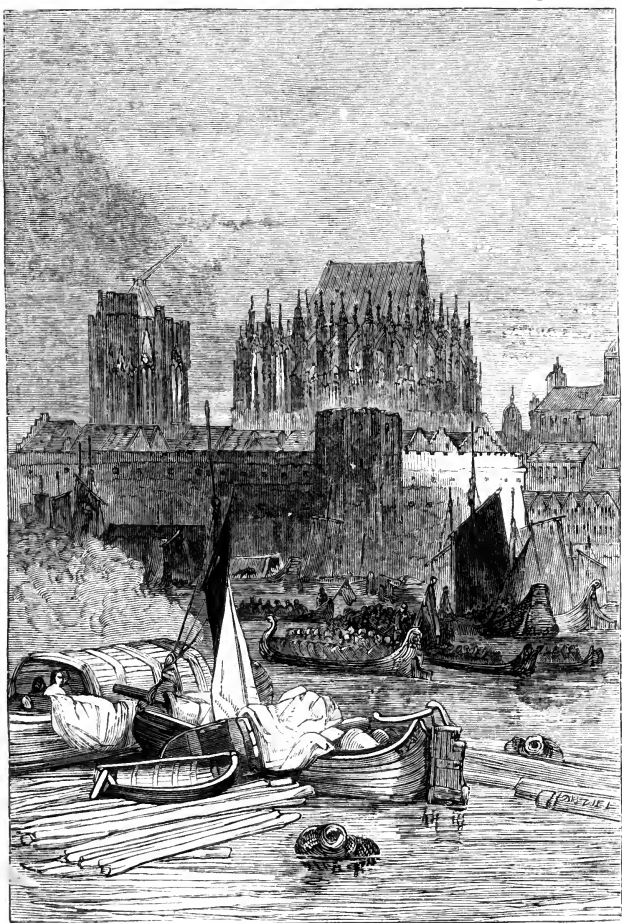
COLOGNE,

THE CITY OF RELICE

THE grand capital of the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, Cologne, now one of the most important cities of the Rhine, is of Roman origin, well known as "*Colonia Claudia Agrippinensis*," so called from Agrippina, the wife of the Emperor Claudius, who was born here while Germanicus commanded in these parts. For a long time it continued to be the capital of lower Rhenish Gaul till A.D. 330, and was at length annexed to the German empire in 870. In 1349, the Jews of Cologne, anticipating the same cruel persecutions which it had been their lot to undergo in other places, shut themselves up with their wives and children, and set fire to their houses; thus repeating the horrid tragedy of York. The survivors were compelled to leave the city, and although afterwards permitted to return, they were again forced to quit it in 1429.

One of the most powerful cities of the Hanseatic league, with a population of 150,000 souls, and an army of 30,000 men, its commercial influence was unbounded. King John granted its merchants certain privileges which were seldom conceded to his own subjects; and as early as the eleventh century, her ships exported Rhenish wines, corn, flour, malt, beer, linen, and other German produce, to the whole of the countries lying on the German Ocean and the Baltic—to England, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Russia—bringing back the produce of those countries in return.

Nor were learning and the arts forgotten. The



COLOGNE.



magnificence of some of its buildings, its paintings on glass, sculptures, paintings, and the high reputation attained by its university, give Cologne sound claims to our admiration.

But the mediæval interest of this city, with which we have to deal, rests chiefly upon the legends associated with its magnificent cathedral, and its collection of strange and, unfortunately, doubtful relics.

Every cathedral has its legends, and, somehow or other, the devil always plays his part, generally a sufficiently amusing one, in the story. He has certainly appeared as the founder, architect, or designer, of most of the buildings for which it is difficult to assign a definite origin. When "Julius Cæsar," "the Romans," "the Saxons," "William the Conqueror," "O'Donoghue," "St. Patrick," or any other of the popular founders of things in general, is found wanting, the spirit of evil—blandly concealing the deformity of his horns and tail, as when he of old appeared unto the mother of Mother Shipton—steps forward as the author. Strange to say, he generally, in such stories, shares the fate of a good many other authors, being cheated not only out of his contemplated remuneration, but laughed at into the bargain.

The Archbishop Conrad de Hochsteden was lord over the noblest city of the Rhine, Cologne, and yet he was discontented and unhappy. Although his churches were rich in relics, they did not, theatrically speaking, "draw," for there was many a far smaller town which boasted a mighty cathedral, with a spire looking like a beacon-mark for all the surrounding sea or land, and to this cathedral those who mistook quantity for quality, or who, in other words, thought that the efficacy of the worship must be proportioned to the size of the church, thronged in crowds, and enriched the saints, the priests, and the townspeople, by the offerings they made, and the money they spent.

Instead of advertising a "Grand united Cathedral-Building Association," in I don't know how many hun-

dred thousand shares, at five pounds each, the Archbishop put his hands first into his own pocket, and then made an appeal to the consciences and pockets of his congregation. The result was satisfactory. In those days, people had an idea that if churches were built, they might as well be built in a manner calculated to serve a few generations after their death; and their freedom of conception was only equalled by the munificence with which they carried out the idea, once conceived.

The greatest architect of the time was called in, and he unhesitatingly undertook to furnish the most magnificent cathedral ever heard of. Like a great many other people, however, who undertake "government" contracts, he was more elated at getting the order, than satisfied of his capability to carry it out properly. He began to draw, then he rubbed out; then he looked at one elevation, then at another; then at one ground-plan, then at another. Then he began to pick different features out of different cathedrals: a tower from one, a spire from another, and so on. But there they stared at him; plagiarism was written on the whole affair. He could get nothing but a horrible cross-breed between different ecclesiastical buildings, like the face of Maffeo's "Spouse of Satan," the features of which were picked from those of different court beauties. In despair, he put the drawing into the fire, and walked out moodily, with the view of taking to the opposite element himself.

Somehow or other, suicide is a thing that men *will* put off for a long time; and, whether it was the coolness of the evening air, the insufficient depth of the river, or the prevalence of a brighter idea, our architect sat quietly down on a stone, instead of tying it round his neck, and began to draw on the sand. Plan upon plan, detail upon detail, and still nothing worthy of the future Cathedral of Cologne. But now comes the mysterious part of the story.

Turning, half vacantly, round, he saw that he was not alone. A duplicate artist was beside him, and, like

himself, busied in inventing a design. Rapidly on the sand he traced out the details of a structure of unheard magnificence: the noblest of its proportions, and the most delicate minutæ of its decorations and tracery, were sketched out with a precision and accuracy that was astounding. But, alas! as each line of the magnificent design was drawn, it vanished; and, deeply as our architect admired the beauties of the unknown's design, he felt totally unable to call to mind a single portion when it was once gone.

"Your sketch is excellent!" he at length exclaimed. "It is all that I have thought and dreamed of—what I have sought with boundless, but vain anxiety. Give it to me on paper, and twenty gold pieces shall be yours."

"Twenty pieces!" replied the stranger; and, with a contemptuous smile, and a short, dry chuckle, he drew out of a doublet, that seemed scarcely big enough to hold half the money,¹ a purse that would have held a thousand.

Night had closed in, and our architect grew desperate.

"If money cannot tempt you, fear shall compel you." And, snatching a dagger from his girdle, he rushed upon the stranger in a threatening attitude.

In an instant, his wrists were seized, as in the grip of a vice, and squeezed till he dropped the weapon in an agony of pain. He fell upon the sands, and writhed like an eel upon the fisherman's hook; but all his plunging and struggling was in vain. When almost fainting, he felt himself thrown helpless upon the very brink of the stream. The deep, sarcastic voice of the stranger broke upon his ear.

"There! Revive, and be reasonable! Know that gold and steel are alike powerless against me. You want my design, which will be a means of honour, fame, and profit. 'Tis yours, but on one condition."

"How? Name it!"

¹ This incident will be familiar to the reader of Peter Schlemil, who remembers the marvellous collection of contents drawn out of the pocket of the "Man in Gray."

"That you sign this parchment with your blood."

"Avaunt, fiend!" shrieked the architect, repeating every form of exorcism that his memory could suggest. The Evil One (for, as our readers have, doubtless, already found out, it was no other than the ——) vanished before the holy symbol of the cross, muttering, however, "You'll come for the plan at midnight to-morrow."

The —— certainly showed considerable knowledge of human nature in this last remark, although, considering his experience from time immemorial, that is scarcely to be wondered at. Our artist staggered home, half dead with contending passions, equally resolved to have the plan, and to keep his soul to himself. "Sell my soul!" "To-morrow at midnight!" muttered his piety. "Honour! fame! profit!" muttered the outward man. So obvious was his agitation, that his old housekeeper, whom he met going, observed it.

"Where are you going so late?" inquired he.

"To a mass for a soul in purgatory," was her reply.

To a man who was just thinking of making away with his soul, this remark sounded uncomfortable. He broke from her, rushed into his room, and burst into tears, and the kind old woman on her return, found him in a state of unspeakable agony; and her kind and soothing words at length elicited the awful truth.

Dame Elfrida (for such was the good lady's name) saw at once that the matter was serious. She did not say another word, but hurried off to her confessor at once.

Now, her confessor was the friend of the abbot, and the abbot was the intimate friend and counsellor of the archbishop; and, as soon as the housekeeper spoke of the wonderful plan, he promised to see her master soon, and went at once to his superior. The abbot (who had some notions of the archbishopric himself at a future time) pictured to himself the host of pilgrims who would seek the shrines of a cathedral built after so marvellous a design, and hurried off to see the architect.

Wonderful was the account which the latter gave

of the plan; and the abbot, wisely considering that, as long as the thing was good, it mattered little where it came from, hit upon the following expedient for cheating the —— out of his design :

“List to me, my son,” said he, after the humming and hawing proper upon delicate and difficult occasions. “Take this thumb bone, which once belonged to one of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. Agree to the terms, whatever they be; and, when you have once laid hold of the design, and the Evil One presents the parchment for your signature, brandish this sacred bone before his eyes.”

Tremblingly, ’twixt fear and hope, our artist might have been seen hurrying to the place of rendezvous. The fiend, of course, kept his word, and was punctual. He smilingly drew from his doublet two parchments; one of them contained the design for the cathedral, the other was written in some mysterious characters, and had a suspicious place, of a brimstone-yellow colour, left for a signature.

The artist blandly requested to look at his bargain before paying for it. The fiend, with a complaisance worthy of a Maddox-street money-lender, bowed ceremoniously, and presented it. Alas! the ——, who has so often taken advantage of the misplaced confidence of others, was in this case the victim himself.

Our architect took a firm hold of the plan, and, with the other, held aloft the holy thumb-bone, exclaiming with a loud voice—“Avaunt, fiend! In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Virgins of Cologne, I defy thee, Satan.” And he described the sign of the cross directly in the devil’s face.

Vain were the struggles (though they were fearful ones) with which the baffled fiend sought to overthrow the architect. He clutched the plan resolutely, and brandished the sacred bone with a science that the best player of fence might have envied. At length he nerved himself for a grand effort, and called loudly on St. Ursula. The devil felt that he now “had enough.”

"Your confessor, and no other, could have told you how to foil me," shrieked the fiend, in a voice in which the expressiveness certainly had the advantage of the harmony; "but I will be dearly revenged. You have a more wonderful and perfect design than the brain of man ever conceived. You would seek fame; your priest would have a noble cathedral, thronged by countless pilgrims. Harkye! that cathedral shall never be finished, and your name shall be forgotten!"

The architect reached home in safety; but the ominous sentence still rang in his ears, and inspired him with a vague feeling of discomfort.

"Days, months, years, passed by, and the cathedral, commenced with vigour, was growing into form. The architect had long since determined that an inscription should be engraven on a plate of brass, shaped like a cross, and be fastened upon the front of the first tower that attained any fair elevation. In his vanity, he readily anticipated a triumph over the defrauded fiend; and he thought that no mischance could ever deprive him of the fame due to his great work. Going to the top of the building to see where his name should be inscribed, he chanced to look over the edge of the building, as though to ascertain whether it were yet high enough to merit the honour of bearing his name, when the other workmen were terrified by the sudden appearance of a black cloud, which rapt him from their view, and burst in thunder and hail. Looking round when the cloud passed away, *their master was gone!* and one of them declared, that amidst the noise of the explosion, he heard a wail of agony which seemed to say, "Unfinished and forgotten." When they descended from the tower, the lifeless body of the architect lay, like that of Faustus, shattered and shapeless, on the pavement. Since then, the building has remained unfinished, and the name of the architect of Cologne Cathedral has been forgotten.¹

¹ For the incidents, and some of the language of the legend, I am indebted to the elegant little "Guide" to Belgium and the

Forgotten, however, as the architect's name may be, the prospects of its being eventually completed have increased of late years, liberal provision having been made for that purpose by the Prussian government. Among its leading relics, those of the "three kings of Cologne," traditionally identified with the three wise men from the East, deserve some notice. The following account by an early traveller, is very quizzical, and perfectly free from over-credulity:—

"We were waiting, as I said, to see the famous relicks of the Three Kings; they are shown, I think, but once a day, and that not half an hour at a time. About nine o'clock in the morning, we catch'd the opportunity. They pretend to have here the bodies of those persons who were led by a star to our Saviour to Bethlehem, when he was newly born; whom our translation calls Wise Men of the East, and the Papists kings; they make their number to be three and have invented names for them, which are Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar; some give them other names, and it appears from the disputes about the matter, that they are all invented. It is said these bodies were transported from Constantinople to Milan, and from Milan to Colen. The same bodies were pretended to be somewhere else, but that is a small matter: but if they had this faculty when they were alive, they might have gone abroad and staid at home at the same time; they might have governed their subjects in Arabia, and have ador'd our Saviour at Bethlehem all under one; they might have taken a long journey, and notwithstanding that, have taken their ease at the same time in their own palaces. They lie here in a little chappel, which is behind the great altar, and are seen in the passage there. There is within the little chappel, a partition Rhine, published by Mr. Bogue. I have, however, adopted a broader treatment, and have taken a few liberties in the shape of modern allusion, for which I am alone responsible. I may, perhaps, be permitted to refer my readers to an article I some time since wrote, under the title of a "Few Miracles," in "Household Words," vol. iv. p. 260.

made with iron bars, and closed at the top; this leaves but very little room for the priest to go to the altar of the three kings behind it. Within this partition is a sort of tomb, which almost fills that, so that two persons can hardly go abreast round it. One priest is at the altar, mumbling some devotions to the three kings, while another is within that partition with his surplice on, making the show. He opens two lattices on the outside of the partition next the isle, and another lattice at the tomb itself; and there stand two little wax candles burning so as to cast a little light upon the relicks. One sees only what seems the crowns of the heads of three men, or the tops of three skulls, for the things look the colour of skulls. No person was suffered to come within where the priest was, or to touch and feel what the things were; but many people about us had the superstition to give the priests things to be touched by these sacred noddles, which he took and held to them with a pair of silver pincers. We saw hanging up, hereabout, by a form to kneel and pray at, several of the litanies of the three kings, as they are called. And for the encouragement of saying these, some days of indulgence are granted to those that shall say them in any place; but to those who will come and recite them here, more days of indulgence are granted; accordingly, there were several people a good while upon their knees before the show began, who seemed to be very busie in meriting these indulgencies; some of the chanoines, before they went into the quire, came and kneel'd down, and said some prayers here." ¹

Another equally doubtful, but no less interesting, collection of relics is in the Church of St. Ursula, said to have suffered martyrdom with eleven thousand virgins. Misson ² gives the following account:—

"Those who first wrote the story supposed that there was one Etherus, King of England, and husband

¹ Journey through some parts of Germany, p. 328, sq.

² Voyage, v. i. p. 80, sq.

of Ursula, and one Pope Cyriac, his contemporary—persons of whom no notice is taken in any history. In the mean time, every one of the eleven thousand virgins have done above eleven thousand miracles, and furnished a great number of relics. The body of Ursula lay for a long time confounded among the rest; but they say it was at last distinguished by a pigeon, who for several days came regularly at a set hour to her tomb: and at present the saint is laid near her husband, Etherus. The church is filled with the tombs of many of the virgins, and there are always a multitude of old women in it repeating paternosters from morning to night. They say the earth of this church would not formerly endure any other dead corpse; and to prove this, they show the tomb of a daughter of a certain Duke of Brabant, which, after they had placed it there by force, started up and remained in the air, so that they were obliged to fix it with iron, as it still continues, two or three feet from the ground, against one of the pillars of the church.

“They showed us in a great chapel, which is at the side of the church, the bones of the virgins, with which it is adorned and hung, almost in the same manner as you see the swords and pistols arranged at Whitehall, in the guard-chamber. These bones have no ornaments except the heads, which are honoured in a particular manner; for some of them are put up in silver staives, others in gilt boxes; there is none which have not at least their caps of cloth of gold, or a bonnet of crimson velvet, wrought with pearls and jewels. And this is what, together with the pretended Three Kings, is the chief object of the devotion of Cologne, and from whence it takes its name of Cologne the Holy. ’Tis also for the same reason that the arms of the city are—argent, eleven flames gules, with a chief of the second, charged with three crowns, or. The eleven flames are in memorial of the eleven thousand virgins, and the three crowns represent the three kings.”

Still bearing many a vestige of early greatness under the Roman dominion—still the centre of the provincial administration and the seat of various important public councils—rich in educational and scientific establishments—Cologne, nevertheless, is rather to be thought of in her past than her present condition. Its state in the year 1816 is well described by a traveller as follows:—

“Cologne in its external appearance interests the traveller as he is wafted toward it upon the bosom of the Rhine. Its fortification, in the form of a crescent, upon the left bank, its lengthened quay, and its impressive assemblage of towers and spires, fix the attention and gratify the beholder. But as the pleasure of anticipation is seldom equalled by the real enjoyment, the traveller who has been captivated by the remote view finds himself sadly disappointed when he traverses the streets of this ancient city. Here he beholds melancholy traces, not merely of declining prosperity, but of actual decay. The external plaster of the houses is beheld fallen off, not only in single instances, which might denote individual indigence, but through the extent of whole streets, which thus furnish no uncertain criterion of general distress. Here, indeed, penury and wretchedness seem to have fixed their abode, and depopulation has followed in their train. Even the cathedral, with its large, square, massy, but unfinished tower—with its numerous spires, its immense nave, magnificent choir, and fourfold row of massy pillars, in the same state of imperfection—bear testimony to the dreary sentiment which the place itself forces upon the mind: that its affluence has vanished and its prosperity is no more.”¹

¹ Picturesque Tour through Germany and Switzerland, p. 370, sq.

NUREMBERG.

THE readers of the "Antiquary," one of the most delightful even of Scott's productions, will call Mr. Oldbuck to mind, as he reads the name heading the present chapter. He will think of "Wolfbrand Oldenbuck, who, in the month of December, 1493, under the patronage, as the colophon tells us, of Sebaldus Scheyter and Sebastian Kammermaister, accomplished the printing of the great chronicle of Nuremberg"—a chronicle which combines all the marvels of mediæval perspective with marvellous letter-press notions of history and chronology.

But the greatest point of interest connected with the history of Nuremberg are some scenes in the life of Martin Luther, especially as regards the Diet held here.¹ Its prosperity, which enabled it to retain an independence, both civil and religious, greater than that of most German states, has rendered it one of the strongholds of German Protestantism.

Nevertheless, Nuremberg is not deficient in relics, either of church or state. "The ornaments," says Misson, "which are used at the anointing of the Emperor are kept in the Church of the Hospital.

"The diadem, or the crown, called *Infula*, is of gold, and covered almost all over with precious stones. It is not closed, as the imperial crown is usually painted. Suppose that instead of the flemats or ducal coronets, there are plates rounded on the top which are joined by the sides, and make the compass of the cap.

¹ See Sarpi, Hist. Conc. Trid. vol. i. p. 19, sq., and my own "History of the Council of Trent."

There are seven of them, and that before is the most richly adorned. There is a cross on the top of all, and a semicircle supported between the two plates behind, which is raised above the bonnet, and joined to the top of the cross. The sceptre and globe are of gold; and they say that the sword was brought by an angel from Heaven. The robe called Dalmatie, of Charlemagne, is of a violet colour, embroidered with pearls. The imperial cloak is edged with pearls, and strewn with eagles of gold and a great number of jewels. There are likewise the cape, the stole, the gloves, the breeches, the stockings, and the buskins. They also keep many relics in this church, and, among others, St. Longin's lance. They are not ignorant that this pretended lance is to be seen in above ten other places of the world, but they say theirs came from Antioch; it was St. Andrew who found it; one single man with it discomfited a whole army; it was the thing of the world which Charlemagne loved most. The other lances are counterfeits, and this is the true one. They make much of it as a precious memorial, if they do not worship it as a relic. They have also an extraordinary veneration for a piece of the cross, in the midst of which there is a hole that was made by one of the nails. They tell us that heretofore the Emperors placed their greatest hopes of prosperity and success, both in peace and war, in the possession of this enlivening wood, with the nail and other relics that are Nuremberg."¹

Nuremberg possesses many galleries of pictures, and other works of art; but it is as the birthplace of Albert Durer that it claims the interest of the connoisseur. The son of a clever goldsmith, he received an excellent and complete general education, but his passion for painting led him to set little store by the paternal art, and he became a pupil of Michael Wohlgemuth, then the most able painter in his native country. Having obtained the diploma then awarded to the exhibitor of a successful work, he visited Holland and Italy, where

¹ Misson's *Voyages*, v. i. p. 117, sq.

he executed many of his best pictures. At Bologna he met with Raphael; and so great was the mutual esteem which arose from the acquaintance, that each presented the other with his portrait. Vasari declares that "if this diligent, industrious, unsocial man had been a native of Tuscany, and could have studied at Rome, he would have been the best painter even of Italy, as he was the most celebrated that Germany ever had."

In obedience to his father's wishes, Durer had married the daughter of a wealthy burgher, but the match turned out so unsatisfactory, that to it is mainly attributed the cause of his death, in 1528, at the age of fifty-six. Although he died in easy circumstances, leaving his cross-grained wife a competent fortune, the gratitude and esteem of his fellow-citizens honoured him with a solemn public funeral.

His paintings have been almost universally admired "for their vivid and fertile imagination, sublime conception, and the wonderful union of boldness and correctness of design which they display." He was the first German artist who evinced a proper respect for the rules of perspective and anatomical proportion, and despite a certain exuberance of imagination, which at times seems to wanton in its very wealthiness of conception, both his paintings and his engravings are to this day the cherished delight of the artist and the amateur. Moreover, even in his greatest efforts, he is never forgetful of a chastened and noble simplicity, which enlists the sympathies, as well as astonishes the senses.

Nuremberg has always been famous for works of ingenuity and neat manufacture; in fact, it was a sort of Tunbridge Wells on a grand scale. To this day it is no small manufactory of goods, for which it obtained the first market hundreds of years ago. Although, since Vasco de Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and thereby diverted the course of East Indian trade, the commercial wealth of Nuremberg has declined, its

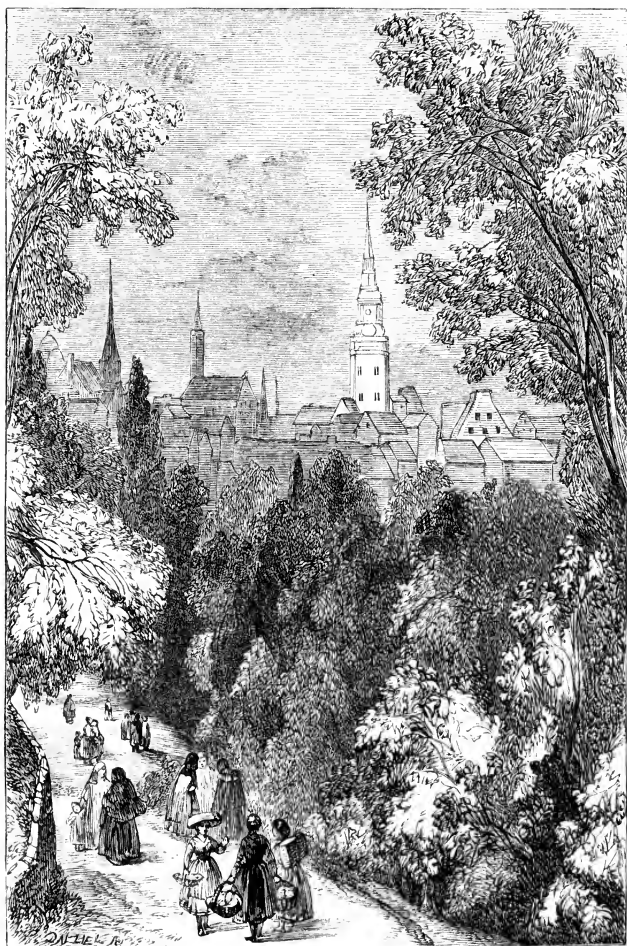
trade is still first rate in goods of iron, steel, and brass, hardware, turnery, looking-glasses, musical instruments, colours, glass, calicoes, carpets, and other like articles. Here, too, were watches first invented, under the quaint name of "Nuremberg eggs;" and here is carried on the great trade in children's toys, made by the country people in the hilly and wooded tracts between Franconia and Thuringia, the ingenuity of which is only surpassed by their cheapness.

There is little deep historical interest in this otherwise pleasing old city. Although not, strictly speaking, a fortified town, it is surrounded by an old wall, with eight gates, and a number of round and square towers, and a broad moat. The irregular, but clean and wholesome streets, are filled with old fashioned houses, redolent, in their Gothic frontages, of its mediæval renown and prosperity. The most remarkable of the ancient buildings is the Reichfeste, or old castle, probably erected in the tenth century, under Conrad I., on which Misson has the following amusing observations:—

"The castle is on a high rock, although the rest of the city is flat. The figure of the castle is wholly irregular, because they have been forced to make it agreeable to the mass of the misshapen and unequal rock. They assured us that the well in it was sixteen hundred feet deep, but none of us would believe them; they also told us that the chain of the bucket weighs three thousand pounds. We saw in one of the halls of this castle, four Corinthian pillars, about fifteen feet high, which they say the devil brought from Rome, upon a challenge which a monk made him. The story would be too tedious to relate at length. They tell another of a famous conjurer of the country, who leaped on horseback over the castle ditches, and show the print of the horse's shoes on one of the stones of the parapet."¹ The interior of the castle, although little altered from its ancient style, contains an excellent collection of pictures, and several fine paintings on glass.

¹ Misson's Voyages, vol. i. p. 116.

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HAMBURG FROM THE PARADE.

HAMBURGH.

AMONG the numerous cities which, in the thirteenth century, formed perhaps the most efficient league for protection against the piratical freebootery and extortion of the nobility, under the title of the Hanse towns, Hamburgh claims no small notice. Powerful as were the counter associations formed by the nobles, whose doubtful interests were thus most awkwardly obstructed, a union of eighty of the principal towns of the province, of which Lubeck, Cologne, Brunswick, and Dantzic, formed the leading towns, being also efficiently represented at London, Bruges, Bergen, and Novogorod,—such a society formed a staff of protection in the hands of the merchant, to which many an individual might trace his steady and safe prosperity, and to which many a state, in the safety accorded to the enterprise of her inhabitants, might with reason give thanks for her own glory and affluence.

Charlemagne again appears in our pages as the reputed founder of this city, which was planted upon the most elevated ground on the north bank of the Elbe and the east bank of the Alster, about seventy-five miles from the German Ocean. Like many other cities similarly situated, it was at first merely the resort of fishermen, but in process of time the advantages of its position, as a commercial city, were duly appreciated; and, despite the continued and destructive incursions of the neighbouring barbarians, it had obtained a distinguished position at the beginning of the twelfth century.

Whimsical etymologists have tried to make out a

connection between Jupiter Hammon, or Ham, the son of Noah, and the first syllable in the name of this city, but the real derivation is from an old Saxon word, signifying "a wood."¹

In the year 798, a Christian church was founded at Hamburgh, being afterwards annexed to that of Bremen, over which Auxarius, to whom I have already alluded,² presided. About the same time, says an ancient chronicle,³ this church was liberally endowed by Simon de Montfort, in consequence of a reputed vision from heaven.⁴ Charlemagne made it a bishopric in 799.⁵ Although, for a long time, and upon grounds which Lambeau and other critics appear to condemn as insufficient, the Archbishop of Bremen laid claim to the cathedral of this city, it was assigned to Sweden in 1648, by the treaty of Westphalia, and afterwards passed to Hanover with the Duchy of Bremen.

Hamburgh, with the exception of its early ecclesiastical foundation, and its connection with Charlemagne, presents little of mediæval interest. Although the private houses and streets are old-fashioned enough, it is utterly barren in antiquarian remains of any his-

¹ See a passage from Adamus Thracigerus in Meibomius, notes to his "Rer. Germ. Scriptt," v. ii. p. 109, and his *Oratio de Origine Helmestadii*, *ibid.* p. 228. The mistake respecting Jupiter Hammon is handed down in the *Chronicon Mendense*, *ibid.* v. i. p. 557.

² See under Stockholm.

³ *Chronicon Mendense*, *ibid.* p. 554.

⁴ Which I will give in the words of the chronicle. "Ostensus sibi" (a common mistake for *ei* in mediæval latinity) "fuit cœlitus locus, ubi S. Vincentii corpus diu fuit absconditum. Unde ad lævam altaris majoris pavimento deposito, thesaurus super aurum et topazion preciosum in tribus thecis, scilicet plumbea, cupressina, et argentea, qualibet in altera inclusa, inventus, per beatum Dominicum, et Episcopum civitatis prædictæ, multitudine copiosa præsentē, et videntē, de terra cum dum reverentia, et Dei timore est elevatus, et nunc in tumba multum preciosa, sicut a fratribus, qui viderunt, intellexi, honorabiliter valde est collocatus."

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 556.

torical value. The ancient cathedral, which was only regained by the Hamburgians in 1802, was pulled down almost immediately, and love of utility has effectually stifled any feelings of compunctious regard towards old buildings. Its position, always conspicuous in the history of latter times, is interesting to us, from its immense connection with our own commerce, and as conveying a marvellous example of the power of commerce in exalting a place of utter insignificance to an importance which theorists may idealize, but which active industry alone can bring into a practical existence.

MALTA.

“But, by the honour of this Christian cross
(In blood of infidels so often dyed),
Which mine own soul and sword hath fixed here,
And neither favour nor birth's privilege.”¹

DID I attempt to write about all the great cities even of one epoch in the middle ages, space would soon fail me; and this must be my only apology for preferring a somewhat copious account of Malta, as the grand station of the Knights of Jerusalem, to a meagre sketch of both Malta and Rhodes. At the same time, I feel that the whole history of these knights is involved in the customary mass of exaggeration and misstatement, to which every body, of whose system secrecy forms any part, must necessarily be subjected, and I shall therefore neither attempt to appear as their apologist, nor shall I profess to enlighten people as to their real mysteries, feeling, from some little experience touching such matters, an implicit distrust in any professed exposures of secret societies.

The recent history of Malta, however, is too much mixed up with that of our own island, not to possess a stronger claim upon our interest than from any society of knights, masonic or non-masonic, of whom it may have been the favorite encampment. But, with so noble a memorial of the Knights of Jerusalem as the Temple Church—with old Clerkenwell Gate, and many another witness to their former influence—with the recollection of their mighty influence in the history and on the society of the world through whole centu-

¹ Beaumont and Fletcher, Knight of Malta, act i. sc. 1.

ries—the Knight Templars must form the main mediæval feature of Malta, and, as such, of my account of it, blending therewith some brief notice of La Valletta,

“Great master of Jerus’lem’s Hospital,
From whence to Rhodes this blest fraternity
Was driven, but now among the Maltese stands,”

as sing the Orestes and Pylades of our English drama. I do not wish—far from it—to betray secrets; but I cannot forbear quoting a fine passage from what, though an unsatisfactory play as a whole, is most interesting in its appreciation of the fidelity with which these ancient orders were supposed to cling to their obligations. It is the passage in which the ceremony of degradation is passed upon a perjured Templar, and the reader of “Ivanhoe” will readily supply and enjoy the parallel.

SCENE.

[*An altar discovered, with tapers and a book on it. The two bishops stand on each side of it: Mountferrat, as the song is singing, ascends the altar.*]

See, see the stain of Honour, Virtue’s foe,
Of virgins’ fair fames the foul overthrow!
That broken hath his oath of chastity,
Dishonoured much this holy dignity:
Off with his robe, expel him from this place,
Whilst we rejoice, and rejoice, and sing at his disgrace!

Val. Since by thy actions thou hast made thyself
Unworthy of that worthy sign thou wear’st,
And of our sacred order, into which
For former virtues we received thee first,
According to our statutes, ordinances,
For praise unto the good, a terror to
The bad, and an example to all men;
We here deprive thee of our habit, and
Declare thee unworthy our society,
From which we do expel thee as a rotten,
Corrupted, and contagious member.

Esg. Having th’ authority the superior
Hath giv’n unto me, I untie this knot,
And take from thee the pleasing yoke of heaven:
We take from off thy breast this holy cross,

Which thou hast made thy burden, not thy prop;
 Thy spurs we spoil thee of, leaving thy heels
 Bare of thy honour, that have kicked against
 Our order's precepts; next we reave thy sword,
 And give thee armless to thy enemies
 For being foe to goodness, and to God;
 Last, 'bout thy stiff neck we this halter hang,
 And leave thee to the mercy of the court.

Val. Invest Miranda.

SONG.

Fair child of Virtue, Honour's bloom,
 That here, with burning zeal, dost come
 With joy to ask the white-cross cloak,
 And yield unto this pleasing yoke,
 That being young, vows chastity,
 And chooseth wilful poverty.

As this flame mounts, so mounts thy zeal! thy glory
 Rise past the stars, and fix in Heaven thy story!

1st Bishop. What crave you, gentle sir?

Mir. Humble admittance

To be a brother of the holy hospital
 Of great Jerusalem.

2nd Bishop. Breathe out your vow.

Mir. To Heaven, and all the bench of sanctity above
 (Whose succour I implore to enable me),
 I vow henceforth a chaste life; not to enjoy
 Anything proper to myself; obedience
 To my superiors, whom religion
 And Heaven shall give me; ever to defend
 The virtuous fame of ladies, and to oppugn
 E'en unto death the Christian enemy;
 This do I vow t' accomplish!

Esg. Who can tell,

Has he made other vow, or promised marriage
 To any one, or is in servitude?

All. He's free from all these.

1st Bishop. Put on his spurs, and gird him with the sword,
 The scourge of infidels, and types of speed.
 Buildest thy faith on this?

[*Presenting the cross.*]

Mir. On him that died

On such a sacred figure, for our sins.

2nd Bishop. Here then we fix it on thy left side, for
 Thy increase of faith, Christian defence, and service
 To the poor; and thus near to thy heart we plant it,
 That thou may'st love it with all thy heart,
 With thy right hand protect, preserve it whole;

For if thou, fighting 'gainst Heaven's enemies,
Shalt fly away, abandoning the cross,
The ensign of thy holy general,
With shame thou shalt be justly robbed of it,
Chased from our company, and cut away
As an infectious, putrefied limb.

The Maltese islands were known early as Phœnician, subsequently as Carthaginian and Roman colonies, but ultimately became so mixed up with the affairs of Sicily that they passed over together with it to Charles V., as heir to the crown of Arragon. On the 4th of March, 1530, the real sovereignty of these islands was given up by him to the religious fraternity of St. John of Jerusalem.

The origin of the Order, to which Malta owed its power and prosperity, dates from the oppression of Jerusalem under the government of the Saracens. About the year 1048, when the safety of the persons of Christian pilgrims had become more than doubtful, a company of Italians from Amalfi obtained permission to build a house or hospice at Jerusalem, near the Holy Sepulchre, for the entertainment of pilgrims, together with a church, in which service might be performed after their own rites, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre (which had just been rebuilt) following the Greek form of worship.

Having entered into the subject of the crusades in a former volume,¹ I shall confine myself to mentioning them only as far as they influenced the condition of Malta. Three hospices had been founded at Jerusalem, the principal of which belonged to the order of St. John, and here the Christians of the Latin Church were received, fed, clothed, and otherwise relieved, without respect of nation or condition. In less than seventeen years, however, the hospice shared the fate of the rest of Jerusalem, and lay in ruins, until the fanatical expedition under Peter the Hermit paved the way to the strange convulsion which was destined, for so long a

¹ Viz., *Great Cities of the Ancient World*, art. Jerusalem.

period, to change the whole aspect of the Christian world.

Some authors reckon Gerard, a Frenchman of Provence, first master of the Order in its restored state; but, although to a great extent the founder of the monks' hospitallers, it was his successor, Raymond, who is universally recognized as the first master. In conjunction, however, with a Roman lady, named Agnes, he extended the greatest charity not only to Christians, but even to infidels in distress.

The rules, however, of the Order, as founded by Gerard, were very simple, and, like the general precepts of true charity, free from minute ritual precepts. The dress he prescribed was plain black, with a white cross upon the breast, and a like costume was appointed for the sisterhood of the same order by the Lady Agnes.

His successor, Raymond Dupuy, was a man of high and ancient family, and of a spirit well calculated to be moved by the sad sufferings of the Christians at the period in which he entered on his honours. Well perceiving the necessity of a definite organization among a band devoted to so holy, and yet so dangerous a cause, he impressed upon the chapter the necessity of devoting their energies to the careful study of arms and warlike exercises, and, although this proposal was at first looked upon as inconsistent with the profession of a religious life, his pathetic representations, abetted by their own inward yearnings towards the cause, were sufficient to procure their assent, and to lead to the organization of one of the most valiant forces that ever won glory against the Paynim.

Henceforth, the Order was divided into three classes, the first consisting of those whose birth, prowess, or military experience, qualified them for active service in behalf of religion and of the Holy Land; the second, of such as had exercised clerical duties; and the third of serving brethren, whose office it was to tend the sick, and attend to various subordinate duties.

The rule of the Order, thus constituted, was confirmed

by Pope Calixtus II., and it was ordered that the white cross upon a red field should form the standard of the order. It will be interesting, having read our own poet's description of the ceremony of degradation, to read the following account of the initiation of a "brother" of the Maltese order.¹

"The candidate for the Order is to appear before the high altar with a lighted wax-candle in his hand, in a long gown ungirt, in token of his being free, and kneeling down, begs to be admitted, upon which a gilt sword is put into his hands, with the words, "*In the name of the Father, Son,*" &c., in token that he is to defend the Church, subdue her enemies, and hazard his life for the Christian faith.

"A girdle is put about his loins, in token of his being from henceforth bound to keep the vows of the order. He waves the gilt sword over his head, in defiance of the enemies of the Christian faith, sheathes it up, after having first passed it under his arm to wipe it clean, in token that he will keep himself clean from all vice: upon which the person who admits him puts his hand upon his shoulder, and forewarns him not to indulge, or be lulled asleep in vice, and exhorts him to be watchful against it, to be careful of his honour, and ready to perform all good works and good offices.

"This done, they put a pair of gilt spurs on his ankles, in token that he shall be emulous of all laudable actions, and trample gold and all worldly wealth under his feet, and not suffer himself to be corrupted by them. He then takes up the lighted candle in his hand, and holds it all the time that mass is said or sung; and a sermon is preached suitable to the occasion, in which all works of piety, charity, and hospitality, particularly the redemption of Christian slaves, are earnestly recommended to him, together with the

¹ I am indebted to the judicious compilers of the *Universal Modern History*, v. vii. p. 370, sq., who have exhausted the subject of Malta. The ponderous history of Vertot is replete with interest, but is too voluminous for our pages.

other duties of the Order, such as obedience to his superiors, diligence in the functions of his profession, &c.

"Sermon being ended, he is asked whether he is loaded with any considerable debts, married, or under a promise of marriage, or any ways engaged to live under any other order or profession, or is sincerely desirous to be received into the Order of St. John; and when he hath answered satisfactorily to all these questions, he is immediately received and admitted into the fraternity.

"He is then led to the high altar, holding the missal or mass-book in his hand, and there makes his solemn vows upon it; after which he becomes entitled to all the privileges granted to that Order by the see of Rome. He is then reminded that he must repeat every day fifty Pater Nosters and Ave Marys, the office of Our Lady, that for the dead, together with another number of Pater Nosters for the souls of the deceased knights; and is shown the habit which the knights are obliged to wear.

"Whilst they are dressing him in it, a certain suitable memento is given to him, such as, in putting on the sleeves, that he is now bound to obedience; the white cross on the left side is to remind him that he ought to be ready, on all occasions, to shed his blood for Christ, who shed His own for him; and the eight points of the cross, of the eight beatitudes that will be the reward of his obedience. The black cloak, which is sharp-pointed behind, and hath a kind of sharp cowl or cape, is to remind him of the camel's-hair coat which their patron John the Baptist wore; and the strings by which it was tied about the neck, and fastened under the shoulders, of the passion of our blessed Lord, and the singular patience and meekness with which he underwent it. But this cloak is only worn on solemn days, or when sentence is pronounced upon a criminal of the order, or at the interment of a brother.

"They likewise wear another cross upon their breasts, and hanging by a black and white silk string, that

goes about the neck, and the ends reach down to the feet, for that which is called the *great cross*, and distinguishes the wearer of it by the title of *Knights of the Great Cross*, is only allowed to those who have lived ten years in the island of Malta, and have performed four caravans or expeditions at sea, in the galleys of the Order; and those who are thus entitled, are obliged to petition for it, and make up their title to it before the great council of the Order, before it can be granted to them. And thus much may serve with respect to their particular dress; to which we shall only add, that those knights who go to war, are allowed what they call a supravest, or upper coat, of a red colour, with a white cross, but plain, and without the eight points.

“The public profession they make at the altar at their admission, is to this purpose:—‘I, *A. B.*, do here vow and promise to Almighty God, to the blessed Virgin Mary, and to St. John the Baptist, and with the blessing and help of God, to pay true and sincere obedience to the superior he shall appoint over me, and who shall be duly chosen by our religion, to renounce all property, and to live in constant chastity.’ After which, as he withdraws his hand from the book, the person who officiates at his admittance says to him, ‘We receive and own you as a servant of messieurs the poor and the sick, and consecrated to the defence of the Catholic Church.’ To which he replies, ‘I acknowledge myself as such.’”

After the siege of Ascalon, at which the glorious deeds of the Knights of Malta were honourably recognized and rewarded by Pope Anastasius IV., the number who flocked to its standard, from all the noblest classes of Europe, increased to such an extent, that a division according to the countries from whence they came, was necessary, and the Order was re-organized under the following “tongues” or classes:—

I. The order of Provence, which had the precedence, out of grateful regard to the memory of Gerard, and

to which were annexed the dignities of Grand Commander, Grand Prior of St. Giles', Grand Prior of Toulouse, and Bailiff of Monosque.

II. Of Auvergne, claiming its own Grand Priorship, the Grand Marshalship of the Order, and other dignities.

III. France, having the dignities of Grand Hospitaller, Prior of Aquitaine, Champagne, and France, Grand Treasurer and Bailiff of Morea.

IV. Italy, having the Grand Admiral of the Order at Rome, Priors of Lombardy, Venice, Barletta, Capua, Pisa, Messina, &c.

V. Arragon, including Catalonia and Navarre, to which belong the offices of Grand Protector of the Order, Grand Prior of Arragon, otherwise called Castellán of the Imposts, &c.

VI. England, to which belonged the military dignity of Tuscopelier (so called from the Turkish light horse), together with the priories of England and Ireland, all which were abolished after the Reformation, and their revenues otherwise disposed of.

VII. Germany, where the Grand Bailiff and Prior of Germany reside, the latter of whom is a prince of the empire; the United Provinces were, however, severed from the other commanderies in a short space of time.

VIII. Castile, including the kingdoms of Leon and Portugal, to which belongs the dignity of Grand Chancellor of the Order.

At length the venerable Raymond, covered with wounds, and broken down with weight of years, retired to the Hospice of St. John of Jerusalem. Here,¹ in a profound retreat, amid serious reflections and continual pious exercises, this true soldier of Jesus Christ prepared himself for that great day, so terrible even to the most truly religious. But if he beheld its approach with a salutary dread, it was also with the filial confidence of a true Christian, who had on a thousand

¹ I translate Vertot, vol. i. p. 132, ed. 4to.

occasions exposed his life in defence of those holy places, where the Author of life had himself been willing to die for the salvation of men. He died in the 80th year of his age, having filled the office of Grand Master forty-two years, and breathed his last in the arms of a sorrowing and faithful brotherhood.

We may pass over some of the subsequent masters of the Order, till we come to the complaints made against the Order at the third Council of Lateran, which certainly appear to have been warranted by the "pride, rapaciousness, and misconduct" of these Orders.¹

Under John de Villiers, towards the end of the thirteenth century, Tripoli and other places were lost, owing to the worthlessness of the garrisons there established by the late Grand Master, De Lorgne, who pillaged the Christians and infidels without distinction. Their misdemeanours at length attained such a pitch, that Ptolemais, after being the scene of anarchy, rapine, and murder, was given up to the revenge of the Soldan, and the Christians utterly expelled.

The Grand Master and a few surviving knights embarked with all haste, and, accompanied by some Teutonic knights and Templars, dispersed in various directions. The wounded and dispirited remnant of the Hospitallers, however, still clung to the hope of once more returning to the Holy Land, and obtained leave from the King of Cyprus to take shelter in the city of Lemisso, on that island. Here they settled themselves for the present, and two chapters were convened to debate on the best means of improving their forlorn condition.

At length matters seemed on a better footing, when Villiers died. His intended successor also expired in the second year of his government, and was succeeded by William de Villaret. He, after having gained the

¹ Hallam, v. i. p. 36, who observes in a note: "The Templars possessed nine thousand manors, and the Knights of St. John nineteen thousand, in Europe. The latter were almost as much reproached as the Templars for their pride and avarice."

restoration and confirmation of the old rule of the Order, took to the grander project of the conquest of Rhodes, a matter which deserves considerable attention in anything like an account of the exploits of the Order of the Knights of Malta.

Although the originator of this design died before he had time to mature his plans, they found a willing executor in the person of his brother, Foulk de Villaret. Tired of the insults and extortions of the King of Cyprus, he set sail with the view of conferring with the Pope and the French king, then in the city of Poitiers, to examine into the case of the Knight Templars, and to propose to their masters the uniting of both bodies under one head. Although this proposal was unfavourably received, the two bodies came to an agreement as the expediency of taking possession of Rhodes, as being an excellent station from whence again to attempt the recovery of Palestine. But it was thought unsafe to declare their real purpose, considering their present imperfect resources, and a new crusade was therefore proposed, with the view of raising around them a force adequate to the attack upon the island. The pontiff was not wanting to the cause, and made so liberal a use of the privilege of granting indulgences that volunteers, both of their lives and means, came forward in all directions, and so complete was the army thus raised that the grand master and his knights were fain to content themselves with a selection of the stoutest and best armed men. Taking leave of the pontiff, they sailed for the island of Cyprus without even touching at Rhodes, so carefully did they conceal their real design.

Having got fully ready for the expedition, they again set sail, and, upon the investiture of Rhodes being refused by the Emperor Andronicus, a landing was quickly effected. The siege was waged with great vigour, but the besiegers offering a firm resistance, De Villaret resolved to turn it into a blockade. After himself suffering great inconvenience from the want of

forage and provisions, he succeeded, in one tremendous battle, in completely routing the Saracens, and straightway renewed the siege with fresh vigour. A total but hardly-contested victory succeeded, and the Maltese knights, as long as they kept possession of the island, retained the title of Knights of Rhodes.

But Rhodes was destined to prove a very Capua to these hitherto hardy conquerors. Idleness and debauchery succeeded, and were strangely approved and abetted by the head master. Through the interference of Pagnac, he was deposed for a time; and after various curious disputes, the death of the two competitors left the office open.

During the grand-mastership of de Villeneuve, Gozan, a knight of great valour, slew an immense crocodile, which had committed fearful ravages throughout the island. But, despite the good he thus effected, he was considered to have violated a leading precept in the laws to which he had sworn allegiance, namely, obedience, and he was degraded and imprisoned for some time. The story is doubtless already familiar to the reader through Schiller's ballad of the "Dragon of Rhodes," nor will Retch's spirited illustration of the subject be easily forgotten. The grand master, however, was too sensible of his worth not to recognize his valour and the service he had done, and many substantial honours afterwards atoned for this temporary humiliation.

The most curious instance of these honours, and, indeed, the most remarkable instance in his whole life, was the manner of his election to the office of grand master. At the death of Villeneuve, the chapter were in great uncertainty as to the choice of a successor, some looking for military prowess, others to strictness of religious discipline, as the best qualifications. When it came to Gozan's turn to give his vote, he made the following strange and bold declaration:—"Upon my entering into this assembly, I took a solemn oath not to propose any knight but such as I thought the most worthy of filling that important post, and the best

affected to the general good of the Order ; and, after having seriously considered the present state of Christendom, and the continual war we are required to carry on against the infidels—the steadiness and vigour necessary to prevent the least remissness in our discipline—I do declare that I do not find any person better qualified for the well-governing of our Order than myself.” He then proceeded to detail his former exploits, and the chapter, regretting that the proposal had not come from another, almost unanimously elected him, to the great joy of the Rhodians.

After a busy and useful career, he died on the 7th of December, 1352, and received a solemn funeral ; his epitaph being the simple words, “the slayer of the dragon.”

My limits compel me to give only a brief summary of the interesting history of the further government of Rhodes under these knights. By sea they soon became the terror of the Mussulmen, especially of the Ottoman Turks who were then beginning to establish their power throughout Asia Minor. Many of the Turkish sovereigns were glad to purchase a temporary respite from their powerful and dangerous hostility.

In 1522 Solyman the Great sent a large fleet against Rhodes, himself directing the siege in person. Villiers de l’Isle Adam, who was then Grand Master, defended the town with desperate courage, but a Portuguese knight named d’Amaral, out of some jealousy at not having been himself made Grand Master, treacherously kept up a correspondence with Solyman, acquainting him with the condition of the garrison and the state of the fortifications. The traitor was discovered, and suffered the death due to his perjury and dishonour, but in December, the grand master, finding all resources exhausted, was forced to capitulate. The conduct of Solyman was noble and humane. He suffered the knights, and such inhabitants as chose to leave Rhodes, to depart in safety, carrying their moveables with them ; and, on having an interview with the Grand Master, he spoke kindly words of consolation to him,

declaring to his vizier, "that he could not help feeling grieved at driving that aged Christian out of his dwelling."

The banished knights took refuge in Italy, and in 1530 Charles V. granted them the islands of Tripoli, Malta, and Gozo, merely reserving a form of tenure from the crown of Sicily by the annual payment of a falcon to the king or viceroy of that island. At this time Malta contained about 2,000 inhabitants, and Gozo about 5,000, in a destitute and wretched condition. Malta was little better than a barren and shelterless rock, and frequent piracy but increased the miseries already sustained by the unhappy inhabitants.

Under its new masters, however, Malta soon began to improve apace, and, although attempts were at first made to settle at Modon, it was eventually resolved to fortify the island, and those works were commenced which, even to this day, attest the skill, spirit, and perseverance of the Knights of Malta. Meanwhile, they continued to harass their enemies by sea and land, performing prodigies of valour abroad, and increasing their own security by fortifying the island. I must now fulfil my promise by giving some account of John de la Valetta, with whom the mediæval history of Malta may be said to close.

At the time of his election to the office of grand master, he had passed steadily through every subordinate dignity, and had fought hard and successfully for the interests and well-being of the Order. His otherwise prosperous administration was at first clouded by the unlucky expedition against Tripoli; but the institution of knights of St. Stephen, by Cosmo, Duke of Tuscany, after the model of those of Malta, and a reinforcement of ships which they added to his own forces, placed the affairs of Malta on a more prosperous footing than ever.

Soon after this we find La Valetta presented at the Council of Trent, by two ambassadors, one of whom

alleged the frequent piracies as the cause of the grand master's absence, observing, "that if the Order was not now in a condition to make head against so powerful a force, or to perform such glorious exploits against the enemies of Christendom as they had formerly done. it was owing to their having been deprived of many of their best priories and other sources of revenue; not only by those princes who had embraced the Reformation, but likewise by others who still adhered to the Church, but who had, in this respect, openly invaded its rights and privileges." He concluded with a petition, that the Church would put them in a condition to recover their ancient rights. The pontiff, Pius IV., professed his willingness to assist them in gaining their object, but he speedily forgot his promise.

Solyman, meanwhile, enraged at the successes of the Order—successes gained to his no small detriment—vowed to extirpate the Knights of Malta, and laid siege to the fort of St. Eleno with all the power he could muster. But the Grand Master had, upon the first alarm, concentrated the whole forces of the Order at Malta, and held out desperately. To detail the horrors of this siege, the fearful barbarities exercised on both sides, would require a description almost equalling the awful narrative which Josephus has given of the capture of Jerusalem.

The vexations of the siege (in which the knights eventually proved victorious) were followed by other annoyances of the bitterest character; and La Valetta, already sickened at the thought of the many noble and generous lives spent in the war, and of the ruined and desolate state of the island and the whole Order, was destined to experience, in papal ingratitude, an annoyance which ceased only with his existence.

Following the example of other Catholic potentates Pius V. sent a congratulatory letter to the Grand Master, eulogizing his brave and zealous proceedings against the infidels, and expressing his desire to show his sense of his services by some conspicuous favour.

La Valetta, in return, solicited the ancient privilege of nomination to the grand priory of Rome, a right which some of the latter pontiffs had assumed to themselves. The pope sent a new brief, in which he promised that this privilege should be fully restored to the Order after the death of the present incumbent; but he broke his word, bestowing the priory upon his nephew, Cardinal Alessandrino, and even without requiring him to pay the proper responsions and arrears into the treasury of the Order.

La Valetta was soon apprised of this double act of injustice, and sent a letter full of warm expostulations, observing that "if the cardinals of every nation should at once seize upon the most considerable preferments belonging to the Order, there would soon be an end of their funds, and consequently of all their future efforts to defend the Italian coasts from the incursions of infidels." The pope could not but allow the truth of his representations, but pretended displeasure at some alleged disrespectful expressions. The ambassador, finding he could obtain no redress, made bold to distribute some copies of the grand master's letter, a measure which so enraged the dishonest pontiff, that he forbade him his presence.

From this time La Valetta fell into a deep melancholy, and a violent fever, resulting from exposure to the heat of the sun, while shooting, gradually wore out his aged and harassed frame. He died on the 21st of August, 1568, and was interred in the chapel of Our Lady of Victory in the newly-built city.

The present general appearance of Malta from the sea is that of a flat country, the highest part not reaching more than 600 feet above the level of the sea. Being composed entirely of rock, it presents a dreary and barren aspect, especially as the island does not contain any trees of large size. But on entering the port of Malta, a striking and beautiful scene is presented. On the one side is the majestic city of Valetta; on the other, the three cities of Vittoriosa, Cospicua,

and Senglea, forming one continued town. These four cities form the capital of Malta. Valetta is the seat of the civil and military government, and the residence of the principal gentry; the other three cities are chiefly inhabited by the artisans and workmen connected with the dockyard and naval establishments. The population of Valetta was, in 1838, about 28,000; that of the three cities on the opposite coast about 20,000. Each city has its respective fortifications, and the whole are enclosed, on the land side, by a line of unfinished works, called the Cottonera Works, and are defended towards the harbour by numerous bastions. The island is divided into two parts by a ridge of land, which crosses it to the westward of Valetta, and forms a natural fortification. It is the eastern part that contains all the villages. This ridge was formerly intrenched, for the defence of the populous part of the island against invasion from the western side; but the works have now fallen into decay. The western part, though it contains no towns, and but few houses, has not a great deal of land under cultivation, and produces in abundance the wild thyme, which makes the honey of Malta so famous. The ancient capital, called Città Vecchia; or Città Notabile, is the seat of the bishopric, and contains a fine cathedral and two large convents. It lies in the interior, six miles from Valetta. Though much decayed, it is still a handsome town. There are twenty-two other villages in the eastern part of the island; each contains a parish church, built of the stone of the island, and generally large, and highly decorated. There are, also, some curious catacombs cut in the rock, evidently of great antiquity. Malta often suffers from want of water, as there are no streams in the island. The rain water is collected in tanks, but it is not often sufficient for all the purposes of the inhabitants.

A magnificent aqueduct, built, in 1616, by Grand Master Wigna-court, supplies Valetta with water from some springs in the south of the island. It is

eight and a half miles long; but, in seasons of great drought, the supply is very scanty.

As far as natural curiosities, Malta has not much to boast, if we except the cave, or grotto, in which St. Paul is said to have taken shelter from the rain, when the viper fastened to his arm. "On the roof, sides, and floor of this cave are found in the solid stone, which is of a soft nature, the eyes, tongues, heads, and other parts of that reptile kind, 'n great abundance, and so lively represented, that no art can exceed them; the like of which, we are also told, are to be found in many other parts of the island; and all of them are said to be, and are used accordingly, as an efficacious antidote against the bite of poisonous creatures, and even against all kinds of poison; and this, the tradition adds, is a quality which was given to them by the miraculous blessing and prayers of that apostle, insomuch that no venomous creature could live in that island ever since that time. Near that place is a well of excellent water, which, they likewise pretend, was at first miraculously brought out by the same apostle smiting the rock, to quench the thirst of his companions after their shipwreck; and some other virtues are likewise ascribed to the water by the superstitious inhabitants, not worth repeating; only it may not be improper to observe, in general, that the island is almost every way, but more particularly on the south coast, surrounded with such a quantity of rocks, the greatest part of which scarcely rise above the surface of the water, that we need be the less surprised at any of the circumstances related by St. Luke concerning the apostle's shipwreck there. But the most singular rarity we read of in this island is a spot, at some small distance from the village and church of St. Matthew, where there stood formerly a little church, which suddenly disappeared, when blown up or sunk in the ground by some small earthquake, in whose place is now to be seen only a large hollow or precipice, between forty and fifty fathoms deep, and about five hundred yards in cir-

cumference ; but, what is most surprising of all, is, that the bottom of it is flat, and like an orchard, having, sundry fruit-trees, and other plants and vegetables, growing in it.¹"

¹ Universal Modern History, v. vii. p. 370, sq. ed. fol

B A G D A D.

THE very name of Bagdad is sufficient to awaken a host of romances in the mind of the reader. The "Thousand and One Nights"—those cherished companions of our earliest years, ever delightful, whether read in the slipshod adaptation from the French version, or in the stiffer, but more classic and faithful translation of Charles Lane—all seem to hover round us, as we think of this city. Harun-al-Rashid, with his nocturnal rambles, his squabbles with witty barbers and facetious porters, his orientally-described magnificence — Harun-al-Rashid, the Nimrod, the Solomon, the Alexander, the everything and everybody of Bagdad—in whose reign everybody lived, and everything happened—he must be the chief hero of our sketch, for, taken all in all, he perhaps exercised the most material influence on the foundation of the early glories of Bagdad.

Whether Bagdad really grew out of the ruins of a former city existing on the same spot is unknown; but it is certain that, at its foundation by the Caliph Abu Jaafer-al-Mansur, in A.D. 763, the materials were taken from Ctesiphon and Seleucæ. "So rapid was the increase in its prosperity," says Gibbon,¹ "that the funeral of a popular saint might be attended by eight hundred thousand men, and sixty thousand women of Bagdad and the adjacent villages." But there was little disposition on the part of its luxurious monarchs to husband the wealth of which this city formed the central depository, and, to continue in the words of the

¹ v. iii. p. 516.

same historian—"In this city of peace, amidst the riches of the East, the Affassides soon disdained the abstinence and frugality of the first Caliphs, and aspired to emulate the magnificence of the Persian kings. After his walls and buildings, Almansor left behind him in gold and silver about thirty millions sterling, and this treasure was exhausted in a few years by the vices and virtues of his children. His son Mahad, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold. A pious and charitable motive may sanctify the foundation of cisterns and caravanserais, which he distributed along a measured road of seven hundred miles; but his train of camels laden with snow could serve only to astonish the natives of Arabia, and refresh the fruits and liquors of the royal banquet. The courtiers would surely praise the liberality of his grandson Almansor, who gave away four-fifths of the income of a province, a sum of two millions four hundred thousand gold dinars, before he drew his foot from the stirrup. At the nuptials of the same prince, a thousand pearls of the largest size were showered on the head of the bride, and a lottery of lands and houses displayed the capricious bounty of fortune. The glories of the court were brightened rather than impaired in the decline of the empire, and a Greek ambassador might admire in pity the magnificence of the feeble Moctader. 'The Caliph's whole army,' says the historian Abulfeda, 'both horse and foot, was under arms, which together made a body of one hundred and sixty thousand men. His state officers, the favourite slaves, stood near him in splendid apparel, their belts glittering with gold and gems. Near them were seven thousand eunuchs, four thousand of them white, the remainder black. The porters or door-keepers were in number seven hundred. Barges and boats, with the most superb decorations, were seen swimming upon the Tigris. Nor was the palace itself less splendid, in which were hung up thirty-eight thousand pieces of tapestry, twelve thousand five hundred of which were of silk embroidered with gold.

The carpets on the floor were twenty-two thousand. A hundred lions were brought out, with a keeper to each lion. Among the other spectacles of rare and stupendous luxury, was a tree of gold and silver, spreading out into eighteen large branches, in which, and on the lesser boughs, sat a variety of birds, made of the same precious metals, as well as the leaves of the tree ; while the machinery effected spontaneous motions, the birds warbled their natural harmony.' Through this scene of magnificence, the Greek ambassador was led by the vizier to the foot of the Caliph's throne."

But, as I have already observed, the Eastern tales, of which we have so plentiful a supply, give us a picture of Bagdad more vivid than any modern description can possibly convey. Bagdad was known, moreover, by a nobler reputation than that of mere wealth and magnificence. Here a college, in which every branch of learning was studied, was endowed with the most liberal provision for the encouragement of learning, and the alleviation of the distresses too frequently attendant on its pursuit. The libraries of the archives were rich in the works of the poet and the orator, with a continually increasing collection of historical documents, with codes of jurisprudence, in which the dogmas of Mahomet were not unfrequently illustrated by the comparison of other systems. Endless commentaries on the Koran ; theology of every kind, polemical, mystical, and scholastic, served to keep the active brains of the student of Bagdad in perpetual employ. Medicine was cultivated to such an extent, that this city numbered no less than eight hundred and sixty licensed physicians. Mathematics and astronomy, especially the latter, received praiseworthy and successful attention ; nor were the subtleties of logic and metaphysics forgotten. In a word, Bagdad was the Athens of the East—the refuge of learning in an age when war and superstition had almost driven it from the face of the earth.

Harun-al-Rashid is not only known by his individual glory and achievements, but as the ally of Charlemagne. Superstitious in his firm adherence to the precepts of the Koran, his pilgrimages to Mecca would alone have been sufficient to render that city famous, had its celebrity admitted of increase. But his character was distinguished by far nobler traits than a mere dogged faith in the imposture of Moham-medanism. He was stern, and sometimes cruel in the administration of justice; but, taking the different stories recorded of his life, he stands in favourable contrast to the generality of Eastern potentates. He was a liberal rewarder of merit, spent his time continually in the society of the learned and wise, was himself something of a poet, and never travelled on a journey without being accompanied by a large number of the greatest savans of the time. His charities were boundless, and his affability, although liberally bestowed, never degenerated into coarseness or undignified familiarity. At the same time, if we may accept the legends of the "Thousand and One Nights" as conveying anything like a true picture of this Caliph's character, he well knew how to unbend, and was sometimes careless even of his personal safety, when the chance of an amusing adventure presented itself.

Harun al Rashid appears to have had a great taste for travelling; and his frequent "progresses" throughout every part of his dominions, from Khorassan to Egypt, doubtless tended to consolidate his power, and keep refractory provinces in awe. Nor was his prowess in arms inferior to his policy. Severely did the Romans feel the weight of the eight invasions he headed, and glad was Nicephorus to desist from the attempts he vainly made to free them from the tribute claimed by the haughty Caliph. But when Harun died, his three sons speedily involved the empire and themselves in civil discord, and lost the power their sire had gained over the Roman name.

Amid these unnatural quarrels, Bagdad had to sus-

tain the horrors of a siege, in which one brother was vainly defending himself within the walls against another, who was bent on the capture of the city, and the assertion of his own rights to the throne. At length, the murder of Al Âmur left Al Mamûr at once victor and Caliph.

The subsequent history of Bagdad, up to its conquest in A. D. 1259, by the grandson of Ghengis Khan, presents few features of prominent interest. Great prosperity in trade, magnificence unsurpassed even in the east, and an attention to learning which almost excites our wonder, if we consider some of the manifest disadvantages under which it must have laboured, serve to render its position in the civilized world always one of importance and consideration. But its great link, after all, with the middle ages lies in its literary and scientific efforts. Indeed, in a work which has been mainly devoted to the mediæval cities of *Europe*, any mention of it would be out of place, but for its connection with the preservation of the philosophy and science which have held so long and uninterrupted a sway, howsoever modified, over the intellectual history even of our own country.

A few observations on the present state of Bagdad may be useful.

As is the case with most oriental cities, the beauty of a distant prospect of Bagdad by no means compensates for the woeful disappointment that is felt by travellers after passing the gates. The glittering domes, and tall slender minarets, glittering through the forest of date-trees with which the city is surrounded, irresistibly call to mind the visionary glories of the Bagdad of the Arabian Nights, and give promise of a magnificence which is by no means carried out by the narrow tortuous streets, the repositories of all kinds of filth, and whose only scavengers are the bands of hungry dogs, whose eyes gleam maliciously at the traveller from every corner.

The Tigris divides the city in two parts. It was

originally built on the western bank, but the court and *elite* having removed to the eastern side, the *canaille* remained in their old position, and the city became doubled. "The communication between the two parts of the city divided by the Tigris is by means of a bridge of thirty pontoons. Another mode of communication is by means of large round baskets, coated with bitumen, which are the wherries of the Tigris and Euphrates. The river is about 750 feet wide, in full stream, at Bagdad, and the rapidity of its course varies with the season. Its waters are very turbid, although perfectly clear at Mozal, and until the great Zab enters the Tigris." A fortified wall now surrounds both parts of the city, and is defended by cannon kept in no very good order.

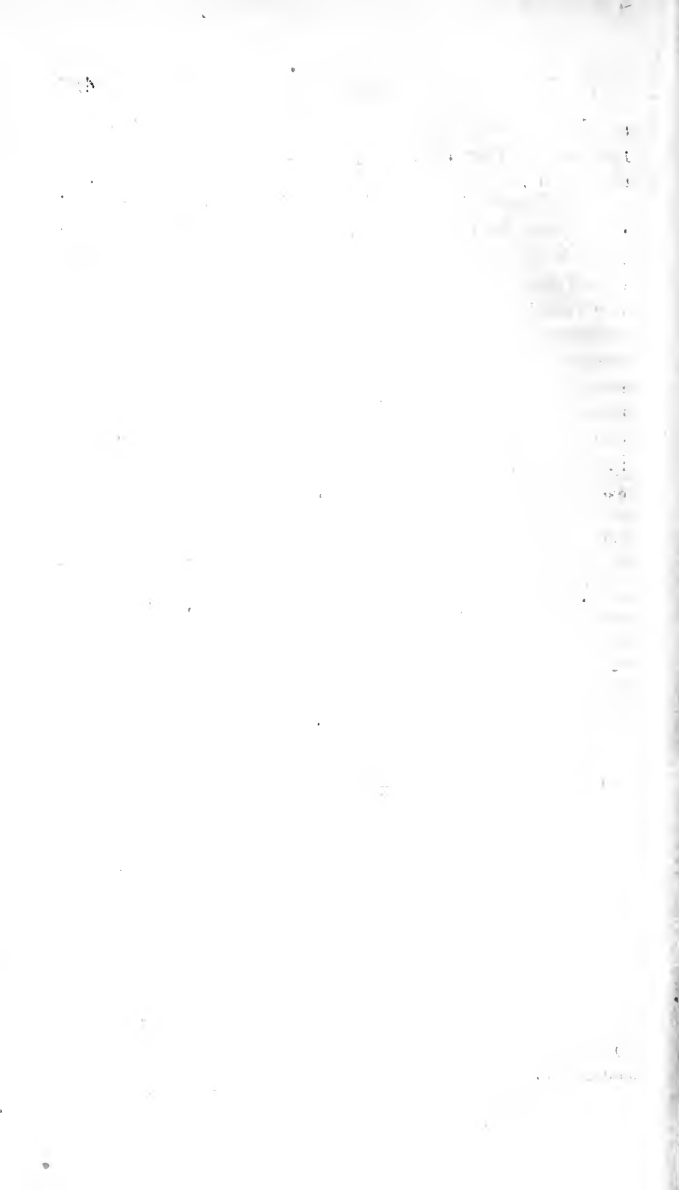
The only buildings worth seeing in Bagdad are the mosques, of which there are about an hundred, the khans, or caravanserais, and the bazaars. The domes of the mosques are covered with glazed tiles of various brilliant colours, and sparkle considerably in the rays of the sun. The minarets are also glazed, but without the colours. Many of the more ancient minarets form a resting-place for the stork, whose enormous nest often covers the entire summit of the building. The bazaars, although extensive, are not so imposing as those of many smaller cities, but are tolerably well supplied with oriental produce and manufactures. The khans are decidedly inferior to those of Persia.

The street view of the houses is particularly inhospitable, as there are seldom any windows, but only a blank expanse of dead wall, pierced here and there with little insignificant doors. The houses are more lofty than those of Persia, as they have two floors beside the habitable cellars. The interior decorations of the rooms are often so splendid, as to induce the traveller to suppose that the inhabitants did not choose to make windows, in order to avoid the contact of the filthy and by no means inodorous streets. The houses are generally built in the form of a hollow square, or

quadrangle, and in the centre of this square is generally a fountain of water, and a few of the universal date-trees.

The climate is much hotter than the geographical position of this place would lead us to suppose. This heat is in a great measure caused by the hot wind called the "Samiel," which drives the inhabitants into the cellars, where they remain during the sixty or seventy days of the Samiel. Snow has never been seen at Bagdad, and hail but seldom, and the thermometer rarely reaches the freezing point. The inhabitants, however, suffer considerably from this moderate cold, partly because their means of warming are very inadequate, and partly because their rooms are constructed for summer use only.

THE END.



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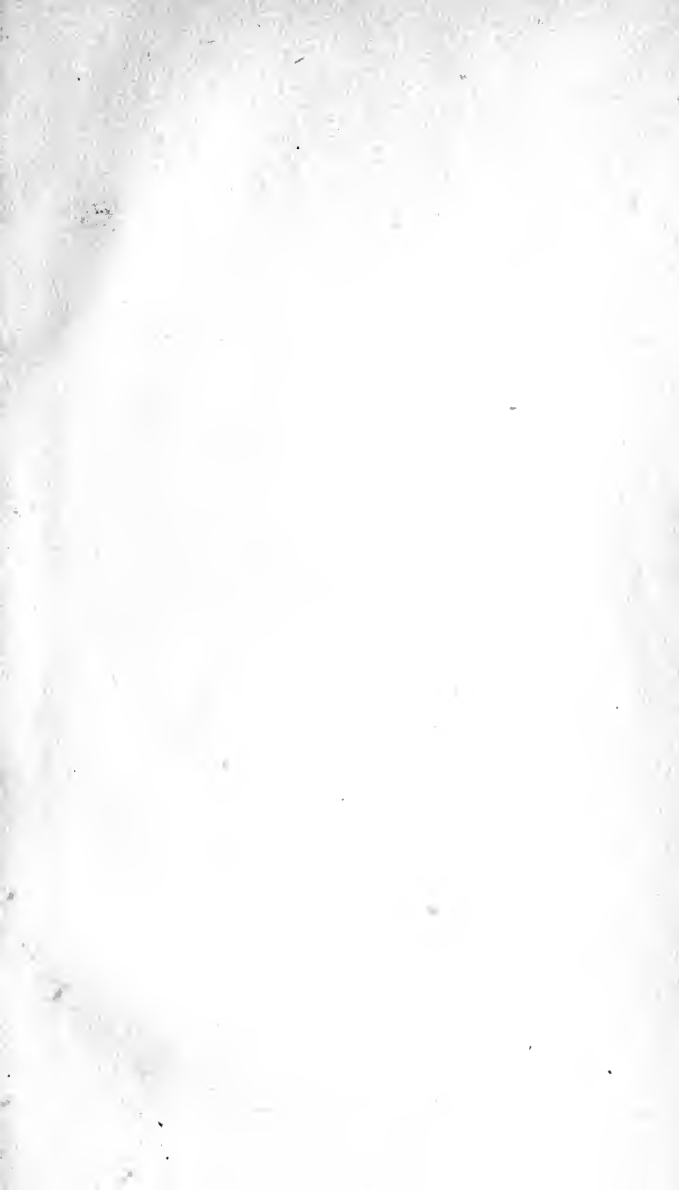
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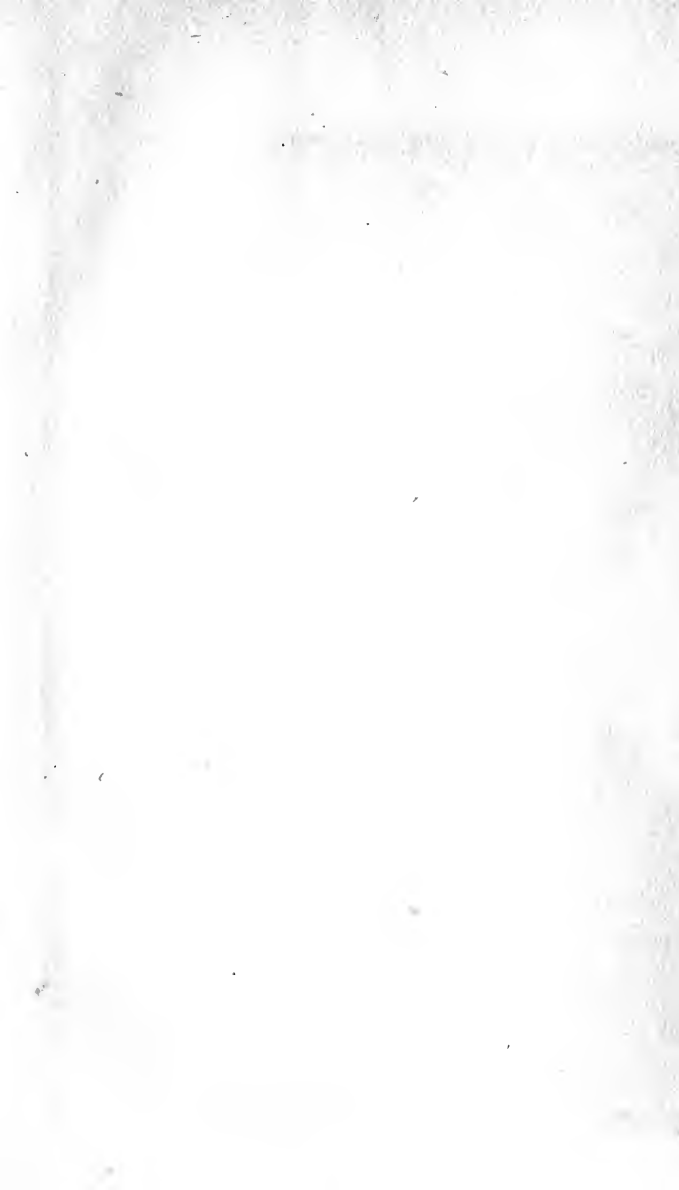
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